JOE STRUMMER'S CLASS WAR!

MOJO

The Music Magazine

VOTED MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR!

CAN
HOLGER CZUKAY SPEAKS!

165 REVIEWS
WILLIAM BELL, OMD, BAT FOR LASHES, THE BEVIS FROND AND MORE!

THEIR 50 GREATEST SONGS...

THE SMITHS

...& THE STORIES BEHIND THEM

EXCLUSIVE!
MORRISSEY
THE MOVIE

PLUS!
WHEN ELVIS MET NIXON
TERRY REID
ROCK'S GOLDEN VOICE RETURNS
RIVAL SONS
& THE REBIRTH OF ROCK

AND!
- BELLY
- TINY TIM
- DAVID BOWIE
- JOHN CALE
- STEVE GUNN
- MADNESS

THE TRAVELING WILBURYS

ROY ORBISON • JEFF LYNNE • TOM PETTY • BOB DYLAN • GEORGE HARRISON

A comprehensive **2-CD / 1-DVD** set featuring rare tracks, music videos, band documentary and more.
INCLUDES:
"Handle with Care," "End of the Line" and all the hits.

STANDARD • DELUXE • VINYL • DIGITAL

UMC

amazon.co.uk

CONTENTS

LONDON · MEMPHIS · ALMERIA

AUGUST 2016

Issue 273

FEATURES

40 **HOLGER CZUKAY** The avant-garde trickster at the bass-throbbing heart of Can's kosmische *gesamtkunstwerk* talks Stockhausen, fighting and fate. "We played like gods," he tells an awed Ian Harrison.

46 **RIVAL SONS** Rock'n'roll is not in decline, say the California four-piece, and they're here to prove it. Peter Makowski goes Down Under with the road-worn warriors.

52 **JOE STRUMMER** After the demise of his band and the loss of his parents, the Clash frontman's world unravelled. Pat Gilbert finds order in the chaos.

58 **TERRY REID** His voice wowed Aretha Franklin. He nearly fronted Zeppelin. Or did he? Sylvie Simmons meets the forgotten music hero on the eve of his return to recording.

COVER STORY

66 **THE SMITHS** A 20-page celebration of their 50 greatest songs, plus the inside story of the new Morrissey biopic and Johnny Marr's forthcoming autobiography, Set The Boy Free.

> "Joe never left the studio. He built a 'spliff bunker' under Mick's piano."
>
> **DON LETTS REMEMBERS THE STRUMMER & JONES REUNION ON BAD'S *NO.10, UPPING ST.* P52**

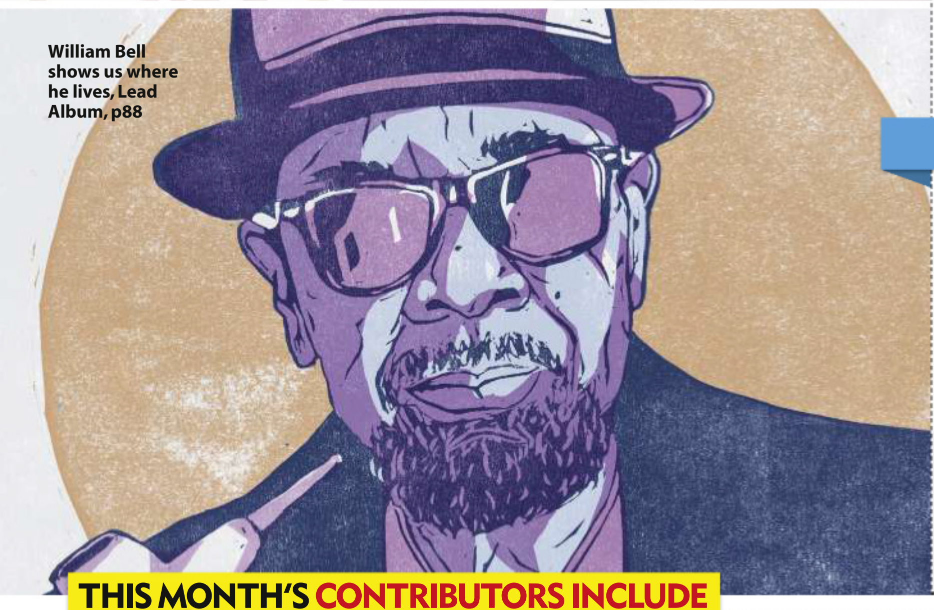
Adrian Boot/Urbanimage.tv

Can't touch 'em: Madness's Suggs (left) and Mike Barson, MOJO Working, p18

MUDCRUTCH
2

Ladies and Gentlemen...
the BANGLES!

OMD's Andy McCluskey: no shrinking violet, Lives, p116.



William Bell shows us where he lives, Lead Album, p88

MOJO

REGULARS

9 ALL BACK TO MY PLACE …with The Stooges' James Williamson, punk naturalist Chris Packham and folky Lou Rhodes.

11 THEORIES, RANTS, ETC Dylan, Beatles, and giving Sonny his due.

38 REAL GONE Goodbye Guy Clark, Dave Swarbrick, Alan Wise and Lord Tanamo.

126 ASK FRED Who makes rock land claims?

130 HELLO GOODBYE Henry Padovani recalls his short fling with The Police.

WHAT GOES ON!

14 THE PRESIDENT & THE KING They laughed when Elvis turned up at the White House and demanded to see President Nixon in 1970. But the momentous meeting was had. Now it's been turned into a film with Kevin Spacey as Tricky Dick and Michael Shannon as Presley. Read on for the full madness.

23 DJ SHADOW The Mindblowers poser – find molten obscuro-wax that even the hipsters don't know. Readers, Josh Davis has risen to the challenge, and brings burger-chomping R&B, private press oddities and "good clean" smut.

24 TANYA DONELLY She's back with Belly, been on hand for births, and is bigging up The Breeders. And on your right, Steve Earle pays homage to The Rolling Stones, and how a 1967 US compilation changed his life.

28 TINY TIM Few have reached such sublime and haunting latitudes of otherness as 1968's one-hit savant Tiny Tim. Read the Eyewitness report on the year America and the world fell for him. Includes excerpts from Tiny's diaries!

MOJO FILTER

88 NEW ALBUMS William Bell back at Stax, here comes Bat For Lashes's Bride, Julie Ruin presses reset, plus many, many more.

102 REISSUES The Bevis Frond's little-known psych jewel, Americana template *Heartworn Highways*, Van, Kris, Bangles, Wilburys and more.

114 SCREEN Neil Young never sleeps, revisit Beat Girl, a Chet Baker comeback and more.

115 BOOKS Judy Dyble, Convention and after, reggae, Northern soul, the Stones, a Flyboy.

116 LIVES OMD at RAH sustains Danny Eccleston, Gary Clark Jr.'s classicism in NYC.

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE

Victoria Segal

Hearing What Difference Does It Make? on *Now That's What I Call Music II* (record two, side one) was Victoria Segal's musical epiphany, and for this month's MOJO cover story, she delights her inner 10-year-old by writing about The Smiths at their best.

Simon Fernandez

Simon Fernandez shot Teddy Thompson and Kelly Jones in London and Gateshead for this month's On The Road (page 32), and the OMD live show at the Royal Albert Hall (page 116). To see more of Simon's work go to www.simonfernandezphotography.com

Sylvie Simmons

The biographer of Leonard Cohen and Serge Gainsbourg, the rock journo who discovered Mötley Crüe, and MOJO's Contributing Editor: who else would we dispatch to the California desert to interview the legendary Terry Reid? Turns out Terry and Sylvie share a record label, Light In The Attic. Fortunately, they love each other's albums.

Simon Fernandez, Simon Sarin, Helen Otter, Hannah Bigley

NEW ALBUM
OUT 1ST JULY
INCLUDES 'OLD SKOOL'

Metronomy
Summer
08

PRE-ORDER NOW
CD • LP • DOWNLOAD

amazon.co.uk Free UK Delivery available on eligible orders. Terms and Conditions apply. See Amazon.co.uk for details.

BECAUSE MUSIC

HOW SOON IS NOW?

MOJO PRESENTS 15 TRACKS OF MODERN INDEPENDENT MUSIC…

LUSH, LET'S EAT GRANDMA, BEACH HOUSE, THE FALL, DESTROYER, EZRA FURMAN, EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY, HOOTON TENNIS CLUB & MORE

1 WHITE LUNG

HUNGRY

Rising from the punk rock underground, Vancouver-based three-piece White Lung possess a get-in-the-van mentality married to a distinct sense of musical ambition. Their sound has developed across of four albums, the most recent being *Paradise* from which Hungry is taken. Built around Kenneth William's choppy guitar and topped by Mish Barber-Way's infectious vocal, the tune reflects their new-found musical accessibility, while their spiky lyricism remains firmly intact.

Available on: *Paradise* (DOMINO WIG373)

2 MEILYR JONES

HOW TO RECOGNISE A WORK OF ART

Formerly a member of MOJO favourites Race Horses, when his band split Meilyr Jones repaired to Rome in a bid to recover from the fall-out. There, he rediscovered a lust for life and the seeds of his solo endeavours were sown. His recently released debut album – entitled *2013* – is full of the Welsh 26-year-old's foppish charm and pop nous, with this indie-soul stomper underlining his literate and mischievous lyrical approach.

Available on: *2013* (MOSHI MOSHI)

3 EZRA FURMAN

HAUNTED HEAD

Indie rock and doo wop have rarely made for good fellow bedfellows, and yet the Chicago-born 29-year-old Ezra Furman has managed to fuse the two to good effect on the principal refrain on this tale of everyday ennui. Indeed, the man manages to elevate the quotidian into something that sounds exceptionally noble, his songcraft recalling everyone from Jonathan Richman through to Paul Westerberg. The effect is indeed intoxicating.

Available on: *Vinyl, CD & digital*

4 HOOTON TENNIS CLUB

P.O.W.E.R.F.U.L P.I.E.R.R.E

Drawing on a musical lineage that runs from Teenage Fanclub via Pavement on to Deerhunter, Wirrall-based four-piece Hooton Tennis Club like to keep their melodies wrapped in a warm blanket of fuzz. Their pop humour is evident on this infectious tune from their debut LP produced by Bill Ryder-Jones. Its cartoon charm is clearer in the tale of Furious Jacques And Leopold The Fox, the Hanna-Barbera-styled video accompanying it.

Available on: *Highest Point In Cliff Town* (HEAVENLY RECORDINGS)

9 IAN WILLIAM CRAIG

A SINGLE HOPE

After dabbling in generic alternative and college rock, Vancouver's Ian William Craig undertook a course of classical vocal training, enriching his view of music. His recordings evolved into ambient exercises, his output increasingly experimental. Dealing with the fragility of human emotions, the melancholia of A Single Hope exemplifies his current approach, its sound almost appearing to collapse on itself. A full review of his new LP, *Centres*, is on page 90 of this issue.

Available on: *Centres* (130701)

10 EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY

LOGIC OF A DREAM

Austin post-rock quartet Explosions In The Sky always created a sound to match their name, their largely instrumental tunes possessing a taut quality that defines their unique dynamism. Having undertaken soundtrack work since 2013, their return to album sessions has yielded a set on which the tracks are a little shorter, but their original dynamic remains evident. The drama that permeates Logic Of A Dream illustrates that very fact.

Available on: *Vinyl, CD &digital*

11 JULIANNA BARWICK

NEBULA

Her vocals sound like concentric rings, spinning and intertwining to create a dizzying effect. But there is grandeur in that sound too, as there always has been in the music made by Julianna Barwick. Now, four albums into her career, her latest work, *Will*, is also her most accomplished, each track boasting a different set of atmospherics yet nevertheless creating a mood that is never anything short of enthralling.

Available on: *Will* (DEAD OCEANS DOC110)

12 LET'S EAT GRANDMA

DEEP SIX TEXTBOOK

"Childlike quality" is an overused phrase in pop journalism, but in the case of Let's Eat Grandma it's perhaps justified. The duo of Rosa Walton and Jenny Hollingworth are just 17 but have an uncanny knack for penning a quality tune. From an opening of reverb-soaked drum machine and clapping via the use a xylophone, on to the shaping of melodies with their disquieting vocal harmonies, the brooding Deep Six Textbook show-cases all that's unique about the duo.

Available on: *i, Gemini* (TRANS226)

Alamy, Phil Sharp, Rick Rodney

THIS MONTH, AS WE CHRONICLE THE SMITHS' career through their greatest songs, MOJO is proud to present a compendium of modern independent music named after their most glorious tune. Gathered here are 15 tracks by wildly differing artists, all of which have been hand-picked and all of whom carry the spirit and everyday romanticism of The Smiths forward. Equally, this compilation presents a brief, state-of-the-nation snapshot of artists currently being nurtured by a raft of modern day independent labels to great effect. These are artists who understand the past but whose music and outlook points ever to the future.

HOW SOON IS NOW?
MOJO PRESENTS 15 TRACKS OF MODERN INDEPENDENT MUSIC...
LUSH, LET'S EAT GRANDMA
BEACH HOUSE, THE FALL
DESTROYER, EZRA FURMAN
EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY
HOOTON TENNIS CLUB & MORE

5 THE FALL
VENICE WITH GIRLS

As ever with The Fall's eternal firebrand Mark E Smith, inspiration can strike at any time. In this case, the lyrics to Venice With The Girls appear to have sprung from seeing a British TV ad for Staysure, a company that offer travel insurance for the over-fifties. Smith takes the subject of the ad – a middle-aged couple heading off on a golf trip and a girl's weekend away respectively – to deliver a searing reflection on the ageing process and the vacuous loneliness that inhabits certain relationships.

Available on: *Wise Old Man* (CDMRED666)

6 LUSH
OUT OF CONTROL

The suicide of drummer Chris Acland in October 1996 essentially brought Lush to an end, the circumstances of his passing making it too painful for the London outfit to consider a return to music. Then, close to 20 years later, a Facebook post announced their welcome return, leading to the release of the Blind Spot EP from which Out of Control is taken – a tune that proves that the band's original spirit and tuneful verve is as affecting as ever.

Available on: *Blind Spot EP* (BEAN-01 CD)

7 BEACH HOUSE
MAJORETTE

Since graduating from college and joining forces in 2004, the Baltimore duo of Victoria Legrand and Alex Scally have fashioned a sound that is increasingly rich and sweeping. Most recently the release of two albums in quick succession – 2015's *Depression Cherry* and *Thank Your Lucky Stars* in August and October respectively – came as a surprise. Indeed, the latter LP – from which Majorette is taken – is one of the duo's most accomplished achievements.

Available on: *Thank Your Lucky Stars* (BELLA UNION)

8 oNDEADWAVES
CALIFORNIA

Their collective name may be unfamiliar, but individually Polly Scattergood and James Chapman (who previously employed the band-name of Maps) have been around the block a few times. Their partnership in oNDeadWaves, however, sees them creating a world full of gothic charm built around a certain indie-pop classicism. The dappled melodies of California are indicative of the prowess displayed on their recently released debut album.

Available on: *oNDeadWaves* (STUMM383)

13 THROWS
THE HARBOUR

Mike Lindsay and Sam Genders were both founding members of the acclaimed folk-based and electronic-topped outfit Tunng prior to the latter's departure in 2009. Since then they have made a lot of music, but their reunion in Throws is a joyous one. Recording in Reykjavik, Iceland, the pair enjoyed what they refer to as "a cathartic party", and the results are evident on this track, inspired by the town's port, and, indeed, on their recently released debut album.

Available on: *Throws* (FULL TIME HOBBY)

14 DESTROYER
BLUE EYES

Another Vancouver-based artist, Dan Bejar has released albums under the Destroyer moniker for close to 20 years. In that time his sound has become increasingly sophisticated, a point borne out by Blue Eyes, a tune from his highly acclaimed 2011 album, *Kaputt*. Influenced by the experimentation of Miles Davis and the melodic prowess of late period Roxy Music, the track's distinct burnished glow surely points to the way forward to further adventures.

Available on: *Kaputt* (DEAD OCEANS DOC046)

15 HALEY BONAR
I CAN CHANGE

Canadian-born but based in St Paul, Minnesota, Haley Bonar has released a string of albums since 2001 that have seen her develop her indie-pop smarts with some aplomb. Her evocative storytelling comes to the fore on this lead single from her new album, *Impossible Dream*, which serves up a commentary of the hopes and failures of everyday life, all set to an arrangement that is both deceptively effective and yet intricate.

Available on: *The Impossible Dream* (MEMPHIS INDUSTRIES)

AN INDEPENDENT STATE OF MIND

GET MORE GREAT MUSIC WITH SKY ARTS ON DEMAND

A host of music films, live performances and documentaries are available to watch whenever you want them.

DISCOVERING THE SMITHS

This insightful documentary chronicles the rise and enduring legacy of Manchester's most influential indie heroes.

SUEDE: LIVE AT LA CIGALE

Revisit Brett Anderson and co's stunning 2013 performance in Paris which features the hits Animal Nitrate and Beautiful Ones.

sky ARTS

Neko k.d. Laura
case/lang/veirs

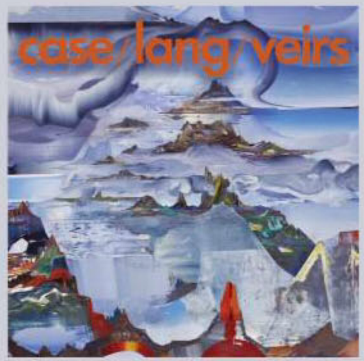
"understated, gorgeous songs"
- Mojo (4/5) -

Uncut (8/10) | Q magazine (4/5)

case/lang/veirs one-of-a-kind event from three phenomenal, self-driven artists: avant-rock icon Neko Case, legendary musical nomad k.d. lang, and indie folk star Laura Veirs.

ANTI- ada amazon.co.uk

Free Super Saver Delivery and Unlimited One-Day Delivery with Amazon Prime are available on eligible orders. Terms and Conditions apply. See Amazon.co.uk for details.



out now | caselangveirs.com

In Loving Memory
of
BESSIE
BELOVED WIFE OF
JASPER J. SCAPLEHORN.
WHO FELL ASLEEP NOVEMBER 16TH 1921.
52 YEARS.
AND MOTHER.
HOUSEHOLD GONE.
FILLED.
HOME.
FILLED.
OF THE ABOVE
1932.

James Williamson

THE STOOGES' DARTH VADER OF GUITAR!

What music are you currently grooving to?

In order to make it the best that I possibly can, I'm currently pretty consumed with three singles that I'm putting out this year. The first one [I Love My Tutu] is a Hawaiian/reggae-style song. The second is with **Petra Haden**, who I've been wanting to record for years now. That said, my son exposed me to **Parov Stelar**, pretty interesting stuff.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

On any given day my answers would change… among the list: everything by **Bob Dylan**, especially *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde On Blonde*, most of the **Stones** stuff but especially *Exile On Main St.*, *Loaded* and the 'Banana Album' from the **Velvets**, **Jeff Beck**'s *Truth*, **Keith Jarrett**'s *Köln Concert*, *Kinda Kinks* and many others by **The Kinks**, *Having A Rave Up With **The Yardbirds***, and **Van Morrison**'s *Astral Weeks* and *Moondance*.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

Frankly, I don't remember. I'd been listening to a lot of **Elvis Presley** but they came from my older sister. I guess it might have been some movie soundtracks while I lived in Oklahoma in elementary school. I was big on western themes.

Which musician other than yourself have you ever wanted to be?

Bob Dylan. If it was going to be a guitar player, then Jeff Beck or **Link Wray**. If a singer, then **Roy Orbison**.

What do you sing in the shower?

I don't. I have a terrible singing voice.

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

Perhaps Wooly Bully or Louie Louie.

And your Sunday morning record?

Blonde On Blonde, or perhaps **Iggy And The Stooges**' The Departed.

James and Lisa Kekaula's single I Love My Tutu is out now, for the Project Hawai'i charity. See helpthehomelesskeiki.org

ALL BACK TO MY PLACE

IN WHICH THE STARS REVEAL THE SONIC DELIGHTS GUARANTEED TO GET THEM GOING...

Chris Packham

THE ROCKING NATURALIST

What music are you currently grooving to?

The KVB's *Of Desire*, mainly. I'm a massive **Mary Chain** fan, and they've got that underlying unsettledness, but with electronics instead of crushing feedback. Also, **The Vaccines**, **Paramore**, **Holly Beth Vincent**'s *Miles Away*, some **Phil Spector** things, and *The Lexicon Of Love* by **ABC**. I'd forgotten what a lovely blend of techno and orchestration it was.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

With a gun to my head, the Mary Chain's *Psychocandy*. I wore the grooves flat, and I can still relate – basically it's what goes on in my head, which is a sort of frustration, degrees of anger and angst, and a determination to move forward in two minutes 13 seconds.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

I remember having Telegram Sam and Jeepster by **T.Rex**, from Woolworths in Portswood, a suburb of Southampton.

Which musician have you ever wanted to be?

To have been **Joe Strummer** in some squatty little dive in 1977 – that's it, really.

What do you sing in the shower?

Between The Wars by **Billy Bragg**. I'm not gifted with my voice. I like his lyrics and the sentiments, and I love a proletarian rant in the shower.

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

I have big tunes – I always end up with **Pixies**' Debaser and **Apollo 440**'s version of Don't Fear The Reaper, [At] The Edge by **Stiff Little Fingers**, Homicide by **999**… also Red by **Dogs**, a punk band from the turn of the noughties. Because my partner leaves the room when it gets to **The Cramps** or the **Dead Kennedys** I also have what I call my soppy playlist – **Saint Etienne**, **The Cure**, **This Mortal Coil**.

And your Sunday morning record?

I don't go mellow. I'd be playing the same kind of thing, I don't have a comedown. I quite like to get up to a row.

Chris's memoir Fingers In The Sparkle Jar is out on Ebury. He plays the Caught By The River festival in August.

Byron Newman, Jo Charlesworth

NOW PLAYING

- One of James Williamson's must-have platters is 1965's proto-metal Anglo-Blues cornerstone *Having A Rave Up With The Yardbirds*.
- Thirty-one years on, Chris Packham is still reverberating to The Jesus And Mary Chain's screaming debut *Psychocandy*.
- On a Saturday night, Lou Rhodes likes to spin Khruangbin's dreamy groover from 2015, *The Universe Smiles Upon You*.

Lou Rhodes

EX-LAMB FOLK SEEKER, BBC6 PRESENCE

What music are you currently grooving to?

Radiohead's *A Moon Shaped Pool*. I seem to have a new favourite song every few times I play it. Also, **Ry X**'s new album *Dawn*. He has a voice that just sends chills through me. And an album called *The Birds Outside Sang* by **Florist**. The writer is a girl called **Emily Sprague** who, shortly after a move to Brooklyn, was involved in a hit-and-run cycling accident which left her in a neck brace and unable to move her left arm. Rather than being the miserable record you might expect, what emerged is sweet, fragile and innocently philosophical.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

Elliott Smith's *Either/Or*, although Say Yes breaks my heart every time I hear it.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

I think it was a **Gallagher & Lyle** single. Lord knows what drew me to them, but Breakaway and Heart On My Sleeve seemed to light up my 11-year-old self. I felt they were worth my pocket money.

Which musician other than yourself have you ever wanted to be?

I'd like to live inside a few peoples' heads for a while. **Sufjan Stevens** – I'm awestruck by the way his songs are put together.

What do you sing in the shower?

I do vocal warm-ups in the shower. Otherwise it's whatever ear-worm has stuck there.

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

Just now **Khruangbin**'s *The Universe Smiles Upon You* works well for a sunny Saturday evening making food with all the doors and windows open. It makes me feel really happy in a twisted Hawaiian kind of way.

And your Sunday morning record?

Sunday Morning by **The Velvet Underground** is hard to beat, cliché or not. Otherwise I'd go for **Nick Drake**, either *Five Leaves Left* or *Pink Moon*, or vintage **Billie Holiday** or **Django Reinhardt**.

One Little Indian
OST June 2016

One Little Indian OST June 2016

Wild Palms
'Live Together,
Eat Each Other'

Fufanu
'Few More
Days To Go'
(Deluxe)

FEW MORE DAYS TO GO
FUFANU

Samaris
'Black Lights'

SAMARIS BLACK LIGHTS

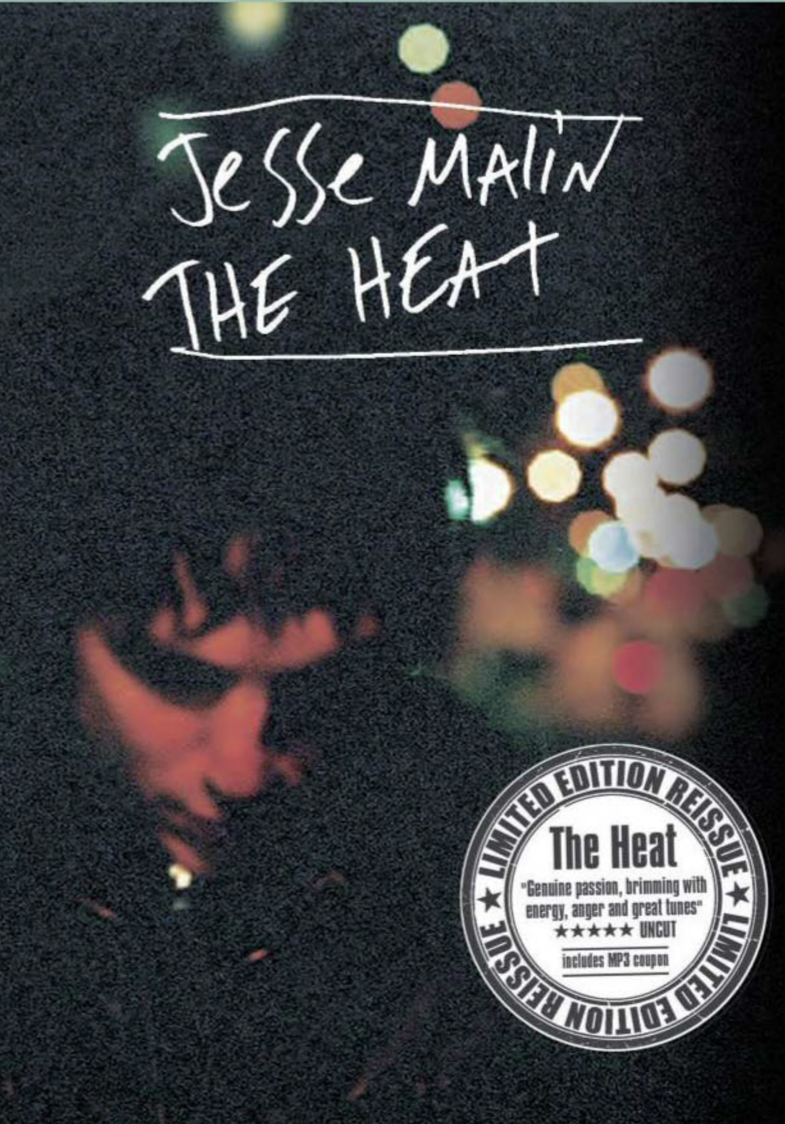
Olga Bell
'Tempo'

Tusks
'False'

FOXTROTT
'A Taller Us'

Get a FREE One Little Indian Sampler CD whenever you purchase any one of these releases

www.indian.co.uk


Jesse Malin
The Heat
LIMITED EDITION REISSUE
The Heat
"Genuine passion, brimming with energy, anger and great tunes"
★★★★★ UNCUT
includes MP3 coupon

DELUXE REISSUE
WITH BONUS DISC
VINYL & CD IN STORES NOW!

Jesse Malin
The Heat

UK TOUR JULY 2016

11/7 - LIVERPOOL ARTS CLUB - LIVERPOOL, UK
12/7 - ORAN MOR - GLASGOW, UK
13/7 - CLUNY 2 - NEWCASTLE, UK
14/7 - WATERFRONT THEATER - NORWICH, UK
15/ 7 - BORDERLINE - LONDON, UK

WWW.JESSEMALIN.COM INDIAN.CO.UK

MOJO

Endeavour House,
189 Shaftesbury Avenue
London WC2H 8JG
Tel: 020 7437 9011
E-mail: mojo@bauermedia.co.uk
Website: mojo4music.com

Editor-in-Chief & Associate Publisher
Phil Alexander
Deputy Editor
Andrew Male
Senior Editor
Danny Eccleston
Art Editor
Mark Wagstaff
Reviews Editor
Jenny Bulley
Associate Editor (Production)
Geoff Brown
Deputy Art Editor
Russell Moorcroft
Associate Editor (News)
Ian Harrison
Picture Editor
Matt Turner
Picture Researcher
Ian Whent
Contributing Editors
Sylvie Simmons,
Keith Cameron
For mojo4music.com contact
Danny Eccleston

Thanks for their help with this issue:
Keith Cameron, Fred Dellar, Sarah Fagan, Del Gentleman, Paul Stokes, Sam Wright

Among this month's contributors:
Martin Aston, Mike Barnes, Mark Blake, David Buckley, Glyn Brown, Keith Cameron, Stevie Chick, Andy Cowan, Fred Dellar, Tom Doyle, Jim Farber, David Fricke, Andy Fyfe, Pat Gilbert, John Harris, David Hutcheon, Jim Irvin, Colin Irwin, David Katz, Peter Makowski, Greil Marcus, Justin Martell, James McNair, James Medd, James Mottram, Ben Myers, Chris Nelson, Mark Paytress, Andrew Perry, Clive Prior, Victoria Segal, David Sheppard, Michael Simmons, Sylvie Simmons, Mat Snow, Phil Sutcliffe, Gianluca Tramontana, Kieron Tyler, Charles Waring, Roy Wilkinson, Lois Wilson, Stephen Worthy

Among this month's photographers:
Cover: Jöelle De Pont; Peter Ashworth, Adrian Boot, Andrew Catlin, Andrew Cotterill, Kevin Cummins, Ian Dickson, Henry Diltz, Guy Eppel, Simon Fernandez, Ross Halfin, Mike Laye, Byron Newman, Sheila Rock, Simon Sarin, Tom Sheehan, Paul Slattery, Ed Thrasher, Julian Yewdall

MOJO Subscription Hotline
01858 438884
For subscription or back issue queries contact CDS Global on Bauer@subscription.co.uk
To access from outside the UK
Dial: +44 (0)1858 438884

THEORIES, RANTS, ETC.

MOJO welcomes letters for publication. Write to us at: Mojo Mail, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2H 8JG. E-mail: mojo@bauermedia.co.uk

THE ETERNAL POWER OF MUSIC LIES IN its ability to elevate us in so many different ways. During their brief five year career, The Smiths managed to do that by delivering a view of the world that was both intimate, meticulously observed and, ultimately, romantic. On the thirtieth anniversary of their landmark third album, *The Queen Is Dead*, MOJO celebrates the band's sound and the stories behind their finest songs. This month's bespoke CD, moreover, is named after the band's crowning glory, and is designed to turn the spotlight onto a number of contemporary independent artists whose music offers continued inspiration. Prepare to be elevated once again…

PHIL ALEXANDER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

And how goes the conquest?

Liked your writings on Dylan's 1966 double album in MOJO 272. Have you noticed the similarities its cover has with The Beatles' *Rubber Soul*? Dylan wearing a jacket like Lennon's, a distorted front cover picture and an arrangement of black-and-white photos in the fold-out as on the back of *Rubber Soul*. Then, of course, the next Dylan album, *John Wesley Harding*, has a sort of anti-*Sgt. Pepper* cover, a B&W picture with unknown people. But when the music he made in 1967 (Dylan thought *Pepper* was over-produced and over-arranged) was released as *The Basement Tapes* in 1975, it was all colour, fold-out and lots of people, many of them well known. Interesting.

Bengt Lindstrom, via e-mail

Nihil expectore in omnibus

On the surface, your reader James Cavanagh (Theories, Rants, Etc, MOJO 272) has a point. However, what is often missed on the importance to The Beatles of George Martin is… the importance to George Martin of The Beatles. The Beatles arrived at Polydor, EMI's joke label, as a group that excited everyone who saw them, myself included, at many, many Cavern sessions.

After long stints in Hamburg, they were polished, professional and rehearsed enough to effortlessly reproduce, in the minimum of takes, their first two, self-composed singles, the second of which went to Number 1. OK, George Martin suggested they speed up Please Please Me! Prior to The Beatles, George Martin produced The Goons, Peter Sellers and other comedians. So let's not get too carried away. Just as George Martin had never produced pop records, Brian Epstein had never managed a pop group and in fact his inexperience cost them millions in the long run. But – and it's a big but – The Beatles only talk good about both of these guys and these two guys certainly played a massive part in the biggest music phenomenon ever. Without George and Brian, wouldn't anyone else have spotted The Beatles? We can only ponder. I don't think so…

Dennis Conroy, via e-mail

One of these strange gods they worship

Roy Wilkinson's Associates feature (MOJO 272) was a complete and moving entertainment, from the opening detail of the dead telephone box in Auchterhouse – where Billy made all those forgotten calls – to the final visit to Billy's grave. I relistened to *Sulk* and *Fourth Drawer Down* with rekindled admiration for the greatness of Billy and Alan – if only more groups had their manic free-spiritedness – and to the sporadically wonderful solo recordings Billy made without him. It was also a reminder of why the concise, filtered and lovingly designed magazine feature is preferable to the kind of overlong pieces you get online – can you now do something similar about ABC?

Mike Collins, via e-mail

He's a dreamer, she said

It was good to see coverage given to Bob Dylan's Tarantula in MOJO as it has been a lifelong obsession for me, having penned articles and self-published booklets (culminating in A Crash Course On Reading Tarantula). Tarantula is invariably described as "stream-of-consciousness". Whatever Tarantula is or is not, the language is too paced and precise for that. It has "measures & heartbeats". It remains his most protracted creation.

In fact, Dylan was carrying both the *Blonde*

➢

On Blonde acetates and the Tarantula galleys on that turbulent '66 tour; an artist caught up in the vortex of his creativity. It is usually dismissed out of hand as a failure as a novel. I don't pretend to have all the answers, I don't pretend to have half the answers. But there are consistent themes and motifs running through its pages, written by a young man drunk on the language that he used. At times the prose is gorgeous: "shacking up in newspapers"; "flamboyant tinfoil"; "the rain sounds like a pencil sharpener"; "the fornicating rattlesnake", etc etc. An out of tune piano "sounds like a bowling alley"! Yes, it is a difficult, difficult book, but I would refer readers to the epistle of the spirit that comes at the end of Subterranean Homesick Blues & the Blond Waltz, as valid as any of his songs: "where I live now etc." It is beyond ridiculous just how Dylan keeps penning extraordinary songs into his seventies. Someone should tell him: It's simply not possible, Bob!

Robin Witting, via e-mail

Show your approval in the usual manner

I owe you – and a shirt – a big thanks! Having delved deeply into your Bob Dylan *Blonde On Blonde* special in this month's issue, I almost missed your Max Jury feature. Fortunately, the embroidery on his shirt caught my eye, and after enjoying Pat Gilbert's careful portrait of this delicate and complex soul I was pleased to find his music lived up to the write-up. So thanks MOJO for the musical discovery. Now, any idea where I can buy the shirt? It's very stylish.

Rory Slater, Tring, Herts

Infamy, infamy!

I've looked and looked, but I cannot find where the 'New York Story' portion of your *Blonde On Blonde* cover feature continues after page 73 and the sentence "A change in venue had been in the works, and despite the"…! Is the rest of the story missing?

Please advise. All the best, and I love MOJO with its mysteries…

Bruce Bosso, Brooklyn NYC

Technological gremlins crept in and messed with our Dylan feature, Bruce. The last line on p73 should read "despite the results on One Of Us Must Know it would go forward.", while the Tarantula panel on p84 is incomplete without the word "now". You know what they say about technology, don't you? It's stuff that doesn't work yet.

They've all got it in for me!

Phil Sutcliffe makes an interesting point in your comprehensive and insight-packed feature on the tragic Prince: for a supposedly unknowable enigma, he actually told us a great deal about himself. The anger, the heartache, the back story, it was all in the music if you listened hard enough. Prince was an amazing artist with an incredible legacy encompassed by the 37 albums you reviewed (and more, which maybe now we'll get to hear). So, obvious question: why didn't you put him on the cover of the magazine? He deserved it.

Harry Gower, via e-mail

The production process on MOJO's Dylan Vinyl Edition was already well underway when news of Prince's death broke, and we were unable to alter our plans. Some months, when MOJO is a slightly less baroque production, we can adapt quicker. Sometimes, it's simply impossible.

Well, not completely triumphant

I've read every issue of MOJO. The Sonny Rollins interview in MOJO 271 is my favourite thing of all time in MOJO, especially his closing statements. If you print one letter where somebody calls Rollins a "snob", or something, for dissing the Stones, I may take that as a sign to stop buying the magazine. Also, David Fricke is a nice guy; he did a good job, but please explain to him that "trumpeter Benny Golson" is a saxophonist.

Cheryl Marshall, via e-mail

He's just a bit cracked

Two hundred and twenty one issues in, and I received the perfect CD with the Syd issue. Living in South Africa, it's not easy to build up the MOJO collection, but I managed to get them all. I bitched a few times about the glue tearing the covers but this CD makes up for that. My question: you feature music from all over the world (Nigeria, Mali, Australia etc), how about a South African feature? A wealth of music came from these shores, and, as legend or myth goes, Syd's magic box (a combination of early synthesizer, flanger and Echolette) was first used by Julian Laxton from Freedom's Children. Thank you for making my month.

Charl Barry, via e-mail

I hope they're a nice family

Re your Syd Barrett cover feature in MOJO 271: I can't help but feel that you are struggling here to put all the pages together about a man who simply wanted to go home and be with his family because he'd had enough of hangers on. He simply made his mind up that what he wanted wasn't there in London any more and maybe, just maybe, he decided to get off the boat and go back to his first love. He had an excellent mind no doubt, but life and people got really heavy… Just wasn't his idea of individualism, or peace of mind, if you like. The music business is an extreme machine and most people in it want to make as much as they can no matter who gets in the way… Stardom is not his epitaph, money didn't mean that much to him at all… I believe a lot of musicians respect Syd but they are not really that interested in him as a person. The world of his sister is the most important, and would have stayed in his heart and mind alongside his mother. That was the real Roger Barrett…

Mr S Thompson, Liverpool

SAVE MONEY ON NEWSSTAND PRICES!
AND GET MOJO DELIVERED FREE TO YOUR DOOR WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE!

MOJO MAKES A GREAT GIFT!!!

SUBSCRIBE RIGHT NOW!
And you'll get MOJO delivered direct to your door. See page 36 for full details…

SAVE £££ OFF COVER PRICE!

Group Managing Director, Advertising
Abby Carvosso
Head of Magazine Media
Clare Chamberlain
Group Commercial Director
Simon Kilby
Head Of Magazine Brands
Rachel Flower
Head of Music Neil McSteen
Music Director
Joel Stephan
Creative Solutions Manager
Rick Williams
Regional Advertising
Katherine Brown
Classified Sales Executive
Philip Nessfield
Classified Sales Manager
Karen Gardiner
Inserts Manager
Simon Buckenham
Production Manager
Andrew Stafford
Ad Production Controller
Helen Mear
Creative Solutions Senior Producer
Jenna Herman
Creative Solutions Art Director
Jon Cresswell

Chief Executive
Paul Keenan
Group Managing Director
Rob Munro-Hall
Commercial Marketing Director
Liz Martin
Publisher
Patrick Horton
Managing Editor
Sophie Price
MOJO CD and Honours Creative Director
Dave Henderson
Senior Events Producer
Marguerite Peck
Business Analyst
Natalie Talbot
Head of Marketing
Simon Doggett
Marketing Manager
Allyson Johnstone
Direct Marketing Manager
Julie Spires
Direct Marketing Executive
Rebecca Lambert
Head of Communications
Jess Blake

Printing: William Gibbons
MOJO (ISSN 1351-0193) is published 12 times a year by Bauer Consumer Media Ltd. Bauer Consumer Media Ltd is a company registered in England and Wales with company number 01176085, registered address Media House, Peterborough Business Park, Lynch Wood, Peterborough PE2 6EA
Airfreight and mailing in the USA by agent named Air Business Ltd, c/o Worldnet Shipping Inc., 156-15, 146th Avenue, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA.
Periodicals postage paid at Jamaica, NY 11431. US Postmaster: Send address changes to MOJO, Air Business Ltd, c/o Worldnet Shipping Inc., 156-15, 146th Avenue, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA
To ensure that you don't miss an issue, visit www.greatmagazines.co.uk for the best subscriptions offers.
For subscription or back issue queries, please contact CDS Global on Bauer@subscription.co.uk Phone from the UK on 01858 43 8884.
Phone from overseas on +44 (0)1858 43 8884
For enquires on overseas newsstand sales e-mail David.Clark@seymour.co.uk

© All material published is copyright of Bauer Consumer Media Ltd. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without the prior permission of the publisher. MOJO accepts no responsibility for any unsolicited material.

To find out more about where to buy MOJO, contact Frontline Ltd, at Midgate House, Midgate, Peterborough PE1 1TN. Tel: 01733 555161.

COMPLAINTS: Bauer Consumer Media Limited is a member of the Independent Press Standards Organisation (www.ipso.co.uk) and endeavours to respond to and resolve your concerns quickly. Our Editorial Complaints Policy (including full details of how to contact us about editorial complaints and IPSO's contact details) can be found at www.bauermediacomplaints.co.uk. Our e mail address for editorial complaints covered by the Editorial Complaints Policy is complaints@bauermedia.co.uk.

recycle
When you have finished with this magazine please recycle it.

VAN MORRISON
VAN MORRISON
...IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP NOW... VOLUME I

VAN MORRISON

PEAK PERFORMANCES FROM VAN MORRISON AND THE CALEDONIA SOUL ORCHESTRA WITH OVER THREE HOURS OF PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED MUSIC ACROSS 3 CDS AND DVD

CD / DOWNLOAD / 2LP

AVAILABLE NOW

..IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP NOW...VOLUMES II, III, IV & DVD

SONY MUSIC
LEGACY

VANMORRISON.COM
WEARESONYLEGACY.COM

amazon.co.uk

Amazon, the Amazon logo and Amazon.co.uk are registered trademarks of Amazon EU SARL or its affiliates Free Super Saver Delivery and Unlimited One-Day Delivery with Amazon Prime are available on eligible orders. Terms and Conditions apply. See Amazon.co.uk for details.

CARGO RECORDS

CARGO COLLECTIVE

AN AMALGAMATION OF RECORD SHOPS AND LABELS DEDICATED TO BRINGING YOU NEW MUSIC

MARTHA
BLISTERS IN THE PIT OF MY HEART
FORTUNA POP! LP / CD

LOLA COLT
TWIST THROUGH THE FIRE
BLACK TIGRESS RECORDS LP / CD

BIG BUSINESS
COMMAND YOUR WEATHER

BIG BUSINESS
COMMAND YOUR WEATHER
JOYFUL NOISE RECORDINGS LP / CD

OMNI
DELUXE
TROUBLE IN MIND LP / CD

MOON BROS
THESE STARS
WESTERN VINYL LP / CD

WILL BUTLER
FRIDAY NIGHT

WILL BUTLER
FRIDAY NIGHT
MERGE LP / CD

Bess Atwell
HOLD YOUR MIND

BESS ATWELL
HOLD YOUR MIND
BULLNOSE HOOP CD

ODONIS ODONIS
POST PLAGUE

ODONIS ODONIS
POST PLAGUE
FELTE LP / CD

THE BONGOLIAN
MOOG
MAXIMUS

THE BONGOLIAN
MOOG MAXIMUS
BLOW UP LP / CD

THE EXPLORERS CLUB
TOGETHER
GOLDSTAR RECORDINGS LP / CD

H.U.M.
TRINITY WAY
ROCKET RECORDINGS LP / CD

THAT WILL BE LUNCH
THE MIXTAPE OF THINGS

THAT WILL BE LUNCH
THE MIXTAPE OF THINGS
SCRATCHY RECORDS CD

IRELAND: BELFAST - HEAD / BELFAST - SICK SCOTLAND: GLASGOW - LOVE MUSIC / GLASGOW - MONORAIL WALES: ABERYSTWYTH - ANDY'S RECORDS / CARDIFF - SPILLERS / NEWPORT - DIVERSE / SWANSEA – DERRICKS NORTH- WEST: CHESHIRE - A & A DISCS / LIVERPOOL - PROBE / MANCHESTER - PICCADILLY RECORDS / PRESTON - ACTION RECORDS / WARRINGTON - HEAD NORTH-EAST: HUDDERSFIELD - VINYL TAP / LEEDS - CRASH / LEEDS - JUMBO RECORDS / NEWCASTLE – J G WINDOWS / NEWCASTLE - REFLEX / SHEFFIELD - BEAR TREE / SHEFFIELD - RECORD COLLECTOR / STOCKTON ON TEES - SOUND IT OUT / WAKEFIELD - WAH WAH MIDLANDS: BIRMINGHAM - LEFT FOR DEAD / CAMBRIDGE - LOST IN VINYL / LEAMINGTON SPA - HEAD RECORDS / LOUTH - OFF THE BEATEN TRACK / NOTTINGHAM - RISE / OXFORD - TRUCK STORE / STOKE ON TRENT - MUSIC MANIA - STOKE ON TRENT - STRAND RECORDS / WITNEY - RAPTURE / WORCESTER - RISE SOUTH: BEXHILL ON SEA - MUSIC'S NOT DEAD / BRIGHTON - RESIDENT / EASTBOURNE - PEBBLE / FOLKESTONE - HOT SALVATION / GODALMING - RECORD CORNER / LEIGH-ON-SEA – FIVES / LONDON - CASBAH / LONDON - FLASHBACK / LONDON - ROUGH TRADE EAST / LONDON - ROUGH TRADE TALBOT RD / LONDON - SISTER RAY / ROMSEY - HUNDRED / SOUTHSEA - PIE & VINYL / SOUTHEND ON SEA - SOUTH RECORDS / WIMBORNE - SQUARE RECORDS SOUTH WEST: BRISTOL - HEAD / BRISTOL - RISE / CHELTENHAM - INDEPENDANT / CHELTENHAM - RISE / FALMOUTH – JAM / FROME - COVERS VINYL / NEWTON ABBOT - PHOENIX SOUND / TAUNTON - BLACK CAT / TOTNES - DRIFT MAILORDER AND INTERNET ONLY STORES: BOOMKAT.COM / NORMANRECORDS.COM / SPINCDS.COM / BLEEP.COM

REXYTHINGS

WHITEHOUSE ROCK

Elvis & Nixon brings the King's historic meeting with Leader Of The Free World™ to the big screen.

When Elvis Presley visited President Richard Nixon in the White House on December 21, 1970, it produced a mind-boggling photograph that went on to be the most requested image in the US National Archives. That meeting is now a feature film. "Before I saw the script I was like, Really?" agrees its director, Liza Johnson. "But when I read it I understood – particularly now, when Katy Perry is on tour with Hillary Clinton and the other presidential candidate is a reality- television star. It really recognises the absurdity of having the two of them in the same room."

At the centre of Elvis & Nixon is Michael Shannon's Presley, equal parts delusion and canniness. "A lot of the film is focused on the process of getting Elvis to the Oval Office," explains the actor. "It's not like he showed up and they opened the front door. Nixon didn't want to meet with him. The President can't just meet with rock stars whenever they decide to show up, so it was a fairly elaborate process to get the two of them together."

> **"THE PRESIDENT CAN'T JUST MEET WITH ROCK STARS WHENEVER THEY DECIDE TO SHOW UP..."**
> **Michael Shannon**

All true – as is a surprising amount of the scrupulously researched script. Though not endorsed by the Presley estate, the writers – including actor Joey Sagal, whose father Boris directed Elvis flick Girl Happy – worked with "Memphis Mafia" member Jerry Schilling, played in the film by British actor Alex Pettyfer. This means there's no Elvis on the soundtrack, his place taken by a possibly more redolent selection of Southern sounds from such as Sam & Dave, Otis Redding and Creedence Clearwater Revival.

"We tried to embrace the pleasure of the detail," says Johnson. "Even the car that Jerry drives is the exact same Cadillac Eldorado convertible with red leather interior that Elvis bought for him, and that's literally the suit that Elvis wore to meet Nixon. There's such an industry of tribute artists that companies make them from the original patterns."

Some, of course, is guess work, particularly inside the

Oval Office, where Elvis manipulates and dominates Nixon (Kevin Spacey, in a variation on his House Of Cards political monster) and even gives him a karate demonstration. Shannon, a Smiths fan who fronts his own band, Corporal, doesn't own an Elvis record: "I think he's great, I always did, but I wasn't a fan," he says. His portrayal is nonetheless sympathetic, suggesting a sharp, thoughtful man searching for meaning, far from the foolish puppet oft depicted. "I don't think you get to be that level of superstar if you're a puppet," says Johnson. "Jerry will tell you that what really killed Elvis is creative disappointment."

The big question, though, is Elvis's motivation for th meeting. It's usually thought to have been a badge fror the Narcotics Bureau, which meant he could travel with guns and drugs. He secured that, but Elvis & Nixon suggests there was more to it. "I think he wanted a lot of things at once," says Johnson, "and I think that's what's wonderfu about how Michael plays that character. My grandparer were scared of Elvis, he represented a threat to the statu quo. By 1970, he'd received wide acceptance but it still really meant something to him to have the establishment say, 'We honour you.'"

James Medd

Extra reporting, James Mottram; Elvis & Nixon (15) is out now

Once upon a time in the West Wing: (main) Elvis (Michael Shannon, left) talks to President Richard Nixon (Kevin Spacey); (right) the real meeting, December 21, 1970.

Oliver F. Atkins

DUKEJOINTS

GOLDEN YEARS

Is the next Bowie box coming into view? And what will be on it?

Reproducing the celebrated 'diagonal striped suit' Los Angeles photoshoot that was revisited on the video for Lazarus, Steve Schapiro's recent book Bowie is a sumptuous visual record of the singer in 1974. Talking about it to culture site Flavorwire, Schapiro announced, "Warner's is going to do a box set in September of a period from '74 to '76. Apparently Bowie [and a second person] chose the cover picture, which is mine."

This is the successor to last year's *Five Years 1969-1973* box set. Untitled as yet, it will include *Diamond Dogs, Young Americans* and *Station To Station*, but presuming it will be of similar size to its 13-album predecessor, the potential for extras is intriguing. As well as a second volume of *Re: Call*, with singles and B-sides, the 1974 *David Live* LP and the *Live Nassau Coliseum '76* which accompanied the 2010 *Station To Station* reissue seem likely additions: a legitimate release of the *Strange Fascination* bootleg, taped at the LA Amphitheatre in September 1974, would further please fans.

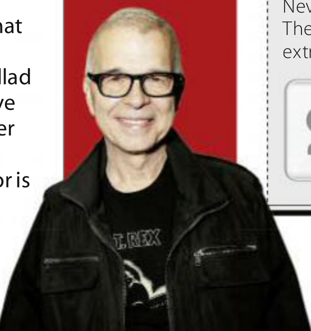
Another possible component might be a version of the unissued LP called *The Gouster*, the album Bowie considered done and dusted before running into John Lennon in New York in January 1975 and recording Fame and Across The Universe, changing the complexion of what was to be released as *Young Americans* that March. Notable omissions were existential ballad Who Can I Be Now?, super-intense, busted-love epic It's Gonna Be Me and the bittersweet After Today, also heard on the *Sound + Vision* box. Another inclusion superfans will be praying for is notorious *Gouster* outtake Shilling The Rubes – something of a missing link between *Diamond Dogs* and *Young Americans*. Indeed, the opening of the vaults is, it seems, a realistic hope.

Speaking to the London Evening Standard last month, Bowie producer Tony Visconti indicated the flow of archival material will continue, referring to, "a lot of unreleased material from many albums. I think it's logical that over the next few years, you're going to hear a lot of stuff that you haven't heard before… I'm in talks with his management and his label – there's going to be some great Bowie stuff coming out."

Tony Visconti is a mentor on Guitar Star, the nationwide search for a guitar hero, Tuesdays at 8pm on Sky Arts and to watch on demand. The winner will play the Main Stage at the Latitude Festival. Bowie: Photographs by Steve Schapiro is published by Powerhouse and is available now.

Rolling out the purple carpet: (main) David Bowie by Steve Schapiro, Los Angeles, 1974; (below) the book; (bottom) Tony Visconti.

"THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME GREAT BOWIE STUFF COMING OUT." Tony Visconti



SOUND & VISION

Turn to the Sky Arts Channel for a full programme of Bowie telly on demand

Discovering: David Bowie
Leading music figures explore the life, music, legacy and larger-than-life stage characters. Great insights from across the career.

David Bowie: Serious Moonlight
Blonds have more fun? Filmed in Vancouver in 1983 at his post-Let's Dance commercial peak, Bowie takes centre stage, in his big pegs and peroxide coiffure.

David Bowie: A Reality Tour
A career-spanning 2003 set from the Point Theatre in Dublin, on the tour that marked Bowie's farewell to the stage.

David Bowie: Glass Spider Tour
Never seen Bowie do 'Heroes' tied up with ropes? Then check out this bananas gig from his spectacular, extravagant, unhinged 1987 jaunt.

sky ARTS

MOJO DIARY

JULY 3

Gary Numan: Android In LaLaLand gets its London premier at the East End Film Festival. Directed by Rob Alexander and Steve Read, the cine portrait examines Numan's Aspergers syndrome, family life, emigration to the US and ongoing ambition, with candid testimony from Numan and his wife Gemma, plus insights from Gary's parents, Beggars Banquet label founder Martin Mills and former manager Steve Malins.

JULY 8

Building on the acclaim for Andrew Matheson's Sick On You: The Disastrous Story Of **The Hollywood Brats** – MOJO's 2015 Music Book Of The Year - the rediscovered proto punks release a *Sick On You: The Album /A Brats Miscellany* on Cherry Red. Remastered by keyboardist Casino Steel, it contains lashings of unheard music and copious linernotes. Expect a BBC documentary in the autumn, and a band reformation around the same time.

JULY 13

After her festival dates in France and Spain, **Courtney Barnett** plays Somerset House, followed by appearances at the Latitude festival (July 15) and the same weekend at the Longitude festival outside Dublin (17). In other news, Barnett and her band recorded backing vocals for a track on **The Breeders**' new album when they stopped off in Ohio in June.

Getty Images, Steve Schapiro/Getty Images, Tom Oldham

hmv RECOMMENDED

the best new music from independent labels

WILL BUTLER
FRIDAY NIGHT

£9.99
CD out now
Will Butler
Friday Night
also available on vinyl

DJ SHADOW
The Mountain Will Fall

£9.99
CD out now
DJ Shadow
The Mountain Will Fall
also available on vinyl

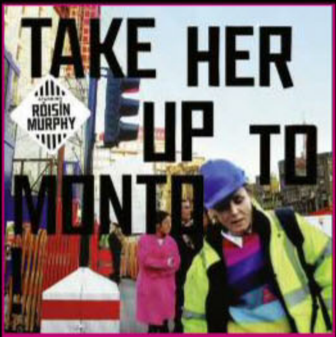
PUBLIC SERVICE BROADCASTING
THE RACE FOR SPACE / REMIXES

£9.99
CD out now
Public Service Broadcasting
The Race For Space/Remixes
also available on vinyl

£11.99
CD out now
Swans
The Glowing Man
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out 1 July
Beyond The Wizard's Sleeve
The Soft Bounce
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out 1 July
Lola Colt
Twist Through The Fire
also available on vinyl


TAKE HER UP TO MONTO
RÓISÍN MURPHY

£9.99
CD out 8 July
Róisín Murphy
Take Her Up To Monto
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out 8 July
BadBadNotGood
IV
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out 22 July
Lou Rhodes
theyesandeye
also available on vinyl

hmv

home of entertainment
in-store | online

While stocks last. Prices apply to standard CD versions.

MOJOWORKING

MADNESS

The Camden Cowboys go back to go forwards for album eleven.

Getting down to the real Nutty-Gritty: (main) Suggs sings; (inset left) in the control room with Liam Watson (left) and Clive Langer (centre); (inset right) Mike Barson at the organ.

"I sang six lead vocals yesterday," says Suggs, enjoying a Peroni, a roll up and the sunshine, outside east London eaterie Venerdi. "I hope they're all right… they should be, we've been playing the songs for long enough."

Earlier this year, Madness spent eight weeks rehearsing in a £60-a-day, windowless space on London's unpretentious Holloway Road. Today the singer, keyboardist Mike Barson and bassist Bedders are in Hackney at Liam Watson's all- analogue studio Toe Rag, where 2009's much-praised *The Liberty Of Norton Folgate* was made. They've also reunited with longtime producer Clive Langer. The plan: to record the whole thing in three weeks.

"Great bands – The Kinks, The Beatles, Van Morrison – just went in the studio and did 14 takes of the same song and then said, *that's* the take," adds Suggs, now vaping in the vestibule outside the Toe Rag control room. "Also, being restrained by eight tracks is more exciting than having 72 million tracks and farting about for the rest of your life trying to change them on a computer. If I could just capture it once vaguely, and it expresses what I was trying to express…"

Barson, who's adding some organ to skanking new song Herbert – a picaresque tale of bridesmaid brouhaha at a wedding – agrees that the scene is not unlike footage of Madness recording at north London's defunct Pathway Studios, as seen on their 1981 film Take It Or Leave It. "And the music's not that dissimilar," says Mike. "Doing this track you have to be on one note, it's a bit reggae and a bit poppy. I don't know if I'd compare [the new album] to [1979's] *One Step Beyond*, in my head it's more like [1980's] *Absolutely*."

With material written by the whole group – "Lee [Thompson, sax] has written some fucking great songs," says Suggs – they promise Motown influence and even some Slade, with their customary mix of observation, humour and pathos. London will, inevitably, feature. "It's like David Attenborough meets Alan Lomax," says Suggs. "Recording what I'm seeing right now, what's left of what I know about London. I mean, Boris Johnson – what a slag, what a rotter. I wouldn't give him the fucking time of day, but I think we have addressed [what he represented] in song, because all of our songs are a celebration of the ordinary, everyday working people."

One Madness songwriter who will be absent, though, is Cathal Smyth, who left the group in 2014. "As far as I'm concerned we are family and it's a very difficult period in our familial history," says Suggs sadly. Does he think Cathal will return, like the once-departed Chris [Foreman, guitar] or Bedders? "Yes I do, yeah."

It seems apt to ask Langer why this self-regulating entity, give or take a few limbs, is still sustaining creatively nearly four decades after forming.

"It's because they all love each other," the producer says, "even if they annoy each other."

Ian Harrison

> "IT'S LIKE DAVID ATTENBOROUGH MEETS ALAN LOMAX."
> **Suggs**

FACT SHEET

Title: *Can't Touch Us Now*
Due: later in 2016
Producers: Clive Langer and Liam Watson
Songs: Blackbird On A Wing, Don't Leave The Past Behind You, Mr Apples, Mumbo Jumbo, Pam The Hawk
The Buzz: "I suppose the theme is just us going back to something. Coming back to this little studio, it's definitely got a feeling like when we first started, like there's a lot of open-ness in what we can do." *Mike Barson*

ALSOWORKING

…as well as working on his torch song project with players from the Leeds College Of Music, **MARC ALMOND** has a new solo album in the works. "I'm recording an album of totally new songs with producer **Chris Braide**, who's based in LA," reveals Marc. "I work at Dean Street studios in Soho. I've just had the wonderful **Ian Anderson** playing guest on one of my tracks, playing flute. I'm very excited about that" …**THE DIVINE COMEDY** return in September with *Foreverland*. Featuring songs including Napoleon Complex, I Joined The Foreign Legion (To Forget) and Catherine The Great, mainbrain **Neil Hannon** (left) muses, "It's about meeting your soul mate and living happily ever after… and then what comes after happily ever after" … **STEPHIN MERRITT** releases *50 Song Memoir* early next year, with one song for every year of the writer's life. Studio images have emerged of Merritt sat glumly among banks of synthesizers, suitably for one who has told MOJO, "I've always thought that synthesizers were the way to go. I grew up a dedicated new wav-er" …the fourth volume of **MICK HARVEY**'s **Serge Gainsbourg** translations is out later this year. Entitled *Intoxicated Women*, it was recorded in Melbourne's Birdland Studios and in Berlin with **Stooges/Bad Seeds** affiliate **Toby Dammit** and **Bertrand Burgalat**. Expect a German version of Je T'Aime, and Dents De Lait, Dents De Loup… now comprising a duo of **NIK VOID** (left) and **GABRIEL GURNSEY**, no wave cyborg dancers **Factory Floor** release new album *25 25* via DFA in August…

Simon Sarin, Eyevine, Getty Images

hmv RECOMMENDED

the best new music from independent labels

£9.99
CD out now
The Felice Brothers
Life In The Dark
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out now
Ólafur Arnalds
Late Night Tales
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out now
Afro-Haitian Experimental Orchestra
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out now
Case/Lang/Veirs
Case/Lang/Veirs
also available on vinyl

£12.99
CD out now
Heartworn Highways
Original Soundtrack
also available on double vinyl

£9.99
CD out now
Pup
The Dream Is Over
also available on vinyl

£9.99
CD out now
Hot Hot Heat
Hot Hot Heat

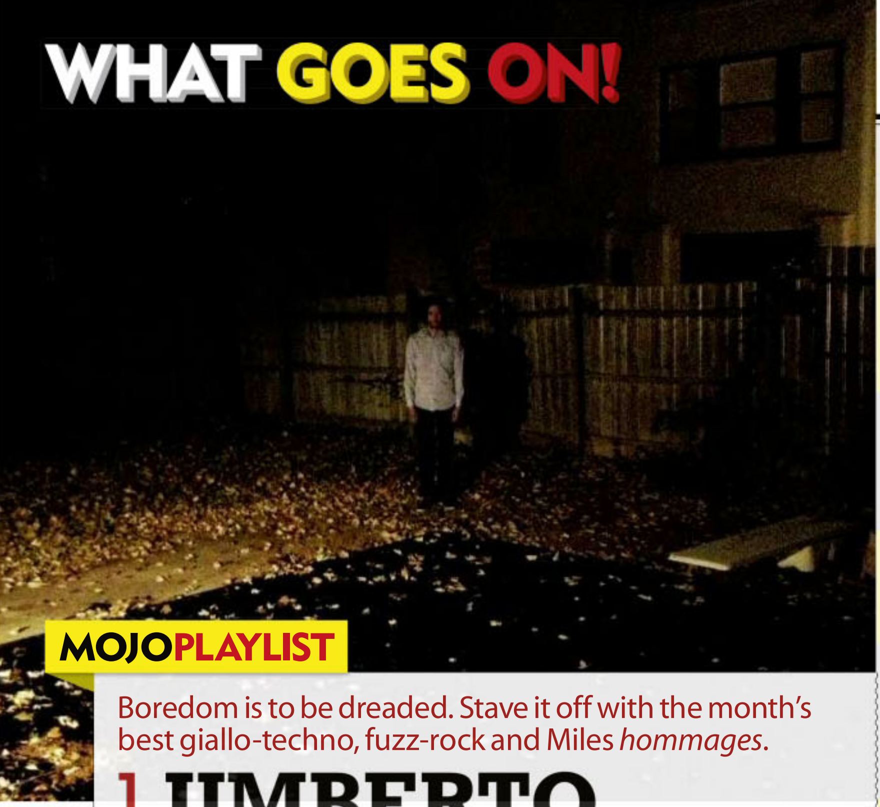
£9.99
CD out now
Peter Bjorn And John
Breakin' Point
also available on deluxe edition CD & vinyl

£9.99
CD out 8 July
The Julie Ruin
Hit Reset

hmv
home of entertainment
in-store | online

While stocks last. Prices apply to standard CD versions.

WHAT GOES ON!



MOJO PLAYLIST

Boredom is to be dreaded. Stave it off with the month's best giallo-techno, fuzz-rock and Miles *hommages.*

1 UMBERTO

DRIFTERS

Fittingly sinister urban-gothic video for this epic, pulsing electronic terror-groove from Matt Hill's excellent new full-length death-disc of giallo-inspired black-gloved killer ambience, doomed romance and chilly modernist dread. "[It's] a vision of a man experiencing a series of alienating situations," says Hill of the concept behind the LP, which also features vocals for the first time: Victoria Gokun and Edward Tonoyan – singing lyrics inspired by condemned Russian poet Anna Akhmatova – bringing an extra layer of haunting Edda Dell'Orso beauty and sorrow to this already beautiful widescreen nightmare.

Find it: *Vimeo*

2 SANTO & JOHNNY SLEEP WALK

Has there ever been a more beauteous instrumental than this 1959 tenement fire-escape reverie? With this still-perfect summer sound, the Farina brothers spiralled steel guitar up to US Number 1.

Find it: *YouTube*

3 THEE OH SEES WEB

John Dwyer's synapse-snapping garage-psych gang sound like a steroidal Slits on this track from their *Live In San Francisco* double LP. A catchy-as-hell song smothered in deep, dubby, reverberating riffs, the synchronised thump and cuff of two drummers and Dwyer's nervy boy-girl vocal.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

4 RICHARD YOUNGS PARALLEL WINTER

Part of Warsaw label Bolt's wonderful Populista series, reinterpreting classical music texts, Glasgow-based songwriter Youngs presents his very own Winterreise, a 33-minute disquisition on the beauties and iniquities of the coldest months with guitar, zither and voice.

Find it: *boltrecords.pl*

5 THE AVALANCHES FRANKIE SINATRA

Putting fiendishly hard jigsaw puzzles to shame by marshalling thousands of samples together for single tunes, the Australians end their 16-year hiatus with this cock-eyed fairground rap-skank from forthcoming album *Wildflower.*

Find it: *YouTube*

6 LET'S EAT GRANDMA EAT SHIITAKE MUSHROOMS

Playing up The Shining–esque weirdness of dressing like twins and hiding behind ropes of fairytale hair, this Norfolk duo build maniacal mouse organ pop songs from layers of synths, handclaps, xylophone, helium-pitch vocals and cute raps.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

Catch his drift: (above) hiding in the woods, Matt 'Umberto' Hill; (below) Norfolk's premier eaters of shiitake 'shrooms, LEG.

> "LET'S EAT GRANDMA'S SHINING-ESQUE WEIRDNESS."

Francesca Allen

ROKSAN MOJO listens to all its music on Roksan equipment

7 AKSAK MABOUL DBB (DOUBLE BIND BABY)

From the anarchic 1977 LP debut by Crammed Discs founder Marc Hollander and *Congotronics* producer Vincent Kenis, hypnotic piano minimalism and jazz, plucked from the album's stew of imaginary world music, rock, electronics, and proto-techno.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

8 BECK WOW

Back in beat-box rapper mode, this gust of starry-eyed pop places Beck in a desert filled with neon tumbleweed.

Find it: *YouTube*

9 THE STROKES THE THREAT OF JOY

Recalling their early fuzzy charm, indie Januses The Strokes glance backwards and forwards with this laidback blast from the recent Future Present Past EP.

Find it: *YouTube*

10 LOUISE GOFFIN TAKE A GIANT LEAP

The daughter of Carole King covers a Monkees bubblegum psych B-side and gets Jakob Dylan to lend backing vocals.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

11 CRISTIÁN ALVEAR JURG FREY, 'GUITARIST, ALONE'

The Chilean experimental instrumentalist interprets the ultra-quiet ultra-slow hypnotic "frail-voiced" solo guitar compositions of Swiss Wandelweister composer Frey. Enjoy the silence.

Find it: *tinyurl.com/h6tsvmu*

12 THE HEAD TECHNICIAN DIVERGENT

Vinyl appearance on Ecstatic Recordings for 2015's tape release of six minimal dark techno and acid grooves, from Martin 'Pye Corner Audio' Jenkins.

Find it: *YouTube*

13 FOUR LIONS WE ARE ENGLAND

Shaun Ryder and pals re-ignite the 1991 baggy bozack in a theme for (a) Euro 2016 sporting victory (b) crying lager tears of defeat slumped on a wheely bin. Broadsword calling Danny Boy!

Find it: *YouTube*

14 DUB TREES (FT. JAH WOBBLE, YOUTH AND DANIEL ROMAR) RETURN TO THE RIVER GANGES (DISTANT GREEN SHORE DUB)

Flutes, bagpipes, drones and the Wobble bass power-drive take you downstream. From the album *Celtic Vedic.*

Find it: *BandCamp*

15 RICHARD MOULT QUOPEVEIL

Taken from the recent *Quietened Village* CD – a beautifully-packaged collection of Midwich Cuckoo ghost-folk – a haunted edgelands lament for piano, cor anglais, and rustling pages.

Find it: *BandCamp*

16 CAN TURTLES HAVE SHORT LEGS

From the same soundworld as the *Tago Mago* LP, this 1971 novelty 45 stands tall with The Funky Gibbon, Burundi Black and Kasabian's Velociraptor!

Find it: *YouTube*

17 P.J. HARVEY ORANGE MONKEY

A song-as-journalism highlight from Harvey's *The Hope Six Demolition Project* gains additional depth with film-maker Seamus Murphy's melancholic, Afghanistan-filmed video.

Find it: *YouTube*

18 LOREN CONNORS THE DEPARTING OF A DREAM V

Long-awaited fifth instalment in the Connecticut guitarist's ongoing series/tribute to Miles Davis's He Loved Him Madly. A 10-inch LP of slowly decaying blues calls that eerily echo the strange muted cry of Miles's mid-'70s horn.

Find it: *family-vineyard.com*

19 CASS McCOMBS OPPOSITE HOUSE

A sun-kissed first slice from the Californian's album *Mangy Love*, this is an enveloping tide of chiming guitars, soothing backing vocals and McCombs' wise-beyond-his-years lyrics.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

20 WOODKID & NILS FRAHM ELLIS

French producer/singer-songwriter Woodkid and German composer Frahm underscore haunting Robert De Niro narration with the brooding hum of harmonium, piano and strings for director JR's film about Ellis Island.

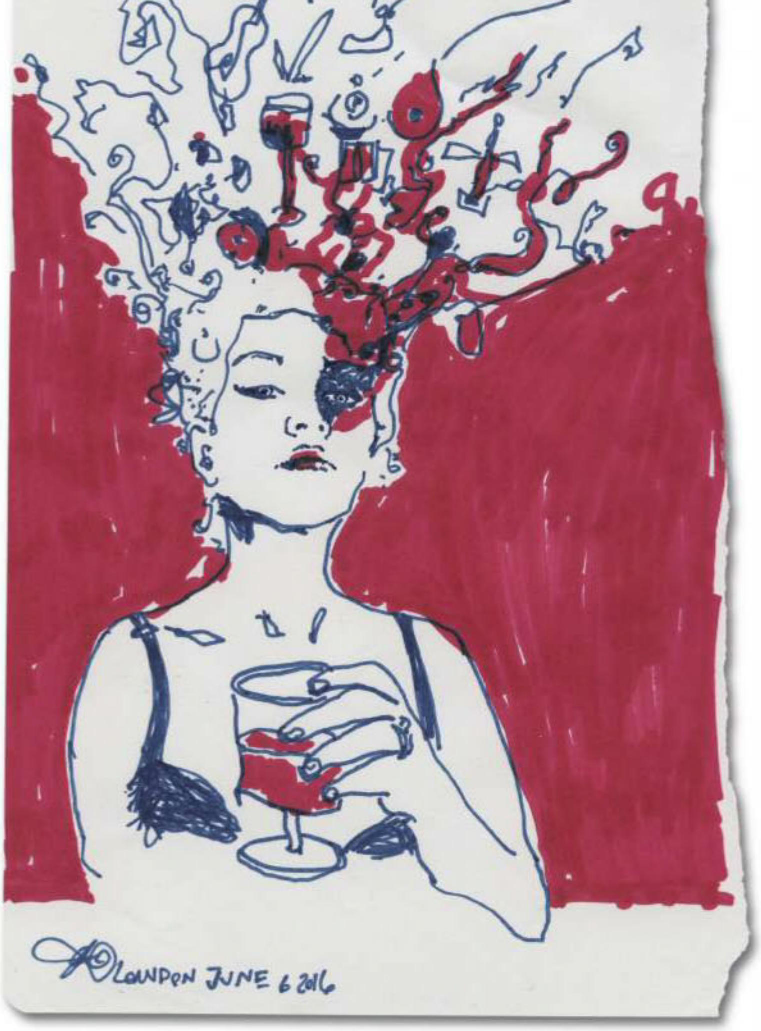
Find it: *SoundCloud*

SELFPORTRAIT

AMANDA PALMER

The cabaret provo-punker in her own words and by her own hand.

Heart attack and vine: Amanda Palmer with her favourite vice.



I describe myself as… an incredibly well-intentioned mess. I'm addicted to improvisation and sometimes it drives everyone fucking crazy. I actually feel quite comfortable when things are chaotic and manic, and there's a lot of stage pressure.

Music changed me by… giving me a really important portal out of the reality that I was living in. Listening to The Legendary Pink Dots and Robyn Hitchcock and David Bowie and these insane dreaming people just gave me constant confidence that once I got out of that town I would find my tribe.

When I'm not making music… lately I've been giving birth, that took some time. And I spend a lot of time communicating, talking to people about their lives, about philosophies and our problems. I love spontaneous encounters, too – having a baby is a really wonderful gateway into chatting to any stranger, it's like carrying around a golden invitation.

My biggest vice is… wine. Any old wine, boxed, bottled, from the gutter, from strangers, any kind. I wish I were more a distinguishing wine drinker. That, and over-communicating.

The last time I was embarrassed was… it really doesn't happen very much! There have been some real opportunities, but I just refuse.

My formal qualifications are… a bachelor in German studies from Wesleyan University. I'm an ordained Minister in the Universal Life Church – that's the one where you pay five bucks and get the certificate in the mail. And oh, I was a professional dominatrix for a while, I've had some formal training at that. I once had a young guy who wanted nothing more than, for a full hour, to be tickled, ha ha! He laughed the entire time… "Well, it's your three hundred and fifty bucks!"

The last time I cried was… this morning. I got a text message from a friend back in Boston who'd sent me a song he'd recorded for my birthday, and I'd never gotten back to him, so I was feeling ashamed and then I listened to it and it was beautiful, kind of this lullaby ode to me and Neil [Gaiman, husband] and the baby.

> **"I ACTUALLY FEEL QUITE COMFORTABLE WHEN THINGS ARE CHAOTIC AND MANIC."**

Vinyl, CD or MP3? …I like buying records, but as a travelling person, I mostly listen to music on YouTube.

My most treasured possession is… right now I would have to say it's my best friend Anthony's ashes. They're in my kitchen. I haven't decided what to do with them yet but if I lost them I would feel like a shitty person.

The best book I've read… keeps changing, but I've given Dropping Ashes On The Buddha, by a Korean Zen Master named Seung Sahn, to many friends. It was given to me by my ash friend, who died, when I was in my early twenties. If any book really changed the course of my life, it was this, and understanding the concept of non-attachment. It was sort of like being given a secret weapon.

Is the glass half-full or half-empty? I have to say that the best answer is that there's just half a glass of water. You can drink it, you can fill it up, you can add whiskey to it, you can pee in it, dump it on someone's head, you could use it to paint *it*.

My greatest regret is… I refuse to believe in regret. I deeply believe that if you spend your time on regret you serve nobody and nothing.

When we die… we go back to where we came from. I think we decompose and go into the trees and the flowers and the birds and each other. It is an ending, certainly, but if you consider all of us as one organism, which of course we are, how could it be fully finished if the all-ness of it continues, and your singing part just happened to drop out?

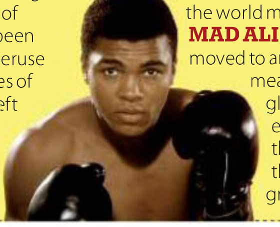
I would like to be remembered… fondly.

Ian Harrison

Jack and Amanda Palmer's album You Got Me Singing is out July 15 on Cooking Vinyl (see review p94). She plays the David Bowie Prom at the Royal Albert Hall on July 29.

MONDOMOJO

…there was mirth and controversy last month at Los Angeles club Cure And The Cause, when owner **Kenny Summit** imposed the draconian rule, "No more laptops in the DJ booth". **RICHIE HAWTIN** was among those who protested at this Luddite restriction, but he relented when Summit said he was just sick of novices who didn't know how their gear worked unplugging everything …want some **Who**-themed champers, to help the Teenage Cancer America charity? Then Champagne Cuvée **ROGER DALTREY** (left), decorated with a Mod roundel and the sleeve art of *Tommy*, is your tipple. "I am very excited to have this opportunity to express my passion for champagne," said Rog … admirers of dub disco visionary **ARTHUR RUSSELL**, who died in 1992, can now find his archives at the New York Public Library For The Performing Arts. Once the papers, images and music on a variety of vintage formats have been digitised, visitors can peruse at their leisure …a series of cyber attacks in June left the Twitter accounts of many musicians compromised; among the hackers' pranks were sending out hoax bomb threats under **Tame Impala**'s name and announcing the demise of Tenacious D's **JACK BLACK** …as the world mourned **MUHAMMAD ALI** (left), **Bob Dylan** was moved to announce, "If the measure of greatness is to gladden the heart of every human being on the face of the earth, then he truly was the greatest…"



Alamy, Eminent-life.com/Thelifestyle-agency.com

Annick Wolfers

MOJORISING

THE ANCHORESS

Ballet's loss is literate, emotional sophisto-pop's gain.

Catherine Anne Davies is palpably excited when MOJO meets her in a Soho restaurant on a wet early summer's day. That morning she was asked to support the Manic Street Preachers at the Eden Project in Cornwall. "I can retire now," she laughs.

For the Welsh-born, Buckinghamshire-raised singer-songwriter-producer, this is more than just a big gig. Davies has already played large shows; before the January release of her debut album as The Anchoress, she undertook a 94-date arena tour playing guitar, keyboards and singing with Simple Minds, having impressed Jim Kerr with her contributions to 2013's "dark country" supergroup The Dark Flowers.

Simple Minds were "a really great apprenticeship", she acknowledges. The Manics, though, are special. "It's weird to talk about a band changing your life, but from about the age of 12 I pretty much just listened to the Manics. Before them I was training to be a ballet dancer, so I was very much immersed in the classical world, that and my parents' records – The Carpenters, Beatles, Carole King. All that exploded the moment the Manics entered my life."

Davies is an eloquent exponent of music as aspirational force; a design for life. "My mum's a receptionist and my dad worked at a nursing home," she explains. "When you're working class, that 'libraries gave us power' that the Manics sang is true. Your only way out is education."

Forced to curb her ballet ambitions when she broke her back aged 17, Davies took the Manics' autodidactic message to heart, achieving a masters in literature and a PhD from University College London. Little surprise that her album, *Confessions Of A Romance Novelist*, brings those analytical skills to bear on 12 songs examining the role of the singer-songwriter.

"The whole idea behind the record is about how we construct ourselves," she says. "People just assume that I'm a confessional singer-songwriter, so I'm playing with that by having all these false confessions in the songs. That's something I took from Prince. It's all about the art of misdirection."

For all its obvious intelligence, the album is also brimming with songs that would fit on mainstream radio, while the title track provides one of its strongest characters. "The romance novelist," she smiles, "is living in the '80s, as I imagined her, trying to work out what it means to be a woman finding a way to be creative in a world that really only allows you to be a writer within these very narrow, restrictive boundaries. It's a bit of an allegory for being a female in the music industry as well."

Davies was keen to retain control over every aspect of her own record and is a self-confessed workaholic ("I get a bit Bobby Fischer"), though she did collaborate with Mansun's Paul Draper ("we're both control freaks so he understood that about me"), whose own solo record she has reciprocally co-written and co-produced. She's also started writing songs for a second Anchoress album and is making a record with Bernard Butler ("though I don't know what that's going to be yet"), while the door is open to tour with Simple Minds again. In the meantime, there are her own live shows as The Anchoress.

"For me it was always a studio project so I was quite resistant to the idea of playing live," she admits. "Until I got asked to do the Manics show, then of course it's what I've always wanted!"

Jenny Bulley

Aweigh with words: Catherine Anne Davies, aka The Anchoress, muses on early retirement.

"IT'S ALL ABOUT THE ART OF MIS-DIRECTION."

FACT SHEET

- For fans of: Kate Bush, Prince, Bat For Lashes, Manic Street Preachers, Tori Amos, epic 20th century poetry.
- The album took a stylistic shift when Davies broke her hand playing piano and had to switch to guitar. "Turned out I'd severed the scaphoid ligament, which you really don't want to do".
- One of the album's false confessions is that the title track's narrator has a "bedroom shrine to Margaret Thatcher". Davies explains: "It's not just about what would be the most shocking thing that you could discover about someone, but the whole idea of what Margaret Thatcher stands for in terms of femininity."

KEY TRACKS

- What Goes Around
- Popular
- Confessions Of A Romance Novelist

MINDBLOWERS!

DJ SHADOW

The turntablist's turntablist, with crazy-obscure cash, "balling" and fast-food wax.

1 DOWN 4 LIFE
SPARK SOME BUD

(Ill Kid Cassette Demo, circa 1995)

"Obtained from a record industry insider, it's interesting to think that Gang Starr's Guru, who ran Ill Kid Records, gravitated toward this prescient effort enough to try to get it placed with a major label. Sounding more like Goodie Mob than Group Home, this talented group was probably from Chicago, and their unreleased four- song EP is a stellar blend of downer G-funk and southern reality rap. Spark Some Bud, my favourite cut, features appropriately smoked-out lyrics over a clever flip of The Art Of Noise's Moments In Love. They were ahead of their time."

2 BARRY WAUGH
A MONEY POEM

(Concept West 7-inch, 1973)

"A long-lost but vital document from South Central Los Angeles, this is undoubtedly one of the last entries in the Watts Prophets school of rhythmic poetry. It's also one of the most intense. Reminiscent of The Last Poets' O.D., Waugh sarcastically professes his allegiance to the almighty dollar over an almost free-jazz cacophony of percussion and flute. As the din grows, the poet reaches fever pitch, alternatively screaming and whimpering in true performance art style. The oversized sleeve declares, 'Recommended for married people.'"

HELLO, HARDEE'S!
PEACE. LOVE. BURGERS!

4 BOYZ II MEN
STAR ANTHEM (HARDEE'S)

(Hardee's Corporation CD, circa 2000)

"Boundlessly talented vocal group Boyz II Men probably weren't overjoyed at the prospect of performing this silly jingle for the Hardee's fast-food chain, but hey, spend a couple hours, cut the spot, get paid, no one will remember it in a few months. They probably didn't consider the unforgiving, vast wasteland of American thrift stores, where nothing stays hidden for long. It seems that Hardee's pressed up a small quantity of CDs and distributed them to restaurants for in-store play, or possibly for convention use. Either way, while probably not their proudest moment, it's all part of the broader Boyz II Men story to be told at the end of the road."

3 DOUG E. FRESH AND THE 'STAY-FRESH' CHOIR
I AM SCARED OF YOU!!

(NCR LP, 1986)

"Uh… sometimes it's difficult to conjure words to describe what I'm being confronted with, but I'll soldier on. No, this is not a lost random rap treasure, but rather a very odd a cappella choir concert release presented by a high school in Southern California. In what is apparently a VERY inside joke, they decide to close the album with a brief doo wop rendition of The Longest Time by Billy Joel… only with changed lyrics, simply repeating, "Whoa, oh, oh, oh… I am scared of you." Evidence suggests that the true identity of this 'Doug E. Fresh' is the choir director, Douglas Griffin. Ah, those high school hijinks."

DEEP BOTTOMS AND THIRSTY THROATS
DON JUANONYMOUS

5 "DON JUANONYMOUS"
DEEP BOTTOMS AND THIRSTY THROATS

(Namora Productions LP, circa 1973)

"The sleazy '70s spawned many porno waxings, the vinyl equivalent of a phone-sex fantasy. Movies such as Deep Throat temporarily thrust adult entertainment into the mainstream, so it was only natural that the record industry get a piece, as it were. Boutique labels like Funky Finger managed multiple entries in the genre, and they invariably consist of over-heated actors and actresses… well, overacting. It's all good, clean trashy fun. However, this is the only record I've found where the 'stories' aren't faked, they're 100 per cent real. It seems that someone decided to record their exploits, complete with occasional TV, radio, and traffic noise, and share it with fellow '70s swingers. Creepy listening!"

Josh paid the cost to be the boss: Davis in shadow.

The cool doula: Tanya Donelly with distressed walls, cushions and Fender.

Boston Globe/Getty Images, Alexandra Valenti

ROCK'N'ROLL CONFIDENTIAL

TANYA DONELLY

Returned Belly/Breeders/Throwing Muse on weirdness, vomit and old-school feminism.

Amid all the early '90s grunge drama, Belly's 1993 debut *Star* was an unexpected hit, presenting disturbingly pretty songs inlaid with fairytales and dread. Its breakthrough was a culture shock for singer Tanya Donelly who, alongside stepsister Kristin Hersh, grew up in Rhode Island force of nature group Throwing Muses, later joining The Breeders for 1990's *Pod*. Belly dissolved after 1995's second album *King*, but Donelly increased her stellar CV with three solo albums and, most recently, the five-volume *Swan Song* project, conceived as a "little retirement party". It didn't quite work: Belly (with bassist Gail Greenwood and brothers Tom and Chris Gorman) are touring this summer, with new material imminent.

"I'm collaborative by nature," she says, speaking from Massachusetts, where she lives with husband Dean Fisher (of The Juliana Hatfield Three) and their two daughters. "My teenager's friends are very aware of the '90s, but they know me too well to be impressed by anything I can do."

Why reform Belly now?

We can put our businesses on hold, our kids are old enough – we're just in a better place to put in some time, finally. We all genuinely like each other and are having so much fun. Did we feel Belly was unfinished? Absolutely. It was super-fun initially and then became very stressful.

How are the new songs?

We could easily have done the reunion without this handful of songs but we love to write together so it would have been odd not to. There's some Bellyness to it, but I wouldn't say you could point to any one song and say "that sounds like this".

You once said "good music was popular by mistake" in the early '90s – do you stand by that?

There were a lot of anomalies at that time. We were one of them. Feed The Tree, as poppy as it is, is a weird song. I feel like being puzzled was more acceptable in the '90s.

Is it true *Star* was meant to be the second Breeders album?

Kim Deal and I had the tentative plan that she would write the first album and I would write the second, but I left the Muses before she left the Pixies. I wanted another full-time band, so I started Belly and the songs became *Star*. [Donelly sends a photo she has just taken of "the reels from the demos Kim and I did of the songs that ended up on *Star*. I don't know why it says TanyaMania on the label. I did not write that."]

BE GOOD, TANYA

Donelly's five faves.

1 **Elvis Perkins** *While You Were Sleeping* (FROM *ASH WEDNESDAY*, XL, 2007)

2 **Buffalo Tom** *The Kids Just Sleep* (FROM *SKINS*, SCRAWNY, 2011)

3 **Neko Case** *Alone And Forsaken* (FROM CANADIAN AMP EP, LADY PILOT, 2001)

4 **Lisa Hannigan** *Little Bird* (FROM *PASSENGER*, HOOP, 2011)

5 **Prince** *Purple Rain* (FROM *PURPLE RAIN*, WARNER BROS, 1984)

How hard was the transition from Throwing Muses to Belly?

I had played with Kristin since we were children and I had never made music without her at that point. She's my sister, which made it an even more visceral split. Going from being someone who vomited before every show with Throwing Muses to being a frontperson in a successful band – it was a bit much. It's not like I put on a persona – I was always telling the truth as I saw it – but it felt weird. I drank a lot. I'll leave it at that!

Do you still suffer stage fright?

I don't really. I have a very healthy life now – a very happy life – so it's not all hinging on whether the show is going to be great or not, which frees me to enjoy it a lot more.

You weren't approved of by the Riot Grrrl scene, were you?

My sister and I got called gender traitors! I do have a very hard time when women don't uplift each other. When it comes to another female artist, if it's not my thing I keep my mouth shut, and if it is I am very vocally supportive. That's my thing – I was raised by old-school feminism.

After reigniting connections with Throwing Muses and Belly, are The Breeders next?

I jump on-stage with them when they are here playing in Boston but that is a lifelong commitment and I don't have that. I have kept very close to all the people I worked with. I am very fortunate to have that in my life.

Feed The Tree was an empowering message, though – "Take your hat off boy when you're talking to me", "I know all this and more"…

I have such a funny relationship with that song because there was so much onus put on it. It's funny because that one, when we've come to play it, we've really struggled. I thought the muscle memory would kick right back in but for the first 10 times we played it I was like, "I can't remember it." I love that song and I mean every word of it.

How is work as a postpartum doula?

It's been quite busy recently but I've had to put a wall around it until the Belly stuff is done. I would like to recertify and go back to attending births because that's kind of a magical thing to be present for.

Tell us something you've never told an interviewer before.

I am almost more concerned about leaving my dog behind when I go on tour than anything else. Thinking about it has almost brought me to tears a couple of times. She's three, she is my first dog and I am completely in love with her in a not-very-healthy way. My 10-year-old was saying, "You are going to miss her more than us."

Victoria Segal

LAST NIGHT A RECORD CHANGED MY LIFE

STEVE EARLE

Steve Earle salutes the Stones' '67 US compilation *Flowers*.

Minor keys to the kingdom: Steve Earle genuflects to Keith, Bill, Mick, Brian and Charlie.

"WE SAT IN THE HULK OF A SPORTS CAR AND I SMOKED MY FIRST JOINT…"

"My uncle, Nick Fain, was only five years older than me and hung the moon and the stars as far as I knew. I did my best to walk like him, talk like him and when, in the fall of 1966, my grandmother fell ill and Nick moved in with my family to finish high school it was all that I could do to maintain any sense of decorum.

The following months would prove to be the most formative of my life. Nick bought records, and what records they were: *Revolver*, *Blonde On Blonde*, *Pet Sounds*. The New Year brought debuts by Cream, The Doors and Jimi Hendrix. Nick showed me my first guitar chords that winter and I was just starting to get the hang of it when graduation rolled around and Nick moved away.

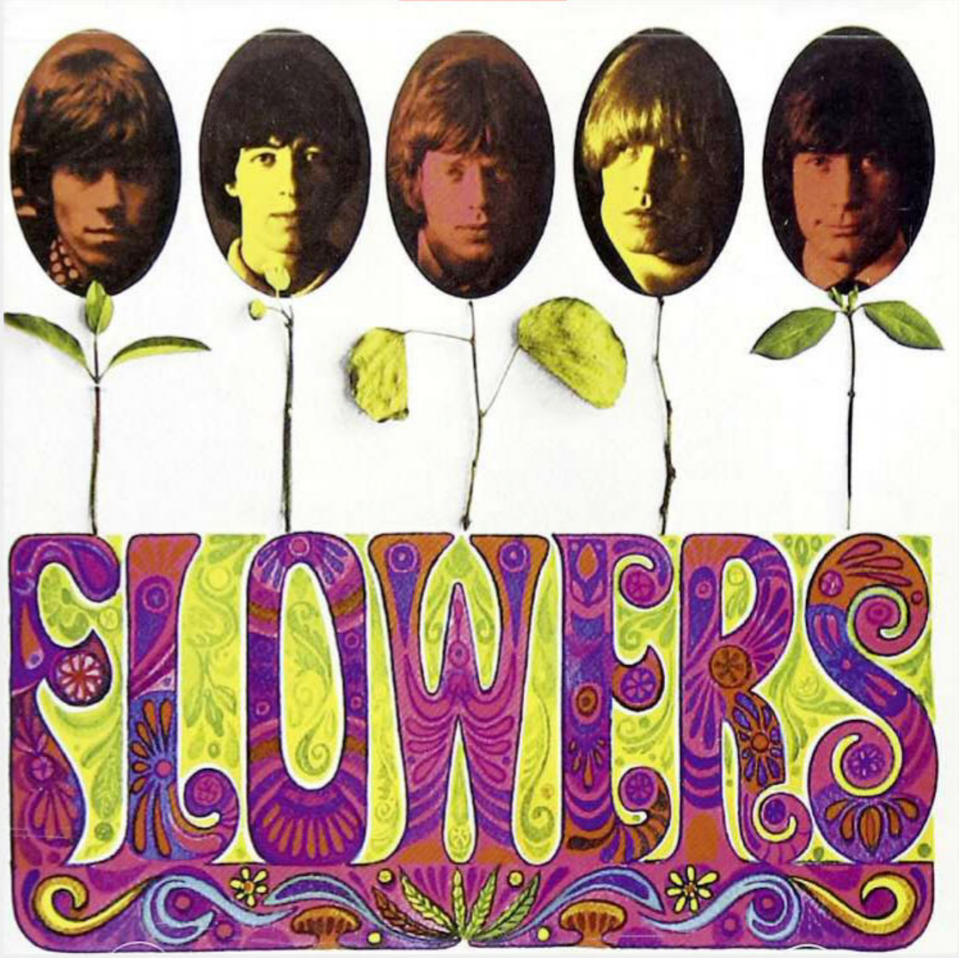
The night before he left we sat in front of my house in the hulk of a sports car that my dad never quite got running and I smoked my first joint, part of a consolation prize package which also included a Japanese-made acoustic guitar and most of his records.

As much as I missed my roommate, my newly-acquired riches were more than adequate compensation, especially the albums. I could stack them on the changer in whatever order I pleased. Even better, I could pick up the needle and drop it back as many times as it took to make out a guitar riff I was attempting to master. I realised that my acoustic guitar wasn't going to sound like Jimi Hendrix, so I gravitated towards stuff easier to emulate: Tim Buckley, Tim Hardin, the largely acoustic output of The Kinks. But one record landed on the turntable and stuck there.

Flowers was a US-only compilation of Rolling Stones singles, B-sides and tracks culled from the US versions of *Aftermath* and *Between The Buttons*. It contained big hits like Let's Spend The Night Together but it was the acoustic numbers that caught my ear: Take It Or Leave It, Sittin' On A Fence, Backstreet Girl and Lady Jane. The first complete song I learned was Mother's Little Helper. I didn't know all of the chords but I had the part where you pounded on the low strings of an E minor chord 'til your fingers bled down well enough.

I've often since advised the parents of musically inclined children that it's best to not to encourage their offspring to learn their first tune in a minor key. It'll fuck 'em up for life."

Colvin & Earle's self-titled album is out now on Fantasy Records.



MOJO**RISING**

STEVE GUNN

Pennsylvania-to-Brooklyn guitar adventurer observes to transcend.

Hounds of the settee: Steve Gunn (right) and Ruby the dig hearing things differently.

Steve Gunn is hanging back. His band are cruising with wise authority through a languid, mystic groove titled Ancient Jules, one of many standout tracks on his new set of swirling, transcendental road songs, *Eyes On The Lines*. The song centres around Gunn's ruminative vocal and bright, pealing guitar riff, but up on the stage of north London's Lexington, the composer/singer stays in the stage's grotty shade, better to bask in the brotherly glow created around him by his tight-knit touring band, James Elkington (guitar), Jason Meagher (bass) and Nathan Bowles (drums).

"I don't want to go up and posture and pretend like some… dude," says Gunn, in a gentle Pennsylvania drawl, discussing his serene stagecraft, backstage, prior to the gig. "I love poetry, and I enjoy reading Buddhist poets like Gary Snyder writing about nature, and as I'm growing into being a songwriter, I'm trying to be a bit more transcendent."

On paper, Gunn has been on this path of groovy poetic enlightenment in song for three-plus years, ever since the release of 2013's *Time Off*, a gently euphoric collection of six long-form, rambling journeys into a spiritual Americana. However, the roots of his sound go back further than that.

A self-taught guitarist from Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, raised on his parents' '60s soul and '70s rock and his elder sister's '80s indie, by the age of 11 Gunn was playing to such a standard that a Pittsburgh hardcore band, Reveal, asked him to tour with them. "I approached my parents and they let me go. It was mindblowing."

Introduced to the sounds of Coltrane and Stooges "in the same night, by two older stoner guys", Gunn graduated to the American Primitive guitar-playing of John Fahey and Robbie Basho, and, significantly, the late, Philly-based guitarist Jack Rose. "Jack just blew my mind," says Gunn. "We [worked] in the same farmer's market. Jack got fired because he wouldn't give a cop a free coffee. Fast forward five months and he's recorded a solo record. He was such a huge inspiration. He worked hard."

Invested with a similar work ethic, Gunn set a daily routine of playing, and studying, listening to jazz, pre-war blues, Sandy Bull, watching VHSs of guitarist Stefan Grossman's fingerpicking masterclasses. Moving to Manhattan in 2001, he joined the New York improv scene. "I didn't have a social life. Then I started recording solo guitar stuff, playing solo gigs… it transitioned when I met this drummer and improviser, John Truscinski. We were into similar things – Indian music, jazz and rock – and we had this similar perspective, not just, Drink some beers and turn up the feedback. We were pretty serious."

Eventually disillusioned by the NY improv scene – "some of these people didn't know how to play their instrument, or even tune it" – Gunn tried writing structured songs, and began playing with fellow Lansdowne resident, Kurt Vile. "I started hearing things differently," he says. "My first songs were like 20 minutes long but I got into this songwriting process." In contrast to the dark pastoral power of 2014's *Way Out Weather*, *Eyes On The Lines* is, says Gunn, "about living in the city and going with the flow. I'm trying to let my guard down, trust my instincts and not ram it into the ground too much. When I'm travelling I document and photograph inspirational moments, I guess this album is a little more observational. It's staring out of the window when a lot of deep thinking happens."

Andrew Male

> "IT'S STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW WHEN A LOT OF DEEP THINKING HAPPENS."

FACT SHEET

- For fans of Kurt Vile, Ryley Walker, The War On Drugs.
- Gunn has just recorded an album with his guitar hero, Michael Chapman
- Gunn's perfect record is Skip Spence's *Oar*. "It has this amazing story arc to it, and his lyrics are so strange. It's very rich sounding. It's so deep, so untouchable. You can't just play that way. It never ceases to blow my mind."

KEY TRACKS

- Way Out Weather
- Ancient Jules
- Water Wheel

ALSO**RISING**

By her own sharp tongue, **ADIA VICTORIA** (left) is a force of nature. "Nature fuelled my imagination," says the Nashville-based swamp blues siren, "it instilled a punk attitude." Raised amid a strict, Seventh Day Adventist atmosphere in Campobello, South Carolina, a teeny town in the Blue Ridge Mountains, her stifled past came tumbling out via last year's anti-Southern pride anthem Stuck In The South and this year's vivid debut *Beyond The Bloodhounds*. Slaying demons via agitated electric blues and deadly country laments, the album underlines her reputation as a brutally frank truth teller. "I don't care what other people think. Life's too short for that shit." *Andy Cowan*

The latest project from **Gioele Valenti** (left), formerly of **Lay Llamas**, **JUJU** fuses elements of psychedelia, glam, prog and post-punk into a propulsive, melodic art rock. Valenti describes JuJu's self-titled debut long-player as "my personal tribute to the big music I've always loved, regardless of genre." But the album also has a more serious intention, sourcing the refugee crisis as its primary inspiration: "Where I live in Sicily, we literally see children die among the waves." For Valenti, the music and words "conspire with ancient symbols and arcane memory, something buried deep in the collective unconscious of the Mediterranean, to give voice to a 'drowning' culture." *Joe Banks*

Nathan Salsburg, Marzia Falcone

Miranda Lee Richards

MIRANDA LEE RICHARDS
ECHOES OF THE DREAMTIME

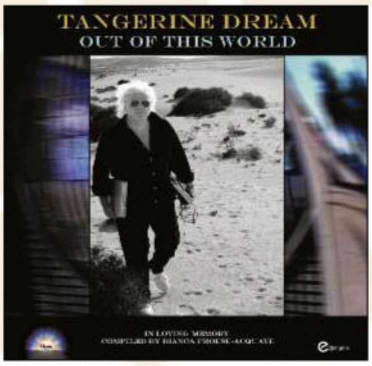
Echoes Of The Dreamtime IH63 IHCD63
ex Brian Jonestown Massacre "A coming of age return by the San Franciscan singer-songwriter ...arriving at psychedelia's higher plane" -- Mojo

Mishka Shubaly

MISHKA SHUBALY
Coward's Path

Coward's Path IH60 IHCD60
"If you've ever considered committing suicide at happy hour, Mishka Shubaly is the singer-songwriter for you!" -- Doug Stanhope

Tangerine Dream


TANGERINE DREAM
OUT OF THIS WORLD
IN LOVING MEMORY
COMPILED BY BIANCA FROESE-ACQUAYE

Out Of This World IH65
memorial compilation of recent work in memory of Edgar Froese on numbered tangerine double vinyl

Crosby & Nash

wind on the water
CROSBY & NASH

Wind On The Water IH67
classic 1975 studio album by David Crosby and Graham Nash back on vinyl

Diamond Gods

Diamond Gods
interpretations of bowie

Interpretations Of Bowie IHCD16
2002 compilation of David Bowie covers, including Blondie, Icehouse, the Aries Project and Buster Bloodvessel

Hugh Cornwell

The Fall and Rise of Hugh Cornwell

The Fall & Rise Of Hugh Cornwell IH61 IHCD61
ex Stranglers frontman's first solo anthology "New song Live It And Breathe It has bark and bite" -- Mojo

www.invisiblehands.co.uk

ihm **Invisible Hands Music** *available from all good record shops* amazon.co.uk

---

THE LOW ANTHEM

The New Album

eyeland

Out 17th June

Ben Knox Miller and Jeff Prystowsky perform live in the UK for the first time in four years:

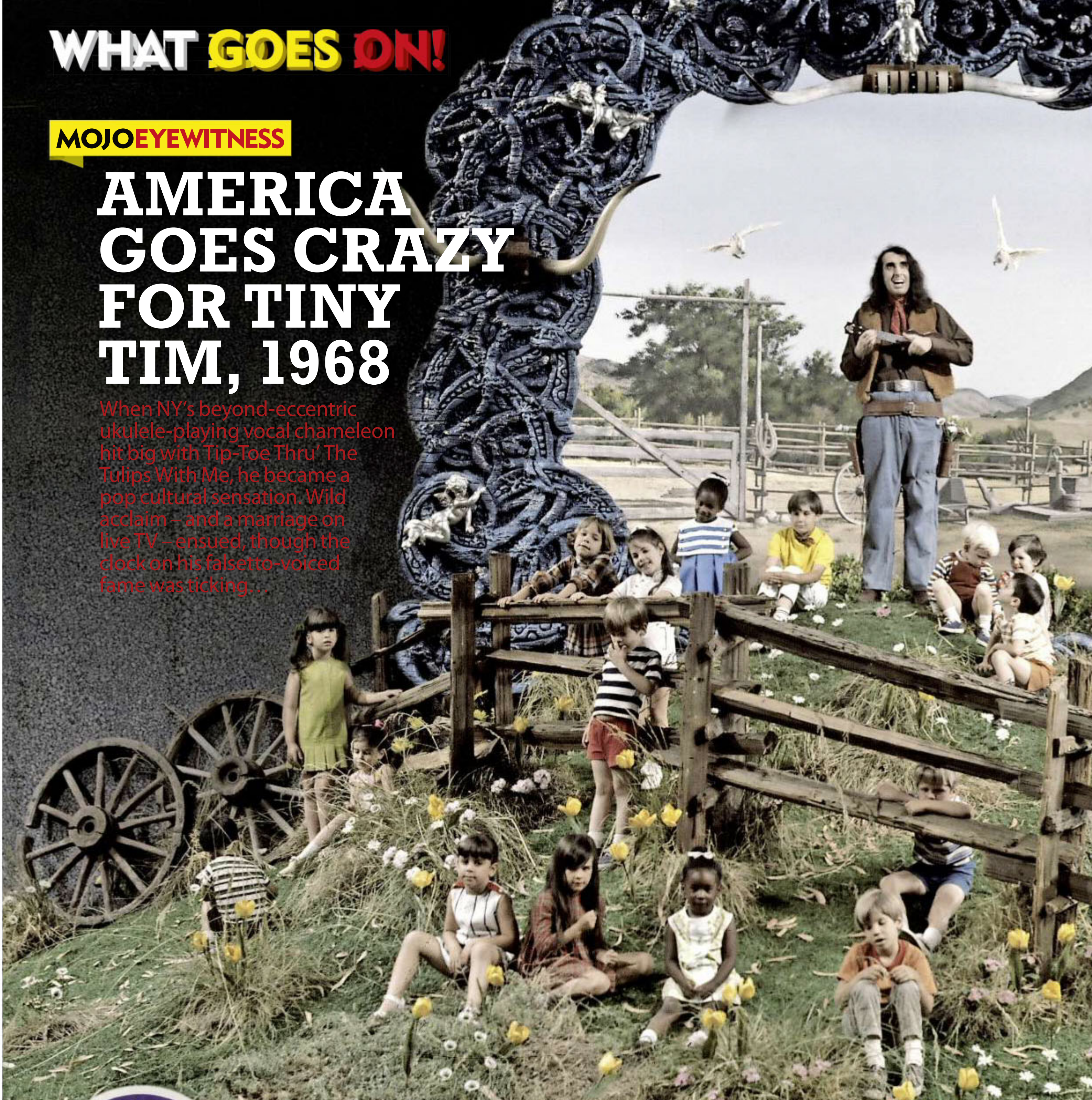
July 11 Borderline, London
July 13 Broadcast, Glasgow

Tickets available at ticketweb.co.uk
and seetickets.com

the low anthem
eyeland

washington. square

WASHINGTONSQUAREMUSIC.COM LOWANTHEM.COM FACEBOOK.COM/THELOWANTHEM



MOJO EYEWITNESS

AMERICA GOES CRAZY FOR TINY TIM, 1968

When NY's beyond-eccentric ukulele-playing vocal chameleon hit big with Tip-Toe Thru' The Tulips With Me, he became a pop cultural sensation. Wild acclaim – and a marriage on live TV – ensued, though the clock on his falsetto-voiced fame was ticking…

GOD · BLESS · TINY · TIM

"HIPPIES LIKE ME AND EVEN CONSERVATIVE PEOPLE ARE CATCHING ON TO ME."
Tiny Tim

God Bless Tiny Tim!
Caesars Palace
GOD BLESS TINY TIM
REPRISE RECORDS
0679
TINY TIM
Produced by Richard Perry
TIP-TOE THRU' THE TULIPS WITH ME

Aka Mr Herbert B Khoury: (main) Tiny Tim atop a grassy knoll on the sleeve of 1969's Grammy nominated *For All My Little Friends*; (bottom row, from left) Tiny in the studio; producer Richard Perry; meeting Princess Margaret at the London Palladium; on Rowan & Martin's Laugh-in (with John Wayne, far left); plus badges and releases.

PART 1 "FANTASTIC HAPPENINGS!"

Via his personal diary, Tiny Tim speaks of success, hippies and a soul in hell! While producer Richard Perry recalls a remarkable talent.

Richard Perry (*God Bless Tiny Tim* album producer): "The first time I met him was in October 1965. A very close friend, Kenny Vance [of Jay & The Americans], walked him in to my office. I never seen anything like him before. He brought his ukulele and started to sing, I started to tape… he was the most unusual singer. He was a lovely man, and quirky to say the least. He and I actually became very close, we began to meet after that and wrote songs, I began to get into his repertoire. A very good chemistry we had together. [He was] a troubadour of sorts, who sang songs from '20s, '30s, and so on. He was a remarkable individual.

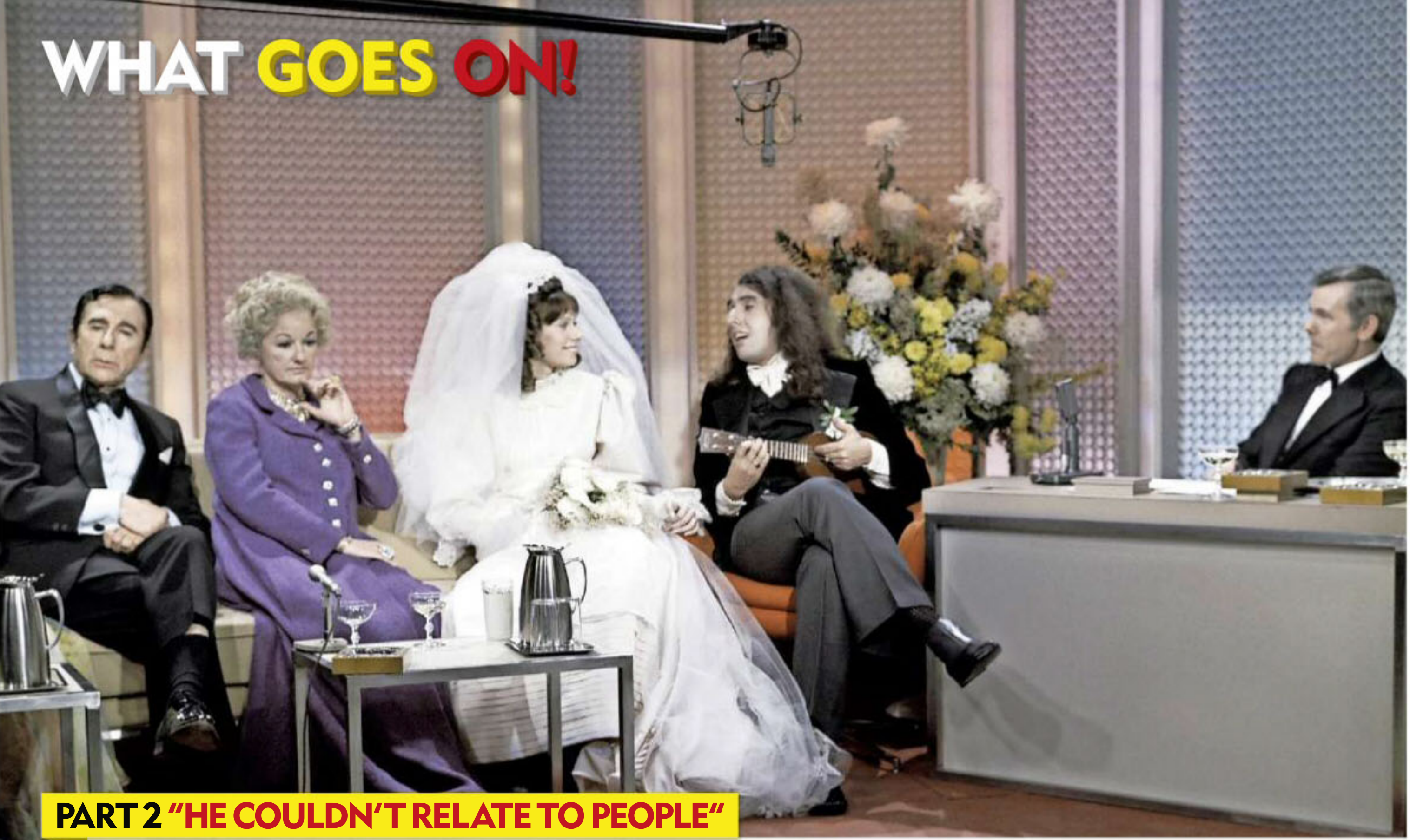
I assume he liked me – I don't know what he thought of me. But he certainly was happy to get a phone call from Warner Bros. To put an album out, that was always our dream – the first song on the album was Welcome To My Dream. The album is the best way to describe him. I purposely made it as theatrical as possible. The company had no expectations, beyond just releasing it and hoping for the best. Tiny was following my lead. He wasn't sure what was happening, but realised it was a great concept. When we put it out the time was right, people were ready for it. I wish it could have lasted longer. Unfortunately, none of the people who he had handling him manager-wise wanted to build his career slowly, they just figured, while it's hot, let's clean out the mines, so they did. Whatever gig he could get the most money they went in that direction. It was a shame, never gave him a chance to develop properly. That was it."

Tiny Tim: (diary entry May 2, 1968) "THE LORD BE MAGNIFIED. JESUS MY LORD… Dear Lord, Thanks for the most fantastic happenings since the success of the Rowan & Martin and Johnny Carson television shows. People stop me wherever I go on the streets and I sign autographs. Today when I did a radio phone call show on NBC… people, kids, girls, men all looked in the radio window from outside. Blew kisses, applauded, screamed, etc. Although I've hardly rested, and have a hoarse throat due to a cold, it is wild… Thanks for the grace you O blessed Jesus have over me. If not for you it never could have been.

(July 27, 1968) Yes, I repeat at this moment I am the biggest star in the country. I have gone from here in California to the tip of New York. I am invited to parties with all the great stars of Hollywood with beautiful girls… I am the toast of the city here in Hollywood, as well as in New York, people ask me for autographs, kiddies from five years old adore me to teenagers as well as adults and college groups. Hippies like me and even conservative people are catching on to me. I am praised by everyone, and people wait to see me. Money-making is excellent (I am getting fifty thousand dollars for my scheduled appearance in Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas August 15 (Lord Willing)). Also the Ed Sullivan show, the Jerry Lewis Show, an England appearance in the late fall with The Beatles at Albert Hall in London awaits me. Then in December I do the Hollywood Palace show with Mr Bing Crosby – to finish off the year of 1968 in fine style. Also there are write-ups about me in magazines, newspapers all over the States. What I have is desired by almost everyone yet O blessed Lord with all the shouting my soul is in hell and I cry out for help – O Jesus."

TURN OVER! FOR TINY'S WIFE MISS VICKI'S THOUGHTS ON GETTING HITCHED LIVE ON JOHNNY CARSON…

©Ed Thrasher/mptvimages.com, MPTV, Rex, Getty Images (3)



PART 2 "HE COULDN'T RELATE TO PEOPLE"

AMERICA GOES CRAZY FOR TINY TIM, 1969

When Tiny married Miss Vicki on The Tonight Show, an estimated 50 million viewers tuned in…

Tiny Tim: (diary entry December 17, 1969) "Thank you (to God) for the greatest day ever. For this evening I got married for the first time and the last I pray to the most beautiful girl I know – Miss Victoria May Budinger… the wedding was performed for the first time on Television on Mr Carson's Tonight Show. Later the reception followed and all of my friends going years back were there. I also had my first trial of the realness of married life when later at the Waldorf in our suite I thought of days of being single which are now no more."

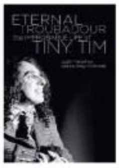
Miss Vicki: "When he proposed you could have knocked me over on the floor with a feather! I thought, What, are you crazy? Are you out of your friggin' mind? What!? When he agreed to have the wedding on the Tonight Show, I was sitting [in the green room] going, What?! All the time I kept thinking he was going to say, 'No, no, no, that's not a good idea.' But he didn't.

Oh my God, [watching the televised service] is so sad. I looked at this young person – who I almost didn't think was me – and I saw myself so full of hope and expectation and it made me feel sad because none of the expectations that I had or nothing that I thought and hoped for materialised… now that I'm older and I'm looking back, we probably didn't know each other very well at all. He just decided, 'That's the kind of chick I want', and I went along with it. He was from a whole other world than me. They say opposites attract, but it wasn't really ever good or happy… I realised one day [in 1974] that it wasn't really what I wanted to do with myself – be with somebody who didn't want to be with me. So, I just decided to go home and have a life by myself… I don't mean to be mean and put him down, but he didn't care about me and he really didn't care about [our daughter]. He was really good at performing, and that's when he was most comfortable, but he couldn't relate to other people very well. It's sad, but no. That's not his fault, the poor thing."

Wedlock, the time is now: (main) serenading the bride at the wedding of the decade (from left) Nick Lucas, who first popularised Tip-Toe Thru' The Tulips in 1929, Phyllis Diller, Miss Vicki, Tiny and Johnny Carson, The Tonight Show, December 17, 1969; (below) post-nuptial reception; (right) Paul Williams.

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FRIGGIN' MIND?"
Miss Vicki

Paul Williams (co-writer, with Biff Rose, of Tip-Toe Thru' The Tulips B-side Fill Your Heart, later covered by David Bowie): "He would never address me as anything but Mr Williams – an honour I was unaccustomed to. I was a relatively unknown songwriter at the time, and yet Tiny treated me as if I was Irving Berlin. And it wasn't shallow flattery. He was genuine in his respect for almost everyone I saw him communicate with. Needless to say, the world was capable of cruel responses. I never saw him react in any way but mild shock, usually accompanied by his famous, fluttery ooooooh. If his character was a put-on, he was a brilliant actor. I believe he was the man he presented himself to be."



Quotes courtesy of Justin Martell from Eternal Troubadour: The Improbable Life Of Tiny Tim (Jawbone). Richard Perry quote from impending documentary directed by Johan Von Sydow. The book is available from www.godblesstinytim.com!

Getty Images (2), Press Association

AN AEG LIVE PRESENTATION

UK TOUR 2016

MONDAY 29 AUGUST
GLASGOW THE SSE HYDRO

WEDNESDAY 31 AUGUST
MANCHESTER ARENA

SATURDAY 03 SEPTEMBER
SHEFFIELD ARENA

MONDAY 05 SEPTEMBER
BIRMINGHAM GENTING ARENA

WEDNESDAY 07 SEPTEMBER
LIVERPOOL ECHO ARENA

BACK TO THE WHO 51! TOUR

THEWHO.COM
AEGLIVE.CO.UK | AXS.COM
TICKETMASTER.CO.UK | TICKETS.AMAZON.CO.UK

WILD Beasts

+ SPECIAL GUESTS
UK TOUR 2016

26/07 LEEDS, BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB
27/07 LEEDS, BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB
28/07 BRIGHTON, OLD HOVE MARKET
29/07 BRIGHTON, OLD HOVE MARKET
28/09 BRISTOL, MOTION
29/09 OXFORD, O2 ACADEMY
01/10 SHEFFIELD, THE FOUNDRY
03/10 CAMBRIDGE, THE JUNCTION
04/10 LONDON, ROUNDHOUSE
05/10 LONDON, ROUNDHOUSE
07/10 NEWCASTLE, NORTHUMBRIA UNI
08/10 GLASGOW, QMUNION
09/10 MANCHESTER, MANCHESTER ACADEMY

WILD-BEASTS.CO.UK | FACEBOOK.COM/WILDBEASTS
TICKETWEB.CO.UK | SEETICKETS.COM | SONGKICK.COM

ON THE ROAD

CLASS OF '55

Teddy Thompson and Kelly Jones harmonise Everlys-esque country pop in London and Gateshead.

The Sage, sitting grandly on the Gateshead side of the Tyne river, likes its Americana: a poster lists 10 such shows, culminating in July's Summertyne Americana Festival. The venue also appreciates revivalism; the Solid Silver '60s Show was here last week, while June sees "the UK's number one Buddy Holly" return. Spiritually speaking, tonight's headliners Teddy Thompson and Kelly Jones sit somewhere halfway between the two categories.

After five solo albums, Thompson has turned to collaboration, first helming 2014's *Family* album with various relatives, and now with US singer Jones on their LP *Little Windows*. She shares her new partner's love of The Everly Brothers and country music's classic gender-split partnerships such as Dolly Parton and Porter Wagoner, and Tammy Wynette and George Jones. Just don't mention Gram and Emmylou. "Not for me, anyway," Thompson declares. "I'm a huge Emmylou fan, but less so of Gram; I never gravitated toward the more ragged, loose duety thing. I want to hear singers nail it."

"I like Gram and Emmylou," counters Jones, "but to me, they're a flavour of the '70s, while I always knew, without us saying, that Teddy and my shared sweet spot was going to be more '50s and '60s influences."

Thompson is also not having MOJO classify *Little Windows* as a country record. "There's no country instrumentation, no fiddle, banjo or pedal steel," he argues. "To me, this is absolutely a pop record – but pop music made in 1955, like the Everlys and Buddy Holly. The country influence and sound is in our voices."

Ultimately, though, there's no mistaking the song that Thompson and Jones's voices dovetail most fully around on the Sage stage: Someone I Used To Know, a song made famous by both Dolly and Porter (Jones's preferred version) and Tammy and George (Teddy's choice). But before the audience are introduced to that already-mentioned shared sweet spot, Thompson plays a 30-minute solo set, not least because the album clocks in at a precious, old-time 26 minutes.

Picking out sparse chords on his acoustic, Thompson starts off with Shine So Bright from 2005's *Separate Ways* and I Feel from 2011's *Bella*. On the fifth song, a cover of Leonard Cohen's Tonight Will Be Fine – which fits Teddy's self-deprecating and lachrymose tendencies like a hand in glove – he's joined by drummer Ethan Eubanks, bassist Greg Robertson (also the rhythm section for Thompson's '50s rock'n'roll side project Poundcake), keyboardist Daniel Mintseris and Teddy's guitarist nephew Zak Thompson. After another two songs, Jones arrives as the ensemble launch into *Little Windows* highlight Only Fooling, a song whose melody could have distinguished even the Everlys' *Roots* album and which shows Zak Thompson maintaining the family's good name with quality vintage twanging. Visually, the singers complement each other – he strawberry blond to her brunette – and their voices harmonise beautifully, Jones's with taints of Dolly's Appalachian clarity and Thompson's a yearning, quaverous tenor.

"In country," Thompson vouches later, "it's hard to find people that get the singing right, that don't over-decorate things. Why can't they just sing it straight from the heart?"

He may be the son of Brit-folk legends, but Thompson is a committed Americanophile, a US resident since 1994 and musically indebted to its traditions. Ironically, that was mum Linda's doing, he notes. She ensured that tapes of Buddy Holly, The Roches and the Everlys stayed on the family car cassette player, to the extent that pa Richard can't listen to them any more. At one point, Jones was in New York too, having been raised on a horse farm near Portland, Oregon. She moved out east, she says, "to pursue the

They Tyne and Wear it well: Teddy Thompson and Kelly Jones (not that one) with the glittering Sage, Gateshead (left), May 11, 2016; (below) Teddy on-stage.

"I WANT TO HEAR SINGERS NAIL IT."
Teddy Thompson

Simon Fernandez (11), Rex

Climb Everly mountain: (clockwise from top) at the Union Chapel, London, May 7, 2016; looks exchanged; on-stage at Gateshead; in London with Zak Thompson (left) and Greg Robertson (right); drummer Ethan Eubanks; London merch; Teddy's guitar; Kelly sings; the Sage in glory.

dream, in the big city." After releasing debut album *SheBANG!* (its title, and pop acumen, a nod to The Bangles), Jones eventually wanted space. Finding Nashville "too confining", she headed for Los Angeles.

Jones's music also underwent a transformation. In 2010, she released *Melon*, an album of rootsy duets with singer-songwriter (and later, *Little Windows*' producer) Mike Viola, and then her own *Alta Loma*, a more countrified Laurel Canyon venture. Introducing the exquisite Right Hand Man, her one solo spot in the show, Jones explains she was inspired by the late, doomed Laurel lady Judee Sill and her "spiritual search for answers." Thompson then joins in for *SheBANG!* highlight There Goes My Baby, slowed and shorn of its modern pop sparkle to suit the evening's '55 musical brief.

When discussing the relative merits of Someone I Used To Know, the pair rib each other like an old married couple. If we're talking stereotypes, Jones is the American optimist, bright and conciliatory, and Thompson the acerbic English disparager. Full of between-song badinage on-stage, at one point Thompson mock-insults the crowd by confusing Gateshead with Newcastle across the river. "He's just pushing you for a reaction," Jones tells the crowd.

Four days earlier, MOJO caught the show at London's Union Chapel, where Thompson's stage patter includes the comment, "We did write these songs, even if they sound like classics." Bone-dry observations aside, he's an incurable, self-effacing melancholic, most evident in the performances of *Little Windows*' Orbison-style ballads Better At Lying and Don't Remind Me. "Sad songs always made more sense to me," he admits before the show, "and they're easier for me to write, because they're something that can just fall out of you."

In the setlist's skilful weave of downbeat and upbeat, *Little Windows*' third songwriter, Bill DeMain, joins the singers in London to thwack an acoustic guitar for an exuberant, skiffle-toned rendition of a new song, Love It, as Jones and Thompson crowd round one microphone. Theirs is a marriage made in Eisenhower-era pop heaven, but even if it ends in divorce, they'll surely get a finely-wrought song out of the experience.

Martin Aston

Teddy Thompson & Kelly Jones's Little Windows is out now on Cooking Vinyl.

PARENTALADVISORY

The fraternal "sons of" club explained.

Teddy Thompson: "I'd been living in LA for a year when I got a call from my mum saying that she'd had a call from Rufus [Wainwright]'s mum Kate [McGarrigle]. He was moving to LA too, he'd got a record deal. In true Rufus fashion, he seemed to know everybody in town really quickly: he always had his eye on the prize even when he was 21. Rufus knew [Leonard Cohen's son] Adam and [daughter] Lorca, and Chris [son of Stephen] Stills, and Sean Lennon, and Jenni [daughter of Maria] Muldaur… he liked to know all the people that he thought were like him. We didn't talk about it, but there was a kinship, that we were all from musical families, and making our first records. Though Rufus and I didn't have much to talk about in that respect, as far as it being a big deal, as our parents weren't famous enough, not compared to Leonard Cohen and Stephen Stills! I don't know if Sean and Chris discussed how hard it was to be taken seriously, but it wasn't a problem for myself, and I don't think for Rufus either. We were just the kids of the folky ones."

Quid pro bro': Rufus 'n' Teddy.

JULY 1958 ...THE NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL GOES HOLLYWOOD

JULY 3-6 Chuck Berry was feeling pretty chipper. In a few days he was due to move his family into the house of his dreams on 13 Windermere Place in the north side of St Louis. In the interim, he was to play a gig at Newport, Rhode Island's jazz festival. He chuckled as he went into his duck walk during Sweet Little Sixteen. Festival organiser George Wein grimaced, however. "When he went into his duck walk, I literally cringed," he claimed, "but the crowd loved it."

But then Wein's heart ticked only to the beat of jazz. He'd founded the Newport Jazz Festival in 1954 and watched it flourish. And 1958 was set to see the festival become world famous, as photographer Bert Stern and co-director Aram Avakian descended on the Freebody Park concert site, with a camera team set on creating a film that would capture every nuance of the four-day event. The line-up was stellar. Duke Ellington's Orchestra, Dave Brubeck and Miles Davis were set to play on the opening Thursday evening. Gerry Mulligan, Louis Armstrong, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins, Benny Goodman and George Shearing were just a few of the greats performing. But Stern wanted to dig deep, evoke the whole atmosphere of the festival.

His opening shots focused not on the musicians but on the nearby harbour, filled with yachts, some of which were participating in the America's Cup. There were to be no roaring big band riffs employed as an introductory theme. Gradually, very gradually, Jimmy Giuffre's gentle, contrapuntal The Train And The River would edge the film onto the screen, the music echoing the sound of the rippling sea.

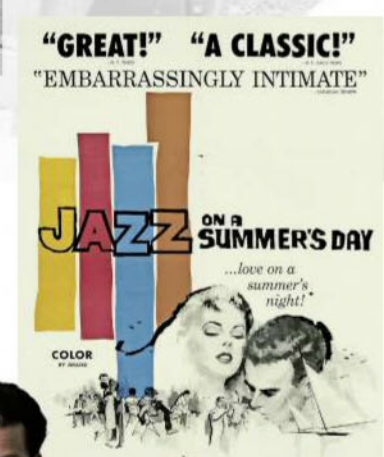
Evocative images abounded, particularly in the case of singer Anita O'Day. She appeared in fashion model mode, which appealed to Stern, who had made his name in fashion photography and would later provide unforgettable images of Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn and others. O'Day had purchased a black frock and white gloves from a Greenwich Village dress shop. "Then they brought this hat which had large white feathers. I was due on at 10-to-five and I was like this girl going to a five o'clock party," O'Day recalled. The image of Anita scatting her way through Sweet Georgia Brown, clad in her party best, is one that forever remains in the memory.

If Stern's camera documented every nuance of the entertainers – like the shots of goodtime Dixieland band Eli's Chosen Six freewheeling around the town in their vintage jalopy – then it focused just as enthusiastically on the audience, sometimes dancing, sometimes just sun-gazing in their deck chairs. But one critic disapproved of that year's crowd. "Many of the college kids who came to the festival and now sit in the cheap ($3) seats are more interested in the opposite sex, drink and a night on the town than the music," he raged. Other purists complained about the Blues In The Night segment, the John Hammond-instigated portion of the festival that included not only Chuck Berry but also Ray Charles, Joe Turner and Big Maybelle.

Not one critic raised a voice to criticise the magnificent gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, however, who deep into a cold wet night, cocked

Rhode Island in the sun: (clockwise from top left) Anita O'Day scats; attendant hipsters; film poster ("embarrassingly intimate"!); Chuck Berry prepares to duck walk.

> "MILES WAS TOO FAR OUT FOR ME."
> **Bert Stern**



one eye to the heavens above and sang Didn't It Rain with a fervour that elevated the event into one glorious revival meeting.

But Ray Charles's performance was never captured by Stern's camera team. Nor were those of John Coltrane, Duke Ellington or Miles Davis. Stern claimed that the decisions about whose sets should be filmed or ignored was largely down to Aram Avakian's brother George, who was head of jazz at Columbia Records and had signed Coltrane, Davis and Ellington to the label.

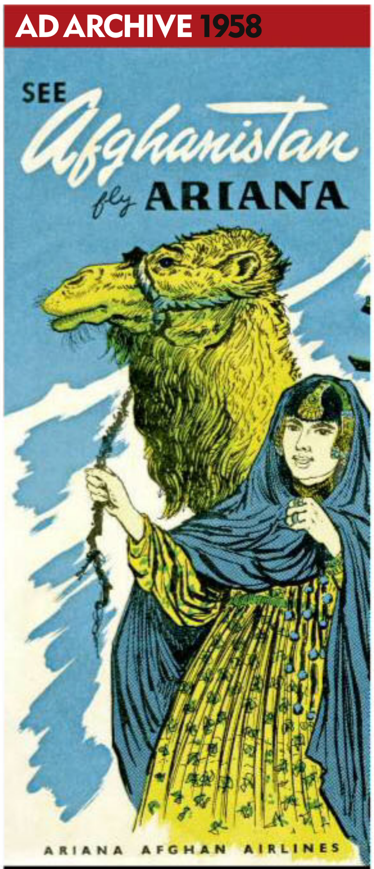
"We didn't shoot Duke Ellington because George Avakian said it would be too difficult to clear," recalled Stern. However, he didn't regret not filming Miles. "Personally, I didn't like Miles," he revealed, "he was too far out for me."

It would be 1960 before the film premiered. Stern felt that he wanted more scenes of audience participation. Further footage was shot at parties in Long Island, meaning some JOASD scenes feature punters who never got within a trumpet's toot of Newport's Freebody Park. But Stern got the results he wanted. It wasn't all about the music. It was the atmosphere, the joy and glow of merely listening to great sounds in the sun.

Somewhere in a Harlem public library a large stash of unseen footage resides. Could Jazz On A Summer's Day 2 be a possibility? Bert Stern never ruled it out.

Fred Dellar

AD ARCHIVE 1958



It would've been a fascinating visit… but beware Americans and Russians giving "the Great Game" a Cold War update.

Getty Images (3), Photoshot,, Photofest, Eyevine, Alamy, Rex

ALSO THIS MONTH

TRUSTY FREED

1 **Alan Freed**'s (above) The Big Beat TV show debuts on New York's WABC-TV station. Guests include **The Four Lads** and **Chuck Berry**.

HOPE AND ANKA

7 **Paul Anka** flies to Hollywood for a screen test. He's also planning a three-week trip to Japan where he's "a hot property".

A RINKY DINK DING DONG

7 Full-page ads go in US trade magazines for Early In The Morning by **The Rinky Dinks** (formerly **The Ding Dongs**). The song's writer is **Bobby** 'Splish Splash' **Darin**.

ANOTHER DENE WORLD

7 British rocker **Terry Dene** was due to report for National Service at Winchester Barracks, but his call-up has been deferred.

PRUDE AWAKENINGS

9 **Contacts**, a Minneapolis-based youth mag, launches a campaign for "clean lyrics in pop songs". And on the 21st, Pittsburgh radio station WAMP stops playing rock'n'roll.

MARTY HARD

11 **Marty Wilde**'s, Endless Sleep gives him his first big hit. A year ago he was working in a south London timber yard.

LENNON TRAGEDY

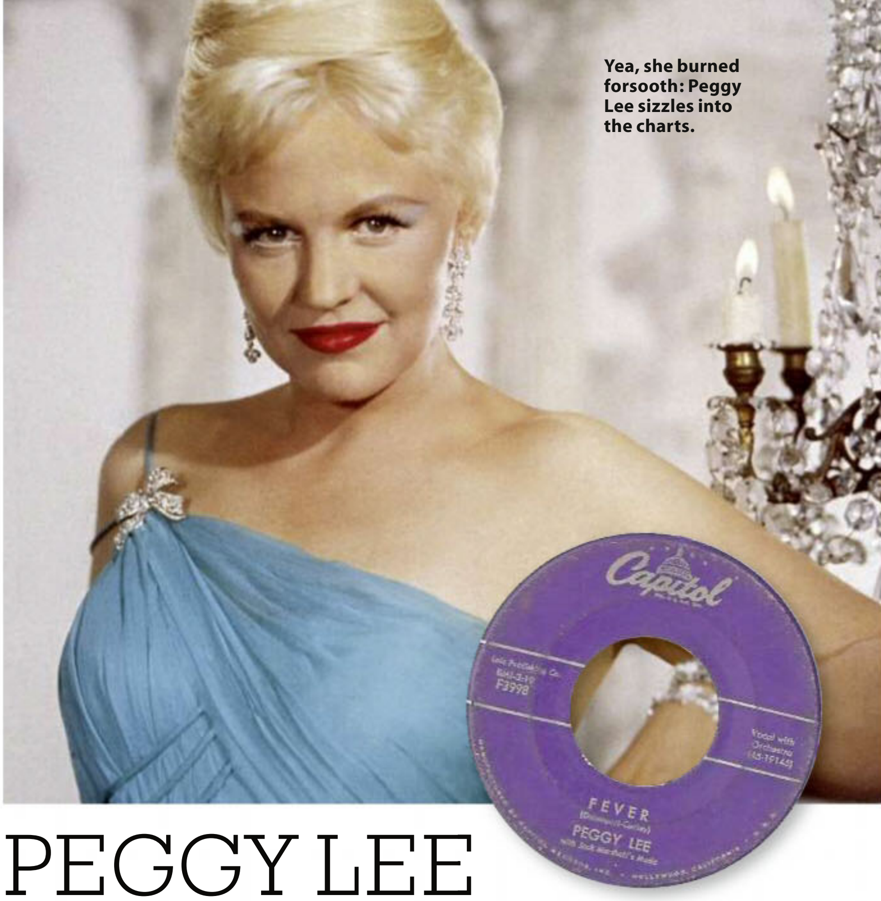
15 In Liverpool, **Mrs Julia Lennon** is run down and killed by an off-duty policeman.

CASH PRIZE

24 **Johnny Cash**, who's quit Sun Records, holds his first recording session for Columbia in Nashville.

FUEL TO CRY

28 **Billboard** notes the **Esso Gas Research Centre**'s claim that "tuning in rock and roll music on the car radio can cost a motorist money" because exciting rhythms "can cause drivers to unconsciously tap the gas pedal and waste fuel."



Yea, she burned forsooth: Peggy Lee sizzles into the charts.

PEGGY LEE GETS THE FEVER

JULY 14 **Peggy Lee's wildly torrid take on Fever makes its debut on the US charts. Lee says that she loved Little Willie John's version but didn't feel that the original lyrics were appropriate for her to sing, and so wrote several new verses to the John Davenport/Eddie Cooley-penned song, including references to the love affairs of Romeo and Juliet, and Captain Smith and Pocahontas. A sparse arrangement, just drums, bass and clicking fingers, concludes the update. In August it will reach UK Number 5.**

Glad all over: Elvis with his Ma and Pa.

ELVIS FANS THWARTED

JULY 13 RCA releases Elvis Presley's latest single, Don't Be Cruel/Hound Dog. Meanwhile, in Biloxi, Mississippi, Presley fans fill the car park at the Sun'n'Sand hotel, believing that the pink and white Cadillac parked there belongs to Elvis. In truth it's owned by his mother, Gladys Presley, who is booked in at the hotel with her husband Vernon.

TOP TEN

BEST-SELLING US EPs JULY 14

1 **UNCHAINED MELODY** RICKY NELSON IMPERIAL

2 **RICKY** RICKY NELSON IMPERIAL

3 **WARM** JOHNNY MATHIS COLUMBIA

4 **HYMNS** TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD CAPITOL

5 **NEARER THE CROSS** TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD CAPITOL

6 **THE LATE LATE SHOW** DAKOTA STATON CAPITOL

7 **ELVIS** ELVIS PRESLEY RCA

8 **HONKY TONK PIANO** KNUCKLES O'TOOLE GRAND AWARD

9 **LOVE IS THE THING** NAT KING COLE

10 **ST LOUIS BLUES** NAT KING COLE CAPITOL

Full Nelson: Ricky, Unchained at Number 1.

SAVE UP TO 63%*

SUBSCRIBE NOW! ORDER AT:

WWW.GREATMAGAZ

ALTERNATIVELY CALL 018

Terms & Conditions: 63%* saving applies when you choose the print & digital package option and pay by direct debit. The minimum term is 12 issues. After your first 12 issues, your subscription will continue at this offer price thereafter unless you are notified otherwise. Direct Debit payments will continue to be taken and you will not receive a renewal reminder. This offer closes on 25/07/2016. This offer cannot be used in conjunction with any other offer. Costs from landlines for 01 numbers per minute are (approximate) 2p to 10p.

SAVE UP TO 63%*

WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TO MOJO

PRICING: CHOOSE FROM 3 OPTIONS

PRINT ONLY

PRINT

6 issues for £21 when you pay by 6-monthly direct debits

Or get 12 issues for £48 when you pay by credit/debit card/PayPal

DIGITAL ONLY

DIGITAL

6 issues for £13 when you pay by 6-monthly direct debits

Or get 12 issues for £26 when you pay by direct debit/credit/debit card/PayPal

PACKAGE

PRINT & DIGITAL PACKAGE – Best Deal Save 63%*

6 issues of print AND digital for £23.50 when you pay by 6-monthly direct debits

Or get 12 issues of print AND digital for £53 when you pay by credit/debit card/PayPal

BENEFITS OF SUBSCRIBING:

- SAVE ON SHOP PRICES
- FREE DELIVERY STRAIGHT TO YOUR DOOR OR DEVICE
- NEVER MISS AN ISSUE

BASED OUTSIDE OF THE UK?

- PRINT OVERSEAS PRICES START FROM £58
- DIGITAL OVERSEAS PRICES START FROM £26
- PACKAGE OVERSEAS PRICES START FROM £63

*When you choose the print & digital package option & pay by direct debit.

INES.CO.UK/MOJO

58438884 QUOTING GCAA

Cost from mobiles per minute (approximate) 10p to 40p. Costs vary depending on the geographical location in the UK. You may get free calls to some numbers as part of your call package – please check with your phone provider. Order lines open 8am-9.30pm (Mon-Fri), 8am-4pm (Sat). UK orders only. Overseas? Please phone +44 1858 438828 for further details. Calls may be monitored or recorded for training purposes. For full terms and conditions please visit www.greatmagazines.co.uk/offer-terms-and-conditions.

A life like some old western movie: Guy Clark, denim shirted and direct, in the middle 1970s.

Getty Images

1941-2016

THE LAST GUNFIGHTER

Texas country songwriter, mentor and artisan Guy Clark left us on May 17.

Like denim shirts, work boots and Zippo lighters, Guy Clark songs are simple, functional, consistent and about as fancy as a paper bag. Lean and direct, they're more like short stories than songs, delivered one breath at a time in a burnt charcoal Texas drawl, so vivid you could almost live them. Yet this simplicity was achieved with meticulous hard work. Clark, a master of space and silence, often worked on a song for months or years, filing it down and refining it with the same patience as his hobby – guitar making.

Nobody ever accused Clark of rushing things. Ever the perfectionist, he never kept a song he wrote until he moved to Nashville in his thirties and recorded his debut, 1975's *Old No.1*. He released just 12 albums over the next four decades. They were never big sellers, but provided material for artists including Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson and Robert Forster to cover. In his memoir Chronicles, Bob Dylan wrote that Clark was "one of my favourite songwriters".

"Write what you know," he told me back in 1999. True to his word, his whole life can be tracked through his records. Born Guy Charles Clark on November 6, 1941, he grew up in Monahans, a dusty West Texas town in the middle of nowhere. He later described it in the song Texas – 1947, the big event being a streamline train hurtling by, leaving a flattened nickel retrieved by the six-year-old protagonist. He spent much of his childhood in his grandmother's hotel and soaked in the Western characters that stayed there, like the protagonist of his The Last Gunfighter Ballad. While living with his grandmother he grew close to her companion Jack, the grandfather figure about whom he wrote one of his most famous songs, Desperados Waiting For A Train.

In the late '60s, he was playing the Houston folk clubs when Jerry Jeff Walker introduced him to Townes Van Zandt. Van Zandt's songwriting inspired Clark to up his game, and the pair formed a lifetime friendship. They were best men at each other's weddings and often toured together until Van Zandt's death in 1997.

After moving to California and working in the Dobro factory, Clark was offered a publishing deal and moved to Nashville in 1971. He documented his subsequent move to Music City with his wife Susanna – a painter and sometime songwriter who would later write Easy From Now On with Carlene Carter for Emmylou Harris – in one of his classics, LA Freeway.

Once in Music City, Guy and Susanna's home became a magnet for young, rootsy writers like Steve Young, Richard Dobson, Steve Earle and Rodney Crowell, with Clark serving as mentor and ringmaster at their regular musical soirées. Over the years he continued fostering talent, including hit songwriter Darrell Scott and Shawn Camp, who won a Grammy producing Clark's last album, *My Favorite Picture Of You*, in 2014. He spent the last decade co-writing with young songwriters including Hayes Carll in his Nashville basement, the same place where he built his guitars. "I just love to write songs," he told me when we last spoke in 2009. "I don't care how I get there, as long as I get there".

Gianluca Tramontana

GUY CLARK
Old No.1

THE LEGACY

Album: *Old No.1* (RCA 1975)

The Sound: Dusty like West Texas, and backed by a top-notch Nashville crew, this debut reveals an already mature songwriter in his thirties. A masterclass in songwriting, its contents have been interpreted by The Everly Brothers, The Highwaymen, Tom Rush and others. When Clark spoke to MOJO in 2009, he confirmed that he still performed most songs at each show.

> "I DON'T CARE HOW I GET THERE, AS LONG AS I GET THERE."

ALAN WISE

PROMOTER, FACTORY HAND, BOHEMIAN

BORN 1953

Promoter, catalyst and confidant Alan Wise found literary renown in 1993 as quixotic impresario Dr Demetrius in his friend James Young's brilliant memoir of touring with Nico in the '80s, Songs They Never Play On The Radio. But as the author noted, Demetrius was a less outrageous aspect of Wise, who, while never as feted as his peers Tony Wilson, Rob Gretton or Alan Erasmus, played a crucial role in Manchester's ferment of punk and after. The son of a chemist, Wise had studied theology and admitted he had "no head for business, only romance": his works included staging gigs at the Russell Club, later The Factory, managing Nico and promoting the 1991 Manchester Cities In The Park festival. Latterly, with his company Wise Moves, he organised tours for Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry and Donovan, as well as working with hometown friends including John Cooper Clarke, The Fall and Happy Mondays; he also introduced New Order's live shows with comedic panache. Recently he'd begun work on a book called 50 Years On Valium with James Young, and suffered tragedy when his daughter Natasha took her own life in March, after which he spoke out against cuts to mental health funding. Regarding his world-view, his partner Beverley Gallier said, "He wanted everything to be an event, and nowhere was he happier than chatting to the artists in the dressing room."

Ian Harrison

DAVE SWARBRICK

FAIRPORT'S FOLK ROCK FIDDLE ICON

BORN 1941

Taking it to the bridge: Dave Swarbrick in action.

Colourful images preceded Dave Swarbrick, incorrigible fiddle star and livewire, playing jigs and reels at a million miles an hour at the heart of Fairport Convention. Yet such characterisations obscure that he was first a stupendous musician, playing not only with vitality but with grace, style and sensitivity. His *Swarbrick* and *Swarbrick 2* albums in 1976 and 1977 remain landmarks of beauteous fiddle playing. Previously he'd played in folk groups with pianist Beryl Marriott and the Ian Campbell Folk Club, before forming a duo with Martin Carthy, spontaneously creating innovative arrangements of traditional classics like Byker Hill, Sovay and Bonny Black Hare. Adept at different styles, he had numerous collaborators from A.L. Lloyd to Jason Wilson, but will always be best loved for practically inventing electric folk rock fiddle with Fairport, joining them for 1969's *Unhalfbricking* and staying for 12 years, becoming their artistic force following the departures of Sandy Denny, Ashley Hutchings and Richard Thompson. He even assumed the role of lead singer, conceiving and writing perhaps their most ambitious LP, 1971's folk rock opera *"Babbacombe" Lee*.

Colin Irwin

THEY ALSO SERVED

GUITARIST **MARLENE MARDER** (above, b.1954) played in Zurich all-female punks **Kleenex** from 1978. After early singles and tours with **The Raincoats** and **Gang Of Four**, a legal challenge from the tissue brand necessitated a change of name to **LiLiPUT** in 1979. They released albums on the Rough Trade label in 1982 and 1983, and after their split she published her illustrated memoir Kleenex/ LiLiPUT: Das Tagebuch der Gitarristin Marlene Marder in 1986, opened a record shop, played in rockers **Danger Mice**, ran a booking agency and worked for the World Wildlife Fund.

CAJUN fiddler, guitarist and voice **GIB GUILBEAU** (b.1937) had a Number 11 US hit in 1961 with You're The Reason as a member of **Bobby Edwards With The Four Young Men**. He later played with country rock innovators **Nashville West** and **Swampwater** and, from 1975, in a reconstituted version of **The Flying Burrito Brothers**. He also recorded solo albums including *Toe Tappin' Music* and *Songs I Like*.

PORT TALBOT keyboardist **PHIL RYAN** (b.1946) started out with **The Eyes Of Blue**, whose 1968 debut was made under the influence of **Graham Bond** and who later worked with **Quincy Jones**. Ryan also collaborated with **Pete Brown**, **The Neutrons** and, his most prolonged tenure, **Man**, and did sessions and arrangements for **Jackie Leven**, **Caetano Veloso** and **Ancient Grease**. In 1980 he moved to Denmark, where he wrote for film and television.

ACTOR AND WRITER **PAUL MCDOWELL** (b.1931) found pop success – his name given the prefix 'Whispering' – as trombonist and voice of Pythonesque 1920s pasticheurs **The Temperance Seven**, whose four 1961 chart hits included the Number 1 You're Driving Me Crazy. After the group, whose activities also included working with **Peter Sellers** and **Spike Milligan**, McDowell joined folk-poppers **Guggenheim**, returned to comedy (he played Mr Collinson on Porridge) and taught t'ai chi.

PR man **TONY BARROW** (b.1936) handled **The Beatles**' press affairs from 1962 to 1968. Having left his job writing sleevenotes for Decca to work for **Brian Epstein**'s NEMS organisation, he coined the moniker 'the Fab Four', devised The Beatles' Christmas flexi disc and accompanied the group when they met **Elvis** in 1965. He also handled publicity for NEMS clients **Cilla Black**, **Billy J Kramer** and **Gerry and The Pacemakers**. In the '70s he ran his own PR and management company, representing acts including **The Kinks**, **The Bay City Rollers** and **David Cassidy**, and later returned to journalism.

K-TEL RECORDS founder **PHILIP KIVES** (b.1929) learned the power of TV advertising while selling Teflon frying pans in Winnipeg. The enterprising Kives – whose other successes included the Veg-O-Matic food processor and the Miracle Brush lint destructor – tried out the budget compilation LP with 1966's *25 Country Hits*, and never looked back. The K-Tel catalogue would go on to reputedly sell more than half a billion units on vinyl and 8-track, featuring collections of every hue, the big-selling *Hooked On Classics* album and odd but appealing comps like *Block Buster*, a particular favourite of **Dave Grohl**.

REGGAE voice **LORD TANAMO** (b. Joseph Abraham Gordon, 1934) began performing in the early '50s, singing Lord Kitchener-inspired calypsos to tourists by day and ballads by night in the hotels of Kingston. He was an early collaborator with **The Skatalites**, recording songs including I'm In The Mood For Ska, a belated UK mini-hit in 1990 after it was featured in a Paxo advert, and also worked with **Duke Reid** and **Sir Coxsone**, with whom he scored a Jamaican hit with a smooth cover of A Rainy Night In Georgia in 1970. He was a long-term resident of Toronto, where he ran the Record Nook reggae shop.

BEASTIE BOYS guitarist **JOHN BERRY** (b.1964) co-founded the then hardcore punk group in summer 1981 and gave them their name. He left after 1982's eight-song 7-inch EP Polly Wog Stew, and later played in **Highway Stars**, **Big Fat Love** and **Bourbon Deluxe**.

KEYBOARDIST **DAVE ADAMS** (b.1938) worked with **Joe Meek** from 1958 until the producer's death in 1967, lending his carpentry skills to the 304 Holloway Road studio and, with **Geoff Goddard**, helping to make Meek's abstract compositions into usable demos. He also recorded for Meek with his sister **Joy** and under the country pseudonym **Burr Bailey**: he later joined **Heinz**'s group **The Wild Boys** and, as **Silas Dooley Jr**, worked with **Ritchie Blackmore**. He died at home in Buffalo, New York.

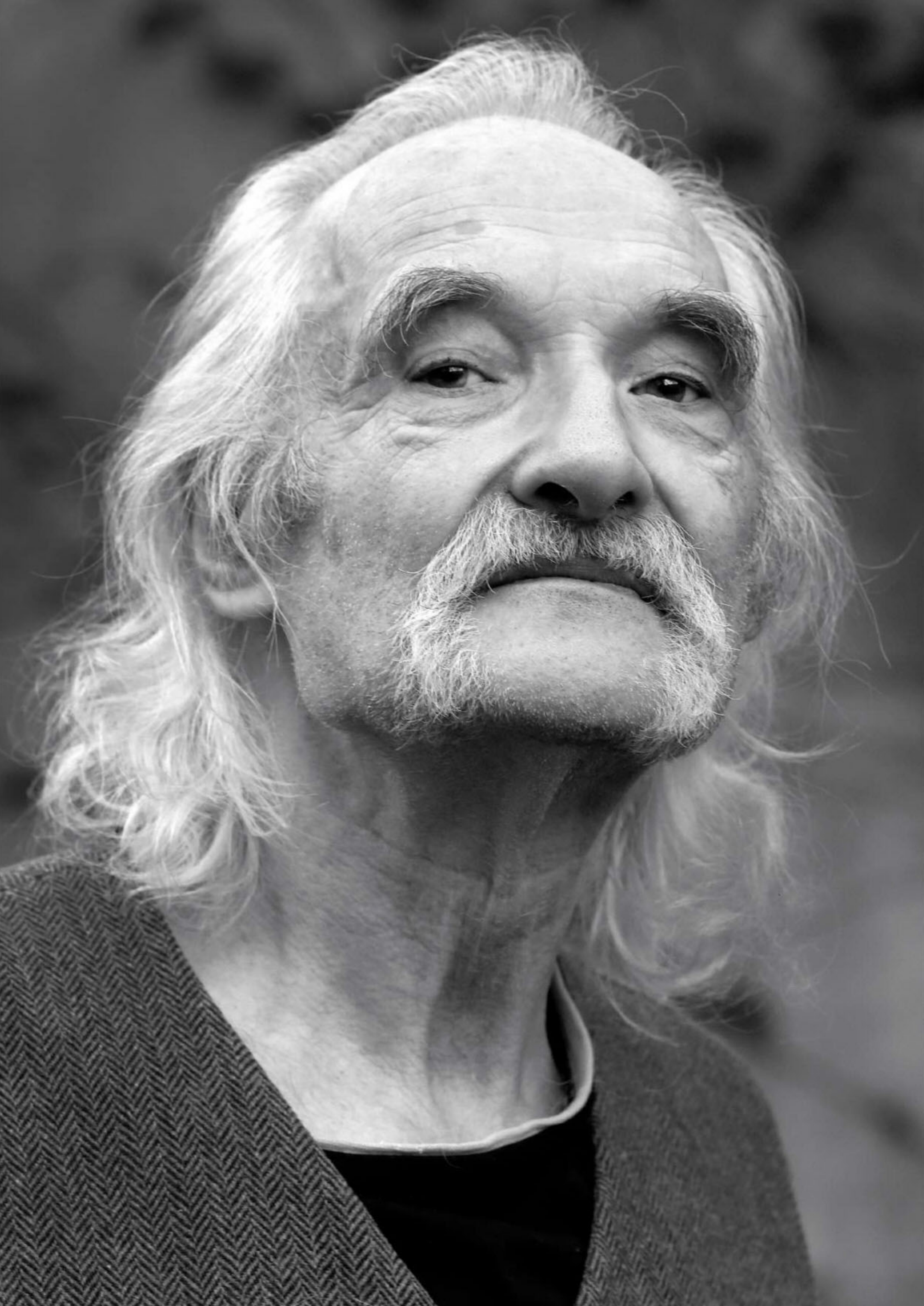
JAMAICAN singer **JIMMY RILEY** (b.1947) first came to notice in the later '60s, scoring hits with Duke Reid and **Lee Perry** with his vocal group **The Sensations**, and then as part of reformed harmonisers **The Uniques**, produced by **Bunny Lee**. Thereafter he recorded solo and produced, and found success collaborating with the **Sly Dunbar**/**Robbie Shakespeare** rhythm section. Latterly, he recorded with his son, reggae hitmaker **Tarrus Riley**.

POP VOICE **EMILE FORD** (b.1937) came to Britain from St. Lucia in the mid '50s. Leading his group **The Checkmates** – who featured library music ace **Alan Hawkshaw** – he sold one million records when his revival of the 1917 **Ada Jones** and **Billy Murray** duet What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For? went to Number 1 in 1959. His chart success over by 1962, the singer returned to his initial area of expertise, sound engineering.

Clive Prior

The Eyes had it: Emile Ford in 1959.

Kevin Cummins, Livio Piatti, Getty Images (2)



THE MOJO INTERVIEW

Avant-garde **joker**, the **godfather of sampling** and the throbbing Kosmische **heart of Can**, Holger Czukay looks back over **50 years** of making music. **"I am just an ear,"** he says, "someone the music goes through."

Interview by **IAN HARRISON** • Portrait by **ANDREW COTTERILL**

DESERTED BY 7PM ON THIS WARM MAY evening, the west German townlet of Weilerswist – 20 miles south of Cologne – is a picture of sleepy orderliness. Yet it was here that Can, the mightiest and most arcane group of the Krautrock ferment, recorded their albums – from 1972's *Ege Bamyasi* onwards – in a former movie house renamed Inner Space.

Today the cinema is home to Holger Czukay, Can's former bassist and solo artist of innovative renown, and his partner Ursa Major. Entered via the old box office, which can be seen on the cover of a new edition of Czukay's 1979 album *Movies*, now retitled *Movie!* – and which still proffers chocolate treats from the Sarotti company – their living space suggests some spectacularly decorated installation, reflecting a world-view that marries whimsy, the esoteric and intellectual rigour. The 100-plus US military mattresses that formerly lined the high-ceilinged interior are gone to join, ironically, a recreation of Inner Space at a museum in Gronau; now drapes featuring the ancient Egyptian ankh hang on the walls, while below an assemblage of southeast Asian and Tibetan artefacts alongside toy animals, pictures, clothes, flowers, lamps, sound equipment and couches are arranged around a central carpeted space.

Directing proceedings, the shirtless Holger cackles toothlessly, "The women must sit, but we men must stand and fight!" Since debuting on record with 1969's *Canaxis*, Czukay has never failed to hold his ground.

Born in 1938 in what was then the Free City Of Danzig, he emerged from the European avant-garde and studied with Karlheinz Stockhausen. He would leave the classical world in 1968 to co-found Can, a group still held in vital regard for the albums of their early classic period. After departing the group in 1977, Czukay returned to his pioneering experiments in sampling, electronics and unorthodox rock, working with like minds including Jah Wobble, David Sylvian and Brian Eno.

Arranged around the room are the many instruments he's played throughout this history, including his French horn, double bass and a well-worn Fender Mustang electric bass. Like the Fender Jaguar guitar with a broken headstock on display, they don't look like they've been used for a while. This writer hasn't spoken to Czukay at length since 1997, when he was a fast-talking and energised presence within a briefly-reconvened Can. Today he seems all of his 78 years, his responses slowed, his voice low.

After some portraits inside Inner Space, and others in his nobly overgrown garden, for which the solicitous Ursa tells him to put ➢

WE'RE NOT WORTHY

David Sylvian on **Holger's** sampleadelic skills.

"I believe Holger more or less invented the art of sampling on *Canaxis* and brought it to a state of near perfection on *Movies*. He has always claimed this accolade belonged to Stockhausen as Hymnen was his source of inspiration, but I personally don't agree with him. He brought sampling to the forefront with élan, humour and an amazingly unorthodox technical proficiency. Persian Love remains the touchstone for all who venture into this territory."

≺ some clothes on (he does, declaring, "noblesse oblige") we retire to a couch near his music corner where computers, microphones and vintage equipment wait. As we reflect on a creative life lived at the limits of ingenuity and controlled accident, his posture straightens, laughter comes more frequently and there is light in his eyes once again.

Why has *Movies* become *Movie!*?

To slim down *Movies*, to drop one 's'. Because my life has a lot to do with the movies, from childhood on. It started in a bakery, just after the war, in Limburg an der Lahn [near Frankfurt]. That was the place where we moved from Gdansk… from Danzig… we were refugees. I was seven. Here I started with six reels of 35 millimetre films, which I somewhere found. After the war you find everything. And I started to show films immediately.

Träumerei, the 1944 Robert Schumann biopic, was an important early film for you.

It was only that my sister she saw that I must have some musical talent, and therefore I should be acquainted with this film, of Robert Schumann and Clara Schumann. Träumerei means "daydreaming". You know the piece? They played this melody for Stalingrad, where Germany was defeated for all times, to remember, as a monument in Stalingrad. You can say it was our destiny, The End, definitely.

Did you always want to be a musician?

I knew from some very beginning of my childhood, say two years old. It was clear that I will ever always become a musician. And nothing else! Later when I grew up and became a teenager I became very, very excited about technical things. I was working in a radio station… you have seen this picture of me? (*Smiles*)

We have. Was the turning of the dial, and travelling the radio waves, a formative experience?

This came later. At the time it was, the radio papers showed when every tune can be heard. I was about 14, working in this radio shop, repairing televisions and radios. It was Saturday, two o'clock, and I knew there was a piece of music which I wanted to hear, so I switched on all the radios in the shop, at once! It was unbelievable! The tune was called Don't Turn Around To Foreign Shadows, it was what they called *hitmusik* or *Schlager*. It's one of the best pieces I can remember, even these days. Fifteen, 16 years later I heard this piece on the radio and I thought, Jesus Christ, it is *still* there. This is not a hit buster, but when it appears it is a special moment. Immortality!

Did a career in *Schlager* ever appeal?

No, I was never interested. It was always that I wanted to become a classical pianist, but I knew I was not able to become a good pianist. I could play guitar, and I studied a little bit at home, and I became the leader of the Holger Czukay Quintet, which immediately won prizes at festivals. To be a radio recording artist was at that time something incredible, and to record in these big studios, where the jazz orchestras recorded. I thought, Maybe I *could* perform something? I was really proud.

So you had a classical mind and a popular sensibility, with a knowledge of radios.

Popular music, I never minded it. But I knew that I never could become a good jazz musician either. I knew there is something else, I just have to know what it is.

You go to Berlin to study in early 1962.

Yes, living in the Russian zone, though the houses were *noted* in the American zone, I had special permission. It was very cheap – the KGB was listening to how I played on the piano! They were really assholes, these people who were controlling the area. But I got to know some people. One time I was talking to an East German soldier 'til dawn, in between the zones basically, and I said, "Can you give me your machine gun in my hand?" He explained to me a little bit about his Kalashnikov, and suddenly an alarm signal went up. So we said he was helping me with his torchlamp with my little moped, which was not working. This is why they didn't take me to prison in East Germany! It was a close escape.

How did that period affect your musical development?

When I studied in Berlin you could say I met lots of interesting people. I met Karajan – he had never a score in front of him, he conducted it by heart. I thought, How can he have such a memory? John Cage was there. David Tudor. All these people. And for the first time I could see what they are doing. John Cage had such a sense of humour! I had difficulties to understand all the things he meant.

After that, you go to study with Karlheinz Stockhausen in Cologne – another interesting person.

When I introduced myself to Stockhausen, I said, "Mr Stockhausen, I don't have any idea really of what music I want to make." He talked to me like your father would, saying, "You have to take a risk, to do something when you don't know what will happen to you." Three years later, I had again such a talk with him and he said to me, "Holger you have a task to solve. Everything you do needs a different environment, not here. These people here are conservative students of composition, in the academic way. You are different." He said to me, "When I didn't know what I wanted to do, I had to spring, to do something which I didn't know, and you have to do the same. You have to take this risk and leap into the water." I was crying, because he was talking out of my heart, I must say.

A LIFE IN PICTURES

It's in the Can: Holger through the lens.

1 Riding the (radio) waves: the teenaged Holger at the dials in 1955. "I switched on all the radios in the shop, at once."

2 Can openers: the band at Schloss Nörvenich, 1968, (from left) Jaki Liebezeit, David Johnson, Michael Karoli, Holger, Irmin Schmidt and Malcolm Mooney.

3 Soundtracking: Can in the early 1970s (from left) Damo Suzuki, Jaki Liebezeit, Czukay, Michael Karoli, Irmin Schmidt. "I saw Damo on Leopold Street, he was behaving a little weird… I said, This is our new singer."

4 Past the peak of normal: Holger beating the solo path on tour in Asia in 1983. "I could now see I was on the right way."

5 Music mentor: Holger (far right) in class with Karlheinz Stockhausen, 1963. "He said, 'Everything you do needs a new environment, not here… you are different'."

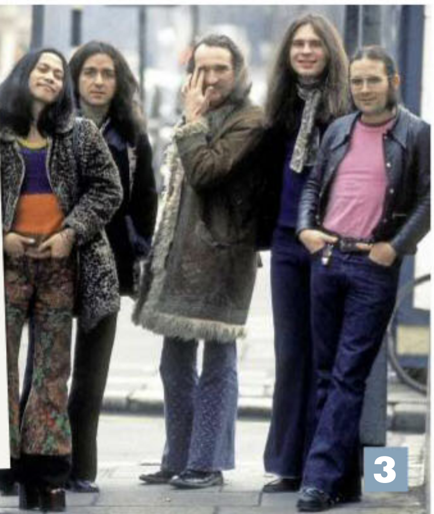
6 In flux: Czukay and David Sylvian in July 1989. "He brought sampling to the forefront with élan, humour and an unorthodox technical proficiency," says Sylvian.

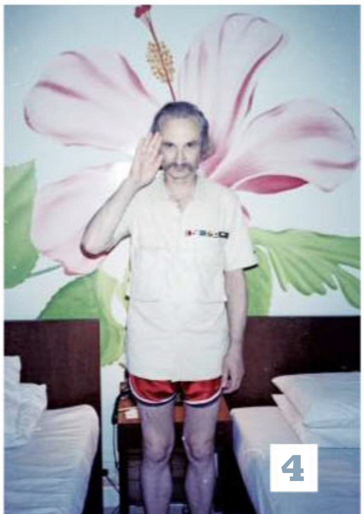
7 Brief encounter: Holger and Irmin Schmidt (right) reunite for the 2006 MOJO Honours List Awards, London.

8 Bass motives: "I have to play the bass like a guitar," Czukay decides.

2

1


3


4

Camera Press/Heilemann, Camera Press, Conny Plank, ©Holger Czukay (2), Nick Wright, Rex, Mute Records

In 1966 you go to St Gallen in Switzerland – was this a risk?

Do you know why? I wanted to look for a rich girl! Immediately I met a young lady in Geneva. And besides, I thought maybe I get a job in an international school. So I became a music teacher. The director of the school brought me to the class where I should give a test lecture, and in this class was Michael Karoli, in the last year before he left.

What did you see in Michael?

Michael was arrogant, really arrogant. But he was trying to teach me something about music. He knew something that I didn't know. When The Remo Four with Tony Ashton came to St Gallen and did a radio session, for the first time I could see, how are *they* working? I did not know [rock'n'roll] at all, it was these people from the school, *they* taught *me* what it is all about. I was saying, "What do you think I'm getting paid for, I'm teaching you about music and you want to tell me something?" Ha ha! But I listened, always. Because I felt immediately they have something to say which I didn't know.

Michael played you I Am The Walrus – a mindbomb, for you.

Of course, of course! That was something for me that was special. It was a kind of my first meeting with The Beatles, and I thought, How can they make something like that? It sounds sometimes more to Stockhausen than to The Beatles! Stockhausen told me later how proud he was that The Beatles have put him beside WC Fields on [the sleeve of] *Sgt. Pepper*.

Your teaching gig in St Gallen did not last.

I was thrown out. I think I was too dangerous, intriguing a little bit, a little bit too self-conscious, but nine months was enough. But Michael and I, we both stayed together and founded Can. Irmin [Schmidt, keyboardist] came and said, "Come on, let's start with the new band." I said, "OK, why not? I have a guitar player." It was a risk, but Michael Karoli was the only one who could play guitar and was knowing something about this music at the time, so Michael was the teacher.

Did Irmin, who had conducted choirs and orchestras, have more of a composing role?

Composing is right. But the way I tried to compose was to be a dilettante, with the conviction that the dilettante would take over.

> "Making music **together**, Can **reduced** themselves to a **language** that was able to **survive**."

When you started with Can you also worked on the ethnographic, tape-based *Canaxis*. Did you have to choose between a solo career and Can?

Never. *Canaxis* was made with pieces of tape, with thousands and thousands of splices – it was too dangerous to tell Stockhausen I did it in his studio! Ha ha! *Canaxis* was completely out of its time, it has nothing to do with rock music. Can was young, don't forget that, when Can got older they understood [it] quite well.

Was Can the required leap into the water?

Well, I said I am not able to play bass – nothing else was left. And Irmin said, "Can you play a piece by Chopin on the bass?" And I said, "I don't think I can." He said, "I feel you are able. Come on, try." So I tried. Later with Can on our first recordings, first of all I tried conventional bass, but then [drummer] Jaki [Liebezeit] said, "Holger, don't play where I play. Never try to double a foot drum, you play somewhere else." And then I thought, I have to play the bass like a guitar, and that is Father Cannot Yell, where I play typical guitar, something in between. That was my breakthrough with Can.

What was your objective with the group?

To get a job. To get something to do. And to find a target where I could develop myself.

Vocalist Malcolm Mooney was hugely important for Can, at the beginning.

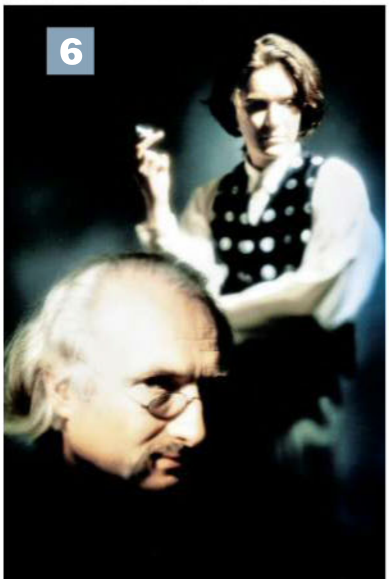
He was really a talent. First of all, the rhythm – and he could record with extremely little material, just like that. But he became a bit too complicated for us and he had to go back to the United States. Yes, I wish Malcolm Mooney had stayed longer, and we had a lot of pain from that, we were looking like hell for a new singer. We tested so many. I felt it was over, already. We tried to reorientate ourselves to the new situation.

Then fate brings you Damo Suzuki.

Fate was again, me! We were in Munich, sitting in a café, Jaki and me, I saw someone coming up, it was on Leopold Street, and he was going down to pray or something – behaving a little bit weird. I said to Jaki, "This is our new singer." He says, "How can you say that, you don't know." I said to Damo, "Do you want to become a singer in a sold-out concert? No rehearsals, we just go on." And he did. David Niven was there! ➢

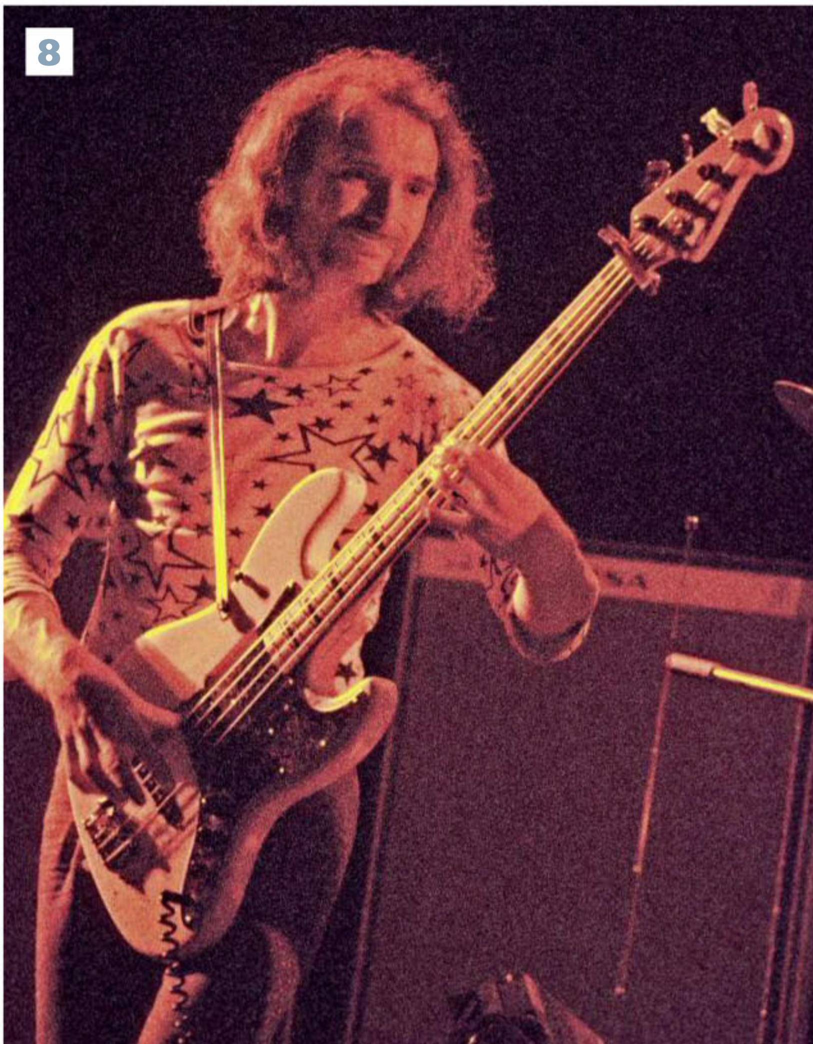
5

6



7

8



Sarotti
SCHOKOLADE
PRALINEN
Sarotti
Sarotti

"I was typical of someone who says, I play better than all the musicians together!" Holger Czukay, at home in Weilerswist, May 2016; (below) at the kiosk inside his Inner Space domicile.

"**David Byrne** had obviously **studied my music** a lot. He tried to **meet me** but I was **never interested** to see him. **Brian Eno** and I became **friends**."

< **Was Can a chaotic thing at the start?**

We were not *thinking*. When you make music together, you have to reach a common account. This is what Can really tried, to reduce themselves to a language that was able to survive.

Was there a best time for Can?

I think the very beginning of Can, *Monster Movie*, was one of the best periods for Can. It's funny. When bands start to orientate themselves, the luck is getting under your wings, and makes it possible for you to survive. The second record, most of the time, is getting too intellectual. The third record is always getting problematic! Not with every group. Can was able to grow up, to get more matured.

Tago Mago **in 1971 is also a startling work.**

It was a real composition. Created spontaneously. It was not just a piece of rock music. But not only that, we were thinking about taking spontaneous recordings and putting them together into one unit, editing them. On Outside My Door off *Monster Movie* I took the recordings back home and spliced them, here you are definitely hearing my version of Can. Later, Irmin and Michael and me, we could work together, from *Tago Mago*. Everyone, because we are a group. Can was always best when we always edited everything together. Jaki was not really open for that, after every recording he said, "Delete it, delete it!" Ha ha!

Maybe he was more into the Can live entity.

(*Exhales*) That would be full of surprises. I remember the best Can concert has been in Nice. We played like gods, I would say, and nobody in the audience clapped, no one. I thought, This cannot be true? But if you know the south of France you know it can be true.

How did the group relate as individuals?

In music we understood each other very well. As personal, we tried to do everyone living in his own flat. That was completely against the hippy syndrome of the time. We make music together yes, like crazy, but we never stay together, after that it was private. It was good for the music definitely, I would say to everybody who wants to found a band, that he is establishing his own identity about music or whatever it is.

Did you fight a lot?

Yes. Oh yes! Ha ha ha! (*Fondly*) Jaki attacked me with a knife here in this room (*indicates carpeted area in front of where we are sitting*), there in the area where you could move free.

I had to run to escape. He was so angry about me, and about my way of how I understood about music that he really said, "This is enough." But every day we had breakfast together, not with Can, just us at his home, he made coffee and I brought some rolls, and we understood each other very well, always, but when it came to music, it could become heavy. Irmin was an opponent and for me too intellectualised on the whole thing. I was never intellectual about music, therefore I got spontaneous at times. But Irmin and me, it was very good together, when he played organ and I played bass, on the symphony basis, you understand? Polyphonic. [1973 LP] *Future Days* is such a good record, a good example of how Can really played good together.

In 1976, I Want More is a UK hit. Could Can have been more of a chart act?

Yes that was good. It could have been bigger but it was OK. I never wanted to do more music like that, no – I knew it was an exception and never becoming an example to imitate, ever. I was convinced that I would survive as someone who is not making hits.

When you bring Rosko Gee in on bass in late '76, you move over to operate a live-mixed assemblage of radios, telephone and tapes.

Malcolm Mooney left. Damo left. Suddenly we didn't have any singer. So I said to them, "Why don't we look in the radio for one we can work with?" My idea was to use someone who is in the radio, and make him function as he was playing with Can. The idea was how to manipulate a singer so he becomes our singer. It is more than weird!

The group were not in 100 per cent agreement with you?

At the end of Can… it became very, very dangerous. At the very end. I had decided that if Reebop [Kwaku Baah, late-era percussionist] or someone else from Can is trying to stop my music, I make a test of three times, where they try to pull out my plug. And the third time I said, enough.

After being punched by Reebop before a Berlin gig, you are absent from 1978's unfortunate *Out Of Reach*, an album omitted from official discographies for years.

Out Of Reach. I said, "No I don't want to participate." And they said to Conny Plank, "Can you mix this?" Conny got very angry that I said, "I don't touch with my hands this music!" He was saying to me later, "Why have you done that? Now I have to take on my shoulders all the shit."

You return to help edit the band's 1979 swansong *Can*. How did you regard them at the end?

It was most important to getting matured. I knew at the end, I will be alone, doing something with others, all the time, but not any more with Can. It is a different chapter.

In 1979, *Movies* goes back to *Canaxis* principles, using voices from the global radio dial and playing "like a beginner".

When I played for the first time out of Can, and was playing bass or guitar, it was just as the first moment, you understand? Hollywood Symphony is not at all a rock music piece, it's as if someone was singing and playing spontaneously. Stockhausen told me, "If you work alone, then you must play it to other people and get them to give their opinion." And this is how I did it. When I was working on Ode To Perfume I was running on the street, out of my home studio, and I asked someone, "Would you like to come up? I would like to play something to you." Whatever his comment was, I could now see I was also on the right way. And this record still sounds really familiar to me, today.

Andrew Cotterill (2)

Some would argue that the David Byrne and Brian Eno 1981 album *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts* was particularly influenced by *Movies*.

David Byrne, he had obviously studied my music a lot. I never [minded that], I thought he was good. I think it was nothing where I would try to target this kind of music. He tried to meet me but I never was interested to see him. I met later Jerry Harrison, I liked him a lot, I must say. Brian Eno and I became friends later. It was very funny, Brian Eno always was fancying tits! Tits, tits, wherever, tits, tits. I said, "How is this guy thinking about tits when we are coming to talk about music?" Did it inspire him? Obviously, it did.

CZUKAYCOMPUTER

Ian Harrison calculates the Holger top three.

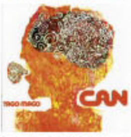
BAND CLASSIC

Can

Tago Mago

UNITED ARTISTS, 1971

★★★★★



Never was Can's art of editing down free improvising into cogent pieces of intense force better displayed than on the group's first album with Damo Suzuki. Named for a magical island off the coast of Ibiza, its seven pieces offer sublime contrasts, with the lysergic levitation of Oh Yeah and the swamp-wading, Ur-Madchester epic Halleluwah finding anti-matter analogues in Aumgn's acid dungeon mouth-music and Peking O's broiling delirium. The group's telepathic communion made it possible, Czukay's spare, challenge-mounting bass playing an essential part of the hyper-stimulating whole.

SOLO CLASSIC

Holger Czukay

Movies

EMI, 1979

★★★★

Was Czukay's dilettante role ever played better than on his first post-Can solo release? For a groundbreaking work of radio sampling-meets-live instruments experimentation, it's a light and mood-elevating experience. Featuring layman's French horn, Cool In The Pool is a relative of Can's eurodisco hit I Want More, while Persian Love mixes Afrobeat, reggae and electronics with voices from Radio Tehran in a beatific aural fantasy. You even get a Can reunion when his old bandmates join him for Oh Lord Give Us More Money. That all the sample placement was done by ear and manual tape splicing makes the achievement even more impressive.

NIGHT MOVES

David Sylvian & Holger Czukay

Plight + Premonition

VENTURE, 1988

★★★

Possibly because of Sylvian, the antic side of Czukay's personality is only fleetingly present on these two side-long ambient improvisations, realised over several late sessions at Can's studio using tape loops and sounds plucked from the radio dial. Plight was edited later, Premonition was left to stand as it was recorded, but both offer absorbing night-time unrealities of the sub-aqua moonlight variety. Consider the following year's *Flux + Mutability*, which also featured contributions from Jaki and Michael from Can, as a daytime companion piece.

What was your objective with '80s releases like *On The Way To The Peak Of Normal* and *Der Osten Ist Rot*?

Ha ha! Becoming a conductor, really. I always think, actually when you feel responsibility for the grouping, then you feel like a conductor. If it is weak, I would never go and say, "It doesn't matter that it is weak." One cannot allow that. It has to be matured, it has to be correct in a way.

In 1986 Can reunite to record *Rite Time*.

This piece, In The Distance Lies The Future, you know it? Immediately I said, "This is really a good Can piece." Irmin said no. Irmin and me became really separate. We recorded it together at Michael's studio, together, I was working with Michael the music out, and I said to Michael, "Go to Irmin and say Holger doesn't want to work with him." I think Irmin was really angry about the fact that he was suddenly not in the centre. But [the album] is typical, not a youngster's, a beginner's work – it is a good work and there is no need to be ashamed of it.

Will you release new music, do you think?

(*Long silence*) No. Not at the moment. I am not any more so active. That could change, and the music would sound different, I know.

How do you regard your life's work?

I wonder, am I an average musician? Which I would think I am, because I am not able to perform in a good way. Or are you something special? I was always thinking what is special about you, and why are you not an average musician? Why? And this way I become religious.

How do you make that leap of understanding?

I always think I am a horrible guitar player, and suddenly I see, after these years, I'm a really good guitar player. How is that possible? It can't be me! You understand therefore, that is why I am a religious person. Nothing is me on my own behalf. Nothing of myself. I am someone who the music goes through. He is just an ear, this person, who plays it.

This applies to all the things you have done?

Yes. This is not given on my own talent. This is not coming out of me. Someone gives it to me, and uses me.

Does that mean you are free of ego?

No! Ha ha ha! Oh, Ursa and me are having horrible fights about that!

So your approach is rigorous, but it does not suggest profound seriousness.

No, I was not serious at all. You are right. I was the typical example of someone who is so arrogant and says, "I play better than all the musicians together!" But somehow I trusted myself.

What does that make you?

I'll tell you what I think. I'm a typical Symphonist. Karajan was one of those people who really evoked this desire of, if I make pop music there must be something which is so genuine that it can stand [next to] the classical music. I play the guitar or other instruments as all instruments, because I feel myself as a symphonist… no soloists, no characters. Jaki hated it when anyone would say, "Play your drum solo." He is someone who wants to integrate and serve into the common sound. That is definitely Can. I still feel this today

Movies has been reissued as Movie!, out now on Grönland.

SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES

A lifetime of hard knocks and an old-school work ethic has seen **RIVAL SONS** emerge as standard-bearers of modern rock'n'roll. MOJO enjoys a breakneck trip to Australia to hear caustic tales of belief, and their battle to avoid becoming "conceited turds".

"PEOPLE SAY THAT ROCK'N'ROLL IS IN decline. That's insane. We're playing a hybrid of rock'n'roll and there are a lot of other bands doing the same," smarts Jay Buchanan. "I just think that Rival Sons tend to be a little better at it."

It's 11pm on the final day of MOJO's gruelling three-day trek to Sydney, and the singer is sitting in a room at the Plaza Hotel. The Californian outfit are the supporting act on Black Sabbath's farewell tour in Australia (and, prior to that, the US), slotting in their own club shows between arena gigs. Tonight, they have just played underground bar Frankie's Pizza, and Buchanan – sporting brightly-coloured pyjama bottoms and a hotel robe – is clearly road-worn. As we try and unravel his storied past he gets more frustrated, hammering his disposable lighter on the table and delivering a simple semaphore signal: this interview is over.

A few days later, Buchanan is on the phone. He offers an explanation for his irascible behaviour – exhaustion after a day of promotion and the intensity of the club show. For Rival Sons, relentless touring has been a way of life for the past six years, the band travelling fast and light, with trusty tour manager Pete Stahl. A lifelong friend of Dave Grohl and vocalist with Washington DC hardcore legends Scream and doom outfit Goatsnake, Stahl epitomises the get-in-the-van work ethic the four-piece subscribe to. Despite boasting the same management as Lindsey Buckingham and Sammy Hagar, no PR sheen or minders surrounds Rival Sons. It's a reminder of how accessible musicians were in days gone by.

Musically speaking, Rival Sons also aspire to a simpler time when the blues in its purest form informed a sense of musical adventure. At face value, they seem like the perfect band to soundtrack a coke-filled '70s exploitation movie packed with anorexic glamour models or, at the very least, another band for Johnny Depp to get up and ➢

Words: **PETER MAKOWSKI**
Photography: **ROSS HALFIN**

Rock in a hard place! Rival Sons (from left) David Beste, Michael Miley, Scott Holiday and Jay Buchanan.

RIVAL SONS
RIVAL SONS
SIDE A
GET WHAT'S COMING
TORTURE
RADIO
SACRED TONGUE
33 1/3
RPM
SONY

Messers Holiday (left) and Buchanan (right) on-stage at the Qudos Bank Arena, Sydney, April 23, 2016; Black Summer Crash (below) featuring frontman Thomas Flowers.

< jam with. This facile view is debunked by the quietly intense Buchanan, a man who possesses a greater knowledge of Van Morrison than Van Halen.

BLACK SABBATH'S AUDIENCE IS not known for its patience. In the soulless, cavernous Qudos Bank Arena, the task facing Rival Sons is familiar: convert the unconverted. They take to it with determined glee. Led by Buchanan – whose vulpine performance is reserved yet utterly compelling – the band's considered image is at odds with the denim-and-leather-clad audience. Guitarist Scott Holiday, like Jay, favours stylish couture and a waxed moustache that would look more than comfortable in a Shoreditch bar. Bass player and most recent recruit Dave Beste, in tailored denim, looks like a member of a Southern rock band played by Philip Seymour Hoffman, while drummer Michael Miley – who proudly shares a birthday with Keith Moon – could be mistaken for an extra from Peaky Blinders.

Armed with this gang-like aesthetic, Rival Sons match the cocky bonhomie of Oasis with the musical light and shade of early Led Zeppelin. Their sound reflects a deep-rooted love of influences ranging from the primal rock of early ZZ Top via Junior Kimbrough's blues stomp to the toughened R&B of The Animals, with a dash of psychedelia. Their short, focused 30-minute set wins further devotees, just as they've done on tours opening for other rock legends including the likes of AC/DC, Judas Priest and Deep Purple.

At the heart of the band's dynamic lies the chemistry between Buchanan and Holiday – two seasoned musicians who, despite heading in different musical directions, have similar backgrounds and have a connection that informs their evolving, inventive sound.

> "I WAS EMBARRASSED SINGING IN FRONT OF PEOPLE. IT SEEMED PERSONAL, LIKE CRYING."
>
> – JAY BUCHANAN –

Born in 1975, Holiday is an open and engaging interviewee. He grew up in Huntington Beach, California amid a family obsessed with music.

"I had rock'n'roll aunties, uncles who'd throw weekend parties, so I was raised on the royalty of rock: The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, Zeppelin, The Jeff Beck Group," he recalls over a hastily-consumed vegetarian meal at the hotel restaurant the day after the arena show. A key influence was an uncle, an aspiring musician who had built an elaborate studio set-up in his bedroom. A visit to that makeshift recording den saw the teenager fall in love with the notion of making music.

Meanwhile, Buchanan grew up in Fontana, a factory town in San Bernardino County and the alleged birthplace of the Hells Angels. His parents, now together for over 40 years, were childhood sweethearts who married before they graduated from high school. His father, who swept the floor at a local steel mill, was an aspiring musician who would put aside 45 minutes a day to play his '67 Gibson 335 through a Fender Twin Reverb amp. As with Holiday, it was this direct exposure to music that would mark the singer.

"I would just lay on the floor, relax, space out, and watch all of this music coming out of his hands," he recalls, adding that his mother's singing of tunes by Joni Mitchell or Phoebe Snow transported him further. "My mother's voice was the sound of truth for me. It struck me at a very early age that music is noble shit."

Ross Halfin (3), Getty Images, David McClister, Ester Segarra

SCOTT HOLIDAY'S INITIAL ATTEMPT TO FORM A band floundered when the young teenager realised the local scene was too punk for his tastes. Upheaval followed when his parents split, his mother moving with him to the desert.

"Talk about the next level of loneliness. We lived on the edge of the Mojave riverbed," he says with a sad smile. "There was a lot of speed around. I'd never done it but I had friends on the go-fast and it looked terrible. But I did get into psychedelics in a very healthy, searching type of way." In these new environs, Holiday quickly worked his way through two fledgling bands.

Returning to Orange County, Scott formed Society's Engine, an outfit influenced by Jane's Addiction, classic Free, early Pink Floyd, ska and space rock. A brief tenure in the even more esoteric Fantastic Planet (black girl singer/jazz flute) followed, before Human Lab, a band he describes as "blues rock with overtones of Americana".

Signed by Atlantic A&R man Craig Kallman – in what Holiday calls "one of the last big deals for a rock band" – Human Lab spent a year recording their debut album with Michael Beinhorn (Soundgarden, Aerosmith, Hole) and Spike Stent (Madonna, U2, Bruce Springsteen), at one point decamping to London's Olympic Studios.

"We spent so much of Atlantic's money – seven figures – that by the time the album was meant to be released I'm sure they were thinking, 'Even if we had the single we needed we'd have to spend millions to get our money back!'" he laughs.

The label refused to support the release of the album so Holiday, who had developed his business acumen, called on music attorney Ian Montone (now Jack White's manager) to extricate the band from their deal. "When you want to leave a label nobody wins that kind of shit, it gets really ugly," admits Holiday. "Some people might have thought it was a failure but we made enough money to take two years off. It was the greatest paid education I could have got."

Duly liberated, Holiday hooked up with vocalist Thomas Flowers, an old friend who had achieved a respectable degree of success with Sacramento grunge-lite band Oleander. Along with drummer Michael Miley, a former touring member of Veruca Salt, they formed Black Summer Crush, a band that mixed sunshine psych-pop with hard rock and an R&B base. Miley recruited bassist Robin Everhart, with whom he'd played at a benefit organised by Isaac Hayes, as the band signed what would be an ill-fated deal with an EMI subsidiary. Once again, the label decided not to release the album they'd recorded, returning it to the band. For Holiday, the issues in Black Summer Crush were evident."As much as I loved Thomas, I realised he wasn't the right singer," he admits. "I was writing all the melodies and lyrics and thinking, I've got too much control over this. I'm a guitar player. I needed a foil. I needed someone who was as controlling as me to collide with and inspire me."

JAY BUCHANAN, WHO TURNS 40 THIS YEAR, WAS NINE years old when he began tinkering with guitars. Somehow, though, he always preferred to sing, even if he found the process unnatural. "My parents would make me come out and sing songs but I was embarrassed singing in front of people because it seemed personal, like crying," Buchanan recalls, cringing at the thought. "I would make everybody come into my bedroom which I shared with my brother and sister. I had the top bunk and I would say, Everybody come in and sit down, and make them turn off the lights because I didn't want them looking at me. I'm still uncomfortable with being the centre of attention to this day."

By the time he was 13 Buchanan, now living in the pine-covered, mountainous Californian valley of Wrightwood, was hanging out with an older crowd. Like Holiday, he found himself introduced to the burgeoning desert rock scene where bands could randomly set up and play to thousands of drunk and stoned school seniors, bikers and fugitives. Falling into the orbit of thrash metallers Loudhouse, known as 'the hottest band in town', when their maniacal singer quit, Buchanan was offered the job. He declined, joining hardcore outfit Untied for a brief stint, before returning to his distinctly acoustic roots. A fortuitous meeting with brothers Leroy and Chris Powell – who would later make a name for themselves in Nashville – led to the formation of The Spoonful Blues Band, and a transformative period for the singer. "It was the first time I fronted a band I liked. These were great players. I have such a deep love for the blues and that was a great outlet," says Buchanan, who cites John Lee Hooker and Blind Willie Johnson among his favourite singers.

Jay's stint in a band was also short-lived. Turning 20 and unable to complete college or hold down a regular job, he took to the road, backpacking through Alaska and busking along the way. "I lived as a transient," he recalls. "I didn't bring a guitar because I didn't want to get rolled. I had a harmonica and wrote songs on a notepad. It was truly a coming of age. In your teens you tend to write songs based on things you've heard in other songs. But then having had some experience – heartbreak et cetera – things start taking shape."

Moving back to Orange County, he got married and found he was soon to become a father. Seeking regular employment he decided to take a job in a local mortuary. "That was fulfilling," he smiles. "You are around something real. Death is as real as it gets. I've always had a healthy relationship with death."

Away from his day job, Jay kept on playing – almost anywhere: outside coffee shops and grocery stores, and on the odd flatbed ➢

THE REBIRTH OF ROCK

Four more acts specialising in what RIVAL SONS refer to as "hybrid rock'n'roll".

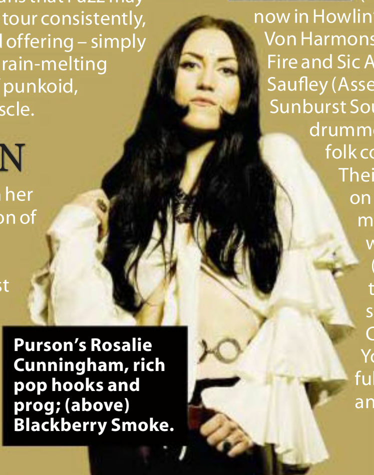
BLACKBERRY SMOKE

From recording with the late George Jones to touring with ZZ Top, Atlanta's Blackberry Smoke cut across the worlds of country and Southern rock like a latter-day Lynyrd Skynyrd. Their cover version of The Rover on MOJO's reworking of Led Zeppelin's *Physical Graffiti* last year displayed a sense of heft, while their last album, *Holding All The Roses*, was produced by Brendan O'Brien, who ensured it was their most polished offering to date. Their work ethic – which matches that of Rival Sons – has earned them a staunch fan base, suggesting a major league breakthrough awaits the next time around.

FUZZ

If a decade ago it would have been inconceivable to imagine that honest-to-God hard rock would make the return that it has, then no one told Californian power trio Fuzz. Somehow, their name says it all, the three-piece of Ty Segall (drums/vocals), Charlie Moothart (guitar/vocals) and Chad Ubovich (bass) serving up the kind of jams that recall Blue Cheer, The Groundhogs and Jimi Hendrix. Segall's work as a solo artist and beyond means that Fuzz may never be able to tour consistently, but their second offering – simply entitled *II* – is a brain-melting double LP full of punkoid, psychedelic muscle.

PURSON



Purson's Rosalie Cunningham, rich pop hooks and prog; (above) Blackberry Smoke.

Brought up with her father's collection of Beatles records, 26-year-old vocalist/guitarist Rosalie Cunningham has since immersed herself in the progressive sounds of the late '60s and early '70s. The creative attitude and aesthetic of that time informs the band she leads, the London-based five-piece Purson have recorded two impressive long players, the latest of which, *Desire's Magic Theatre*, delivers 10 tracks that boast rich pop hooks married to heavy, psychedelic melodies and wildly eccentric lyricism.

HERON OBLIVION

If it were 1971, Heron Oblivion would be dubbed a supergroup consisting as they do of bassist Ethan Miller (ex-Comets On Fire, now in Howlin' Rain), guitarist Noel Von Harmonson (ex-Comets On Fire and Sic Alps), guitarist Charles Saufley (Assemble Head In Sunburst Sound) and vocalist/drummer Meg Baird (of Philly folk collective Espers). Their self-titled debut on Sub Pop this year matches pastoral prog with explosive riffs (as heard on key track Oriar). Sitting somewhere between Comus and '70s Neil Young, theirs is a sound full of subtle interplay and textured power.

Thick crust! Rival Sons get hot and sweaty at Frankie's Pizza, April 24, 2016.

< truck. "I would feel bad at the end of the night unless I had played," he admits. "I'd be sitting at home watching TV, rocking my son, thinking, I'm supposed to be making music, that's what I'm made for."

This restlessness finally led him to form another band, simply named Buchanan. A record deal with the Ultimatum label followed, resulting in an album, *All Understood*. As Buchanan prepared to hit the road, the record company folded. Jay was back to square one.

SATAN IS A WOMAN WAS THE SONG that Scott Holiday watched on YouTube while scouring the internet for possible singers in late 2008. The band's name was Buchanan, but it was the voice that enthralled him

"It was like an epiphany. It made me dizzy," Holiday enthuses. "Since junior high I'd been looking for someone with that kind of sound but I met so many people who weren't authentic. What I heard with Jay was alarming for me. Just to know that this person existed made me happy."

Unbeknown to Holiday, the singer was friends with bassist Michael Miley who'd actually enjoyed a stint in Buchanan. It was Miley who made the call to the singer, only to find a less than positive reception. "I said, There's no fucking way I'm going to sing for a throwback rock'n'roll band!" recalls Jay, who had once again embarked on a solo career.

Despite his initial reaction, a meeting between Holiday and Buchanan revealed their mutual appreciation of the blues and led to a fruitful jam session. The singer remained reticent – "I'm thinking, I'm working on my magnum opus, I don't have time for this!" – but, equally, he admired Holiday's drive. Black Summer Crush had already recorded a new album entitled *Before The Fire*, with lyrics written by Holiday, reflecting his beliefs as a Krishna devotee. Hesitantly, the guitarist asked Buchanan if he'd be willing to sing those songs and the singer acquiesced, before suggesting a new band name and creating the Rival Sons logo.

"*Before The Fire* isn't a Rival Sons record to me, it's a Black Summer Crush album," declares Buchanan. "The Hindu perspective is very beautiful. I never felt the need to critique that. It bothered me much more to sing someone else's lyrics, to have my image superimposed onto something that was already created. But they needed a vehicle to get gigs. It served us well but at the same time I was thinking, This is the last time in your fucking life that you will tell me what to do!"

With a solo album in the can and two more in the works, Buchanan thought he could keep his own career running in tandem with the band. It proved impossible but it wasn't until he co-wrote Torture for the band's eponymous 2010 EP that he felt a level of comfort. Trust, he says, was key, even if fronting the band still seemed at odds with his more self-conscious performance style.

"All of this posturing that's inherent to rock'n'roll and the image are a stark contrast to who I am," he admits. "It was a huge shift to what I had been doing."

FIVE ALBUMS IN TO THEIR career together, the bond between Holiday and Buchanan is strong. Thus far, the band have made records with Nashville-based producer Dave Cobb (whose clients include Shooter Jennings, Sturgill Simpson and Jason Isbell), working at breakneck speed in the studio. The latest offering, *Hollow Bones*, is arguably their most expansive set to date, moving from the thick, super-fuzzed grooves of the title track via a smouldering cover of Ike & Tina Turner's Black Coffee to the acoustic fade-out of closer All That I Want.

"We've made a left turn in the ways that we needed to," says Buchanan. "This is our sixth record [including the EP] and we are still growing. Bands don't typically do that six records on. You get these rock bands who sound like they are playing the same fucking song over and over. You get a Foo Fighters sort of a thing: 'This is who we are.' It's like someone cooking and they only have three spices. Everything is going to taste the same because that's all they got."

The band's approach to keeping things fresh is exemplified by their show at Frankie's Pizza where the setlist is finalised literally minutes before the band step on stage. Playing for an hour, theirs is an assured performance delivered with heart, soul and the confidence of a band that genuinely understand each other. They don't stay to grip and grin, leaving the venue almost as soon as they've played the last chord, visibly drained.

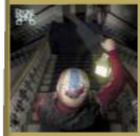
"From the moment that we started, it was all about audacity and bravado in the most positive way because those things can turn you into conceited turds," concludes Holiday. "But this is rock'n'roll. To a degree you've got to puff your chest out. But when you lose the fear, then you start to lead with something far more powerful."

RISING SONS

The California foursome's ascent in three albums.

PRESSURE & TIME

(Earache, 2011) ★★★



The first album to feature Jay Buchanan's lyrics, this second effort set the template for Rival Sons' sun-kissed hard rock sound. Closing ballad Face Of Light showcases the singer's full dynamic range.

HEAD DOWN

(Earache, 2012) ★★★★

A tight-but-loose feel animates Until The Sun Comes and the voracious Wild Animal, but Manifest Destiny is an epic, two-part piece of expansive hard rock that underlines RS's restless approach.

GREAT WESTERN VALKYRIE

(Earache, 2014) ★★★★

The riffs are fuzzier, the ambition greater and the sound richer on an album that is both more immediate, yet deeply psychedelic. Supremely confident, it propelled Rival Sons into the UK Top 20.

Hollow Bones is out now on Earache Records.

Ross Halfin (2)

BRAD MEHLDAU TRIO
BLUES AND BALLADS

'A spellbinding set whose salient features are subtlety and understatement. Sublime.' – ***Mojo*** ★★★★

'Yet another rhapsodic rollercoaster from this master of romantic complexity.' – ***The Times*** ★★★★★

THE NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

bradmehldau.com
nonesuch.com

nonesuch

BRYANADAMS
GET
UP

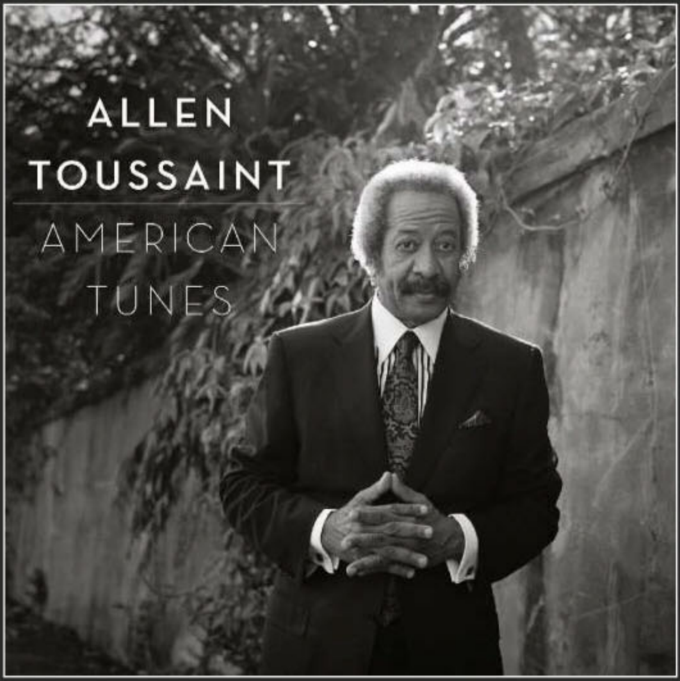
FRI 5TH AUG 16	THE EMBANKMENT PETERBOROUGH
SAT 6TH AUG 16	LYTHAM FESTIVAL LYTHAM GREEN
SUN 7TH AUG 16	EAST LINKS MONTROSE
MON 8TH AUG 16	SCARBOROUGH OPEN AIR THEATRE

EXTRA DATES ADDED DUE TO HUGE DEMAND

THU 11TH AUG 16	BETLEY NR. CREWE
FRI 12TH AUG 16	EMIRATES RIVERSIDE DURHAM CCC
SAT 13TH AUG 16	THE SPITFIRE GROUND KENT CCC
SUN 14TH AUG 16	THE COUNTY GROUND GLOUCESTERSHIRE CCC

FOR TICKETS
TICKETMASTER.CO.UK | 0844 844 0444

THE FINAL RECORDING FROM
THE LATE NEW ORLEANS LEGEND



PRODUCED BY **JOE HENRY**
FEATURING **BILL FRISELL**,
RHIANNON GIDDENS, **CHARLES LLOYD**
AND **VAN DYKE PARKS**

'THE PERFECT EULOGY FOR ONE OF AMERICA'S TRUE MUSICAL GREATS.' - *UNCUT*, 8/10

'TOUSSAINT'S ELEGANT MASTERY OF THE 88S IS FRONT AND CENTRE HERE.' - *MOJO* ★★★★

'A WONDERFUL ALBUM SHOWCASING HIS MASTERY OF PIANISTIC ROMANCE, WITTICISM AND FLOURISH.' - *Q* ★★★★

'TOUSSAINT BOWED OUT IN STYLE. AMOUNTS TO A MINIATURE HISTORY OF POPULAR MUSIC, FROM BLUES TO JAZZ TO FUNK. ESSENTIAL.'
– *SUNDAY TIMES*

AVAILABLE NOW

ALLENTOUSSAINT.COM
NONESUCH.COM

nonesuch

TO HELL AND BACK

THE UGLY END OF THE CLASH SENT **JOE STRUMMER** INTO A TAILSPIN IT TOOK A DECADE TO STABILISE. MEANWHILE, CLASS WAR AND COWBOY FLICKS, GUN FIGHTS AND CAR CHASES – AND SOME UNDERRATED MUSIC – MASKED THE TRAGEDY AND TORMENT. "IT WASN'T THE HAPPIEST TIME FOR JOE, BUT IT WAS AMAZINGLY FERTILE," DISCOVERS **PAT GILBERT**.

PHOTOGRAPH BY **ADRIAN BOOT**

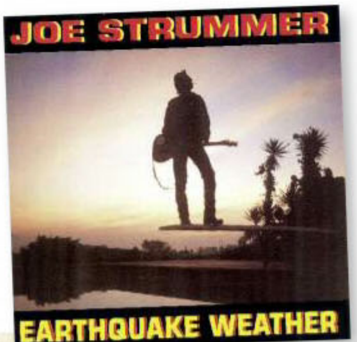
ON SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1988, Joe Strummer strapped on his iconic black Telecaster and prepared for what would be his first proper solo show since calling time on The Clash nearly three years earlier. For the 50,000 audience at Milton Keynes' Bowl, it would be doubly intriguing, for topping the bill of Amnesty International's two-day Festival Of Youth were Big Audio Dynamite, the pioneering electro-rock outfit fronted by Mick Jones, whom Strummer had controversially fired from The Clash at the height of their fame.

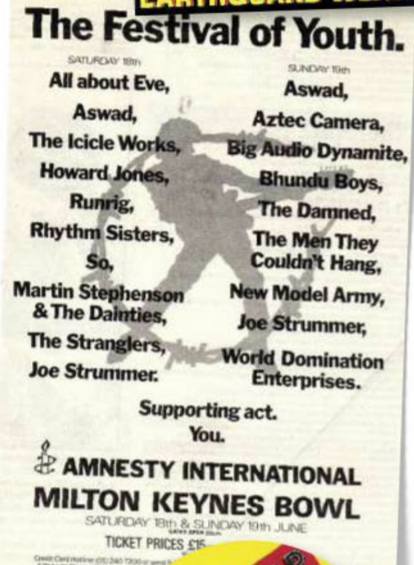
The atmosphere was electric, and BAD's attempts to suppress pangs of *Schadenfreude* evaporated in the warm summer breeze. "We completely fucked Joe up!" says Don Letts, BAD's keyboard player and former Clash video-maker. "We'd been supporting U2 in Europe and felt like the future, whereas Joe's new group seemed like the past."

Karmic vibes relating to The Clash's tempestuous history didn't end there; as Strummer and his band, the Latino Rockabilly War, took the stage, the singer was accosted by a shady figure, a drug-dealer friend of Clash drummer Topper Headon, then serving a 15-month jail sentence for supplying heroin. "Joe suddenly pushes this guy and he goes tumbling down the ramp," recalls Zander Schloss, Strummer's then-guitarist and musical director. "I thought, Oh my God, Joe's got such a crazy temper! He was always very protective of Topper but no one else knew what was happening."

The events at Milton Keynes would support the public's perception of Strummer as a man struggling to re-establish himself after The Clash's cataclysmic demise. Yet his musical output from that time tells a different story: for in the period between the band's split in 1985 and the end of the '80s, when, disillusioned, he all but disappeared from view, Strummer produced a profusion of remarkable music, including three film soundtracks, significant input into Big Audio Dynamite's finest album, and a vastly underrated solo LP, *Earthquake Weather* – all created against a hidden backdrop of personal tragedy and private self-torment.

"It wasn't perhaps the happiest time for Joe, but it was amazingly fertile," says Schloss of Strummer's late '80s. "People think of those as his wilderness years but those came later on. Joe was still a creative force to be reckoned with."




The Festival of Youth.

SATURDAY 18th
All about Eve,
Aswad,
The Icicle Works,
Howard Jones,
Runrig,
Rhythm Sisters,
So,
Martin Stephenson & The Dainties,
The Stranglers,
Joe Strummer.

SUNDAY 19th
Aswad,
Aztec Camera,
Big Audio Dynamite,
Bhundu Boys,
The Damned,
The Men They Couldn't Hang,
New Model Army,
Joe Strummer,
World Domination Enterprises.

Supporting act.
You.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
MILTON KEYNES BOWL
SATURDAY 18th & SUNDAY 19th JUNE
TICKET PRICES £15

WHEN JOE STRUMMER DIED suddenly from an undiagnosed heart condition in December 2002, aged 50, the music world mourned the loss of one of its most inspirational characters. At the time, the singer was enjoying a comeback with a new group, The Mescaleros, but it was for his role as The Clash's heroic frontman that he was most fulsomely eulogised. As rabble-rouser, sage, fearless politician and street-radical poet, Strummer had brought a tough, Dylanesque intelligence to punk; but, as The Clash became international stars, his over-zealous attempts to uphold their militant ideals led first to drummer Headon's dismissal in 1982 for hard drug use, then a year later to the shock sacking of chief tunesmith and founder member Jones, accused of "drifting away from [the band's] original idea".

It was in early August 1985, not long after Strummer's 'Clash Mk II' had finished recording their much-derided *Cut The Crap* album that the singer asked his friend, journalist Chris Salewicz, to meet him at a bar in Notting Hill. "He ordered a bottle of champagne and began talking," the writer recalls. "It took him all evening to get to the point, and when he did I was flabbergasted."

The classic Strummer-Jones partnership, Strummer now believed, had been destroyed by the secret musical ambitions of their manager Bernard Rhodes, who was now co-writing The Clash's songs and overseeing the final mix of the new album. "Joe asked me what he should do," says Salewicz. "I said, Give Mick a ring."

Desperate to reform the old Clash – before the new Clash was even over – Strummer decided to pursue Jones to the Bahamas, where the guitarist was taking a family holiday. In his hotel room in Nassau, Mick excitedly played Strummer a cassette of Big Audio Dynamite's forthcoming debut album, *This Is BAD*. Strummer protested, somewhat injudiciously, "It's shit. You need me."

Perhaps not surprisingly, Strummer's entreaty fell on deaf ears; but working with Rhodes now wasn't an option either. Two weeks later, on August 27, The Clash played what would be their last ever gig in the Olympic Stadium in Athens, Greece, and a troubled Strummer disappeared to Spain. (The Clash's final days are notoriously complex, but interviewed by MOJO last year Rhodes was adamant he wasn't responsible for Jones's dismissal in 1983, or the group's eventual split. "Now all the bile has gone against me," he railed, "but when you get down to it, Joe needed a bad guy. It couldn't be Mick or him, so it had to be me. Joe is regarded as a saint, and quite rightly, but he could be a right cunt too.")

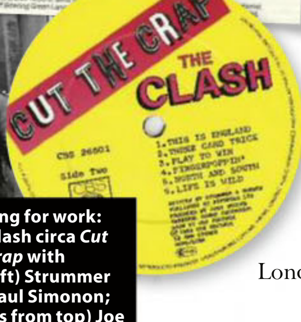
WHEN *CUT THE CRAP* APPEARED in November 1985, Strummer was no longer a Clash member, but his passion for music still burned. Earlier in '85, on a break in the Spanish city of Granada, he'd heard the song Tears In Paradise by local punk group 091, and offered to produce their LP. "Joe loved coming to Spain," explains 091's frontman Antonio Arias. "He loved the sun, the lifestyle, the people. He was interested in [murdered poet Federico Garcia] Lorca, whose grave he tried to dig up, and the Civil War. We couldn't believe it when he said he wanted to work with us, he was a hero."

But the sessions for 091's *Más De Cien Lobos*, held in Madrid while *Cut The Crap* was being torn to pieces back home, did not proceed as hoped. "The people at our record company were from the '60s. They didn't even know who Joe was," explains Arias. "He was a visionary and wanted to experiment, but the record company said, 'No, that's not the way we work.' So he started not coming to the studio."

Spurned, Strummer's initial enthusiasm gave way to bouts of ill-temper and drunken surliness, reducing Arias to tears. "It wasn't his fault, it was the situation," says the Spaniard. "I think he was hiding from his problems in London, and now things were going badly here." Strummer's final mixes were rejected, while, adding to his woes, the quirky "Spanish-American" car he'd bought for driving in Spain was lost forever when he forgot where he'd parked it, a tragi-comic tale recounted in Nick Hall's delightful 2014 documentary, I Need A Dodge.

At the start of 1986, Strummer found himself back in London in time for the arrival of a second daughter, Lola, by

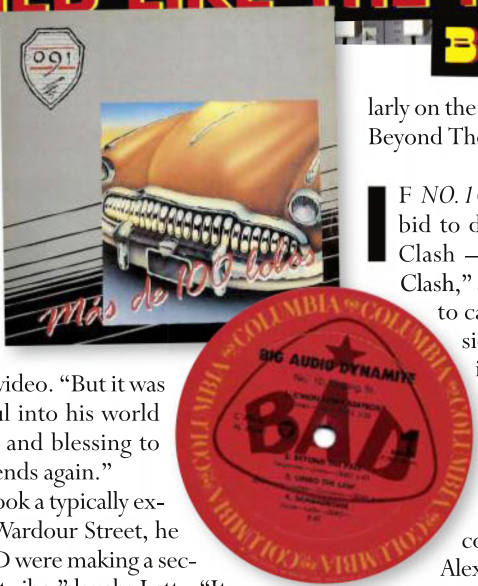
REED
employment



Looking for work: The Clash circa *Cut The Crap* with (far left) Strummer and Paul Simonon; (insets from top) Joe solo; Bowl bill; *Crap*.

Even the BAD times are good: (from left) 'spliffmeister' Joe Strummer visits Big Audio Dynamite's Don Letts and Mick Jones, Trident Studios, 1986; (insets) Joe's 091 production; BAD's *No. 10, Upping St.*

> "WE FELT LIKE THE FUTURE, WHEREAS JOE'S NEW GROUP SEEMED LIKE THE PAST."
> BAD'S DON LETTS



girlfriend Gaby Salter. As he changed nappies in Ladbroke Grove, rumours abounded that Rhodes and Clash bassist Paul Simonon were scouting for a new frontman for the band; but by the spring the group had folded. Soon afterwards, Strummer and Simonon joined Jones on the set of the video for BAD's third single, Medicine Show. "There was a dynamic between those guys that only they were party to," says Don Letts, who directed the video. "But it was important: Mick was bringing Joe and Paul into his world and they in turn were giving their energy and blessing to BAD. The main thing was everyone was friends again."

On June 26, Strummer's energy-giving took a typically extreme turn. Bumping into Letts in Soho's Wardour Street, he was ushered into Trident studios, where BAD were making a second album, *No. 10, Upping St*. "It was a great vibe," laughs Letts. "It was Mick's birthday and Joe never left. He built his 'spliff bunker' under the piano and became an integral part of making the record."

The following month, the group flew to New York to mix the LP, with Strummer in tow. It was here that Letts clocked the "old magic" bouncing between the two former Clash songwriters. "I was a silent witness to them falling in love creatively again," he recalls. "I don't think Joe intended to take over the project but that's what happened, his energy was infectious. I could've taken great umbrage, because he was writing new lyrics for songs that me and Mick had already finished. But I didn't mind because, as a film-maker, I could see that history was being made."

Strummer had declared to the press he was on a mission to "roughen up" BAD's sound and "lose the Radio 2 tendency Mick has", but Letts was still shocked when he heard the Strummer-influenced final mixes, which he felt were an attempt to "out-hip hop" Jones. All agreed, however, that his creative input, particularly on the instantly classic Strummer-Jones compositions Beyond The Pale and V Thirteen, was crucial.

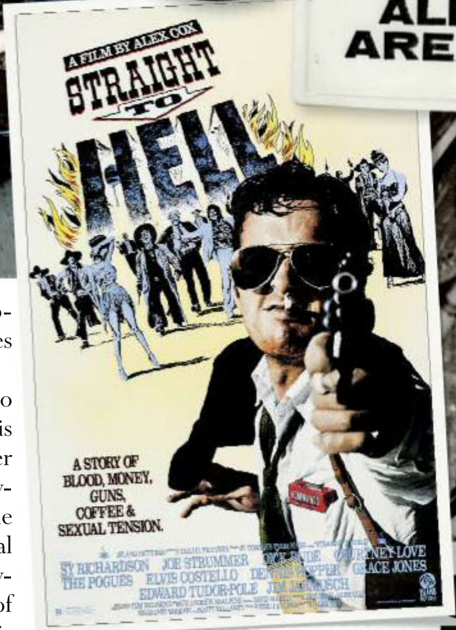
IF *NO. 10, UPPING ST.* HAD BEEN STRUMMER'S bid to demonstrate the potential heft of a reformed Clash – "and Joe was *always* trying to reform The Clash," argues Chris Salewicz – he took no further steps to capitalise. Less than two weeks after the LP sessions wrapped, Strummer was vehemently denying rumours he'd joined BAD and, rather than championing dance beats, was advocating a return to back-to-basics rock'n'roll using "just three instruments and a cheap studio".

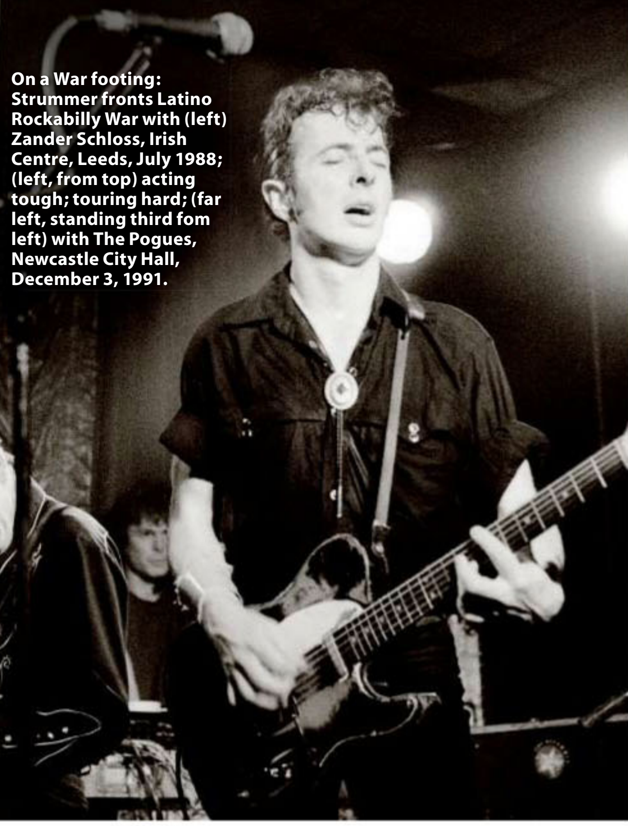
Meanwhile, he'd returned to Spain to begin his first major acting role. Earlier in the year, he'd contributed several songs to the soundtrack for Alex Cox's movie Sid & Nancy, resulting in an offer to play a hitman in the director's follow-up, a goofy spaghetti western caper titled Straight To Hell after the song on *Combat Rock*. On the first day of shooting, Strummer re-encountered Zander Schloss, the jazz-trained multi-instrumentalist who'd played bass in LA punks the Circle Jerks and worked on the Sid & Nancy score. The two men immediately bonded. "Joe was one of the first people to greet me at the hotel in Almeria and was such a friendly, fun guy," recalls Schloss. "We were in the lobby having drinks and he hit on the idea that my character [Karl] should have his own theme song, so we sat down there and then and wrote Salsa Y Ketchup."

As the shoot progressed, Strummer and Schloss found plenty of downtime to explore local clubs and bars, bringing them into contact with flamenco and other indigenous Spanish sounds, while the singer's 'method' approach to his sleazy role involved refraining from washing or changing his clothes for two weeks and sneaking his prop gun into local hostelries where he'd carouse until dawn, drinking sangria and smoking hashish – the ringleader of a crazy crew ➢

Mike Laye, Adrian Boot/urbanimage.tv

Joe Strummer & the Latino Rockabilly War
TRASH CITY
AGAINST THE RICH ROCK
ACCESS ALL AREAS


A FILM BY ALEX COX
STRAIGHT TO HELL
A STORY OF BLOOD, MONEY, GUNS, COFFEE & SEXUAL TENSION.
SY RICHARDSON JOE STRUMMER DICK RUDE COURTNEY LOVE
THE POGUES ELVIS COSTELLO DENNIS HOPPER GRACE JONES
EDWARD TUDOR-POLE JIM JARMUSCH



On a War footing: Strummer fronts Latino Rockabilly War with (left) Zander Schloss, Irish Centre, Leeds, July 1988; (left, from top) acting tough; touring hard; (far left, standing third fom left) with The Pogues, Newcastle City Hall, December 3, 1991.

including Dennis Hopper, The Pogues, Grace Jones and Courtney Love.

Yet Strummer's escape to Andalusia only postponed his having to deal with grimmer realities back in London. Having lost his father amid the madness of The Clash's final incarnation, he'd now discovered his mother was dying of cancer. According to Chris Salewicz, the singer was still berating his mother on her deathbed for sending him and his older brother David to boarding school, an experience he believed had contributed to his brother taking his own life in 1970. At her wake at the family's bungalow in Warlingham, Surrey in January 1987, an emotional Joe found David's suicide note among his parents' effects and showed it to a relative.

The Joe Strummer whom Schloss met two months later in Nicaragua on the set of Cox's next film was understandably distant. "His head seemed to have collapsed in on itself," recalls Schloss. "I can't say that he was depressed but it seemed like the big man that everybody knew on-stage with The Clash had been broken."

Strummer's part as a lowly cook in the private army of US mercenary William Walker – the latter's attempted 1856 coup in Nicaragua an allegory for America's support throughout the 1980s for the country's right-wing rebel Contras – was left mostly on the cutting-room floor, but his soundtrack for the film, sketched out in a local hotel and recorded that summer in San Francisco, would become the movie's ultimate star. A piquant blend of the styles Strummer and Schloss had absorbed in Latin America – mariachi, palo de Mayo, punta, ranchera, Afro-Cuban – it featured, in the delightful main theme, Filibustero, and maudlin The Unknown Immortal, two of the finest pieces of music Strummer ever recorded.

STRUMMER HADN'T PLAYED LIVE SINCE THE FINAL Clash gig in Athens, but the opportunity to work as a touring musician availed itself in autumn 1987 when he was asked to dep for The Pogues' rhythm guitarist Philip Chevron, laid up with a stomach ulcer. Riding on a bus with the boozy folkpunks while "thrashing an instrument to its limit" each night seemed a job tailor-made for Strummer. His shows with The Pogues – which he'd front for encores of London Calling and I Fought The Law – appeared to be the tonic that roused him from his malaise. "How low was I after The Clash? Very low," he told MOJO in 2002. "[But] your parents die, then you have kids, then you think, I have to grow up… I realised at the end of the day I had to feed the wife and kids."

In early 1988, Strummer – somewhat tantalisingly – turned down a role opposite Robert De Niro in the bail-bond cavort Midnight Run, opting instead to write several songs and incidental music for a small independent movie called Permanent Record, starring Keanu Reeves as a teenager whose best friend commits suicide. One number, Trash City, appeared to be exactly the kind of confident, old-school Clash rocker Joe fans had been waiting for. The group he assembled to record the new material – with Schloss on guitar, bassist Joey Altruda and drummer Willie McNeil from LA act Tupelo Chain Sex – were stirringly dubbed the Latino Rockabilly War.

On the film's release in April 1988, Strummer was persuaded to promote the soundtrack with a series of live dates, but complicated matters by hooking up with anarchist group Class War under the

Julian Yewdall, Camera Press, Phil Nicholls x 2

THE RIGHT PROFILE?

RUDE BOY

Role: 'Joe Strummer' *(1980)*

Shows screen potential in this semi-acted Clash feature; a passionate political ding-dong in the pub with 'roadie' Ray Gange and moody piano-bashing in rehearsals cast him as punk's James Dean.

KING OF COMEDY

Role: 'Street Scum' *(1982)*

Joe and Mick (very) fleetingly share a scene with Robert De Niro in Scorsese's black comedy, playing street types observing a row between De Niro's Rupert Pupkin and Masha (Sarah Bernhard). Filmed during the Clash's NYC Bond's residency.

STRAIGHT TO HELL

Role: Simms *(1986)*

Clash-loving director Alex Cox's nutso spaghetti western spoof showcased Joe's actorly qualities in spades: as sleazy hitman Simms, he looks great, moves well and ad libs a great dying line: "Mustn't grumble." His filmic apotheosis.

CANDY MOUNTAIN

Role: Mario *(1987)*

Robert Frank and Rudy Wurlitzer's atmospheric road drama featured Strummer as a security guard. "It was very frustrating that Joe only had a small part," said Wurlitzer, who scripted Dylan's 1973 vehicle Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid. "He could be a major leading man."

banner of Rock Against The Rich. With The Clash's substantial royalties still bound up in a mess of legal paperwork, Strummer may not have been rich but he certainly wasn't poor either. What appealed to him was the concept sold to him in Ladbroke Grove's Warwick Castle pub by Class War's Ian Bone and Darren Ryan, who drunkenly proposed an inflammatory update of The Clash's 1977 White Riot Tour, beginning with a free concert in London's Docklands where the organisers would burn down the new yuppie developments.

"Strummer became totally animated," Ryan later recalled. "He was like a cadaver that got electrocuted back to life. The possibility of a 20-year jail sentence didn't seep into his brain."

While Latino Rockabilly War's live debut at Milton Keynes Bowl did not over-promise ("I had to teach Joe the chords to his own songs," recalls Schloss) and the Docklands show-riot never transpired, the Rock Against The Rich tour – for which Strummer provided a tour bus and underwrote an £11,000 debt – gave him renewed confidence. A proper solo album was mooted, and though Muff Winwood, still his A&R man at The Clash's Epic label, insisted on hearing demos, an advance of around $500,000 was secured.

So it was in November 1988, after Strummer had filmed his cameo role in Jim Jarmusch's Mystery Train, that work began in earnest at Baby O studios off Hollywood's Sunset Strip. Here, Schloss would spend 18 hours a day turning rough sketches into songs while Strummer tinkered with lyrics and socialised. "Joe would say, 'You've got 48 tracks,'" says Schloss, "'so go to town, my friend'."

But the laissez-faire vibe was an early casualty, when Strummer sacked McNeil after an all-night session trying to nail the rock-reggae beat of opening track Gangsterville ("He said the four words you don't ever say to Joe – 'I can't do it'," says Schloss). Ginger Baker was an option to replace him – in town and apparently available – but Strummer preferred the Red Hot Chili Peppers' Jack Irons, then being treated in a nearby psychiatric unit following the death of his best friend, original Chilis' guitarist Hillel Slovak, of a drug overdose. "Joe said, 'Zander, what would it be like playing the drums on lithium?'" laughs Schloss. "I said, Ridiculous – lithium takes away the dynamics of your personality. But Joe wanted Jack anyway. One day I was playing a Hendrix riff and [bassist] Lonnie Marshall saw Jack's eyes rolling back in his head. Jack got up and said, 'I'm just going to the bathroom to look in the mirror and see if I'm still here.' I wouldn't say it was the best thing having Jack on drums but it was probably better than Ginger Baker…"

Chaos leaked out of Baby O onto the streets. Once, Strummer became involved in a high-speed car chase with the LAPD after jumping a red light and telling his alarmed co-passenger, photographer Josh Cheuse, "We're going to outrun them!" (Miraculously, Strummer escaped with a caution). Regularly, he'd sleep rough in his beaten-up 1955 Cadillac, which acquired a bullet hole after a shoot-out in the studio's parking lot.. Bob Dylan even appeared, dropping by with a cassette of a song he wanted Strummer to try out, though as an overwhelmed Joe left it in a drawer, untouched, no one ever learned what it was like.

"I THINK JOE INTENDED FOR EPIC TO HATE EARTHQUAKE WEATHER, TO FREE HIM FROM HIS CONTRACT."

ZANDER SCHLOSS

THE ALBUM – NAMED *EARTHQUAKE WEATHER* AFTER the minor tremors that shook the studio that autumn – slowly took shape, with songs like the tropical Island Hopping and rousing Shouting Street (surviving from the very last days of The Clash) showing Strummer hadn't lost his touch. A doomed two-year on-off love affair, recently ended, spurred the haunting, melancholic acoustic number Leopardskin Limousines, while Dizzy's Goatee sounded like a jazzy dub outtake from *Sandinista!*. Sleepwalk, the trippy final track, had originally been written – perhaps a little optimistically – for Frank Sinatra to perform.

But Strummer's opaque, Kerouac-inspired lyrics and indistinct phrasing weren't for everyone. "I actually think Joe intended for Epic to hate the record," says Schloss, "to free him from his contract. He did weird stuff like put a train whistle on one track. We never argued, but when I said I didn't like it, he threw a chair at the wall and said, 'It's staying.' It was a 'big' record and I think he'd been hands-off because he didn't want to be accountable for the reviews."

Whatever the truth, when *Earthquake Weather* was released in September 1989, at the height of the UK's Madchester and rave explosions, it tanked spectacularly, with reported sales of a measly 7,000 copies. Meanwhile, BAD's sample-heavy *Megatop Phoenix* drew lavish critical praise and healthy sales to match.

Blaming himself for Strummer's humiliation, Schloss numbed his guilt with heroin. "When I next encountered Joe I asked him whether we'd work together again," recalls the guitarist. "He said, 'Don't be stupid, man.' Which probably meant, 'Clean up, you're a mess'."

Strummer, meanwhile, licked his wounds and, after a tour fronting The Pogues in 1991, retreated into a prolonged interlude of production work and low-key music and film projects, from which he wouldn't fully emerge until 1999.

Yet the sobering experience of *Earthquake Weather* did have some positive effects. In its aftermath, he told MOJO, "my feet touched the ground again. It was a relief that I found out where reality was. When you're in a rock group, you're in a bubble – you can only pretend to be in the real world, because you're young and famous and you lose ways to connect. But I was lucky, I could start to see things how they really were after that."

A JOE STRUMMER FILMOGRAPHY.

BY PAT GILBERT

WALKER

Role: Faucet *(1987)*

Grew a bushy beard to play a cook in William Walker's 1850s mercenary army. "All of the actors except Ed Harris [as Walker] found their parts reduced," says director Alex Cox. "Writing the soundtrack, Joe realised, I think, that his musical talents were much greater than his acting ones."

MYSTERY TRAIN

Role: Johnny/Elvis *(1989)*

Jim Jarmusch cast Strummer as a volatile, Magnum-toting Brit in his hymn to the dark side of Memphis (and the human soul). A compelling performance; a young Steve Buscemi, playing his companion, was overawed to act next to the Clash legend.

I HIRED A CONTRACT KILLER

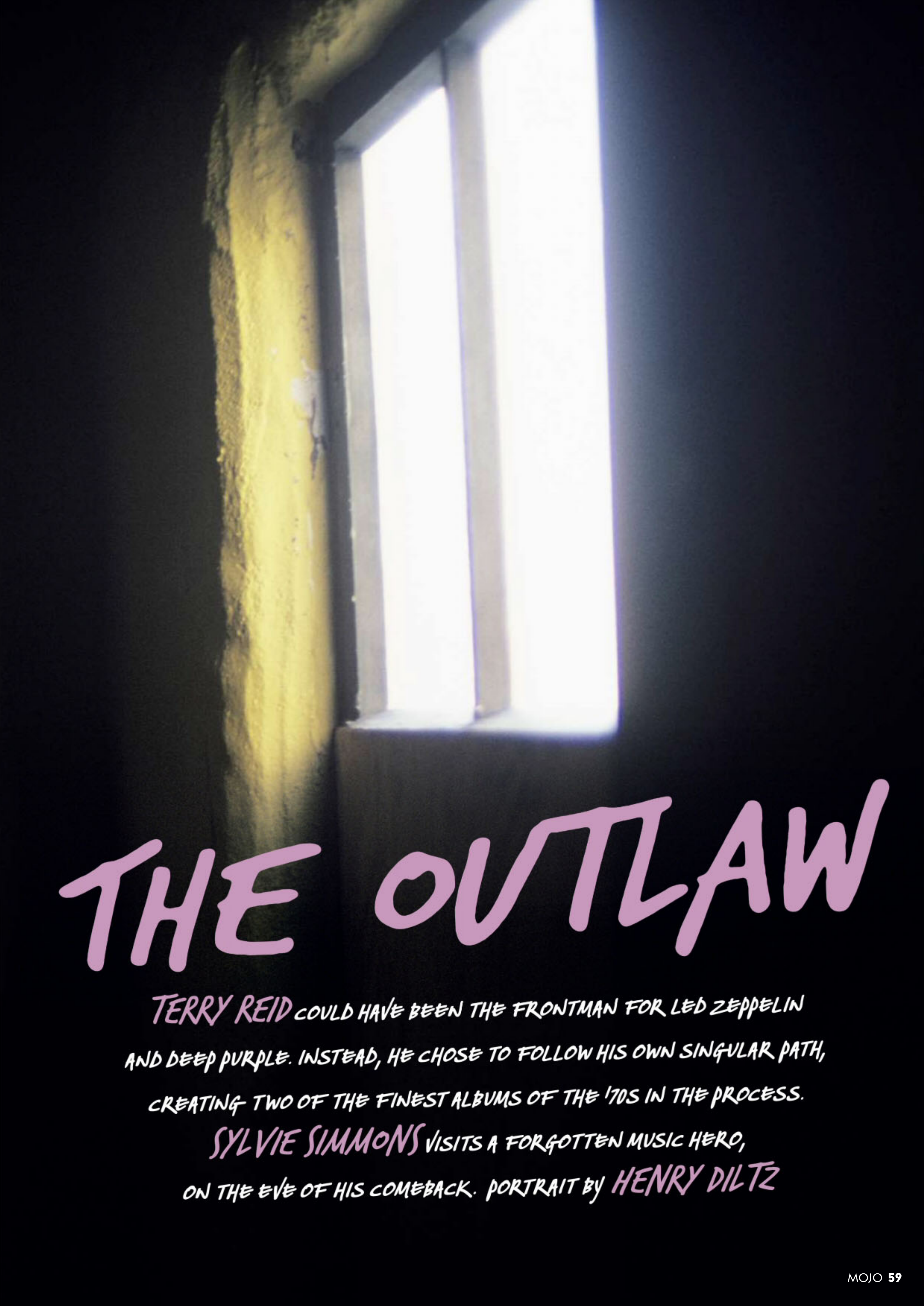
Role: Guitar player *(1990)*

Joe doesn't do a great deal – just plays the song Burning Lights on his Tele in a London pub – in Finnish auteur Aki Kaurismaki's suicide-bid-goes-wrong thriller. Extraordinary bouffant quiff, though.

DOCTEUR CHANCE

Role: Vince Taylor *(1997)*

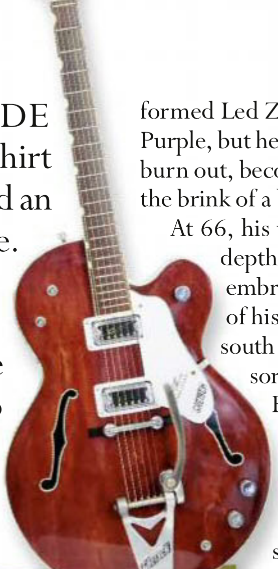
For his last acting role, in French director F.J. Ossang's road movie, Strummer play an arms trafficker, whose big speech, entirely in French, is delivered at the end of the film. The part was originally written for the *real* Vince Taylor, of Brand New Cadillac fame.

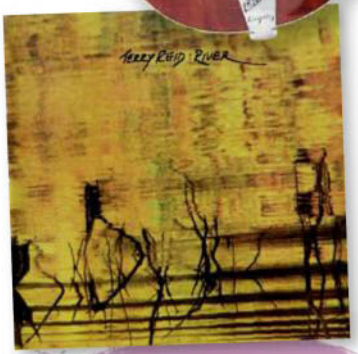


THE OUTLAW

TERRY REID COULD HAVE BEEN THE FRONTMAN FOR LED ZEPPELIN AND DEEP PURPLE. INSTEAD, HE CHOSE TO FOLLOW HIS OWN SINGULAR PATH, CREATING TWO OF THE FINEST ALBUMS OF THE '70S IN THE PROCESS. **SYLVIE SIMMONS** VISITS A FORGOTTEN MUSIC HERO, ON THE EVE OF HIS COMEBACK. PORTRAIT BY **HENRY DILTZ**

HE'S STANDING OUTSIDE the airport, waiting: white shirt and trousers, sports jacket and an orange-and-white striped tie. His face is tanned. A pair of earrings dangle and catch the sun. “I knew you'd find me,” he says smiling, leading MOJO to his old Lincoln Town Car, its roof peeling from the heat. Window down, smoking, he turns onto Frank Sinatra Highway, past Palm Springs' golf courses and tennis courts, pointing out the cemetery where Ol' Blue Eyes is buried; the ranches where Gene Autry and Roy Rogers once lived.





After a while the traffic thins. There are sand dunes and mountains. When, three-quarters of an hour into the drive, I ask him what he's doing out here in the desert, he replies in a thick accent undiluted by 45 years in America, “I love it – the views, the wide-open spaces. I come from the countryside, Cambridgeshire, there was a real peacefulness when I was growing up, and it's the same here, just a lot hotter.” Stopping off at a mall, he emerges from the market with food for lunch, flowers for his wife and a couple of bottles of chilled wine.

This is Terry Reid. The man Graham Nash described as “phenomenal”; who Robert Plant said “was probably the best singer of that period” – a period with such formidable white British singers as Steves Winwood and Marriott, Eric Burdon, Paul Rodgers, and Plant himself. Reid was 15, a schoolboy, when he first sang lead professionally and 18 when Aretha Franklin heard him and declared, “There are only three things happening in England: The Rolling Stones, The Beatles and Terry Reid.” He wasn't just a singer's singer, critics loved him; and he had the looks; he was signed to several major labels; when Jimmy Page formed Led Zeppelin he wanted Reid as their singer, so did Deep Purple, but he declined both and stuck to his solo career. He didn't burn out, become a junkie or go off the rails; he seemed forever on the brink of a big time breakthrough.

At 66, his voice is still a thing of wonder – a power, soul and depth of feeling that leave you breathless; a rare versatility, embracing blues, rock, jazz, folk, samba, R&B, and sounds of his own invention. Yet Reid's career would lead him far south of stardom. Or, maybe not. Following a resurgence of sorts in recent years – The Raconteurs' cover of Rich Kid Blues; the DJ Shadow collaboration; a star-studded show of Reid songs with ardent fan Johnny Depp – there's been a good deal of activity. As well as *The Other Side Of The River*, an album of unheard material, unearthed from Reid's legendary 1973 *River* sessions, there's an upcoming collaboration with Reid fan Joe Perry and producer Jack Douglas, then a new solo album which he'll record with Douglas in Depp's LA studio. “Maybe,” as Graham Nash says, “Terry Reid's time is about to come.”

“SUPPORTING THE STONES IT WAS ALL SCREAMING GIRLS. IT WAS SCARY. YOU COULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING. YOUR EARS SHUT DOWN.”

“I'VE ALWAYS SUNG, FROM WHEN I WAS a toddler. When I was five I would go picking fruit with my mother and she and the other women would sit down and have an early breakfast and I'd sing to them. That's where I started. Everything that came through the radio, if I liked it I would sing it, no matter how difficult. Looking back, it was a great influence on the way I come up with melodies or tunes and don't necessarily write in one vein of music. I seemed to like everything, Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney, Doris Day, and there was that time when Tommy Steele was doing those country rock blues things. My mum and dad took me to see him live at the London Palladium.”

We're at his house in La Quinta now, a modest two-bedroom, rented, with big houseplants, paintings and two cats padding about in the nearest thing in the desert to an English garden; Terry built the pagoda. Chatting over the fence, he discovered his neighbour was Curtis Mayfield's old bass player. Reid wants to cut a gate in the fence so they can get together and jam.

“I was an only child – and I think that's when it hit me that I wanted a guitar. I was 12. My dad was, ‘Here's a cheap one. Get good on that and I'll get you a real one.' Then The Beatles hit and that was it: I need an electric guitar. He got me an amp and a cheap Hofner and, when I learned all their songs, he bought me the guitar of my dreams from the Exchange & Mart, a Gretsch Tennessean. I've still got it in the other room.”

Some of his other guitars are in hock, as MOJO later discovers when an online GoFundMe is started to raise cash to get them back. Terry himself, always upbeat, didn't mention it.

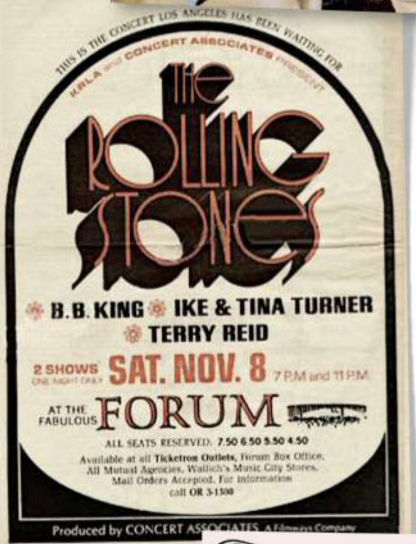
Reid had his first band by the time he was 13, The Red Beats. “We'd support all the big groups like The Kinks and The Hollies. Graham Nash remembers meeting me when I was 14. Then in '65 it started snowballing. I was at school, of course, but the next thing I know, we went to London, did a couple of gigs, and I joined a new group.” ➢

Reid , 14 (second left), in early band The Beats; (below, centre) with Peter Jay And The New Jaywalkers; (right) striking out solo.

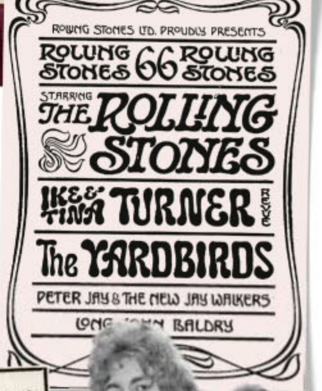
Henry Diltz, East Anglian Music Archive (jaywalking.co.uk), courtesy of Terry Reid

Opportunity knocked: Terry Reid plays the Miami Pop Festival, December 1968, the year he said no to Led Zeppelin.

bang, bang
you're
TERRY REID

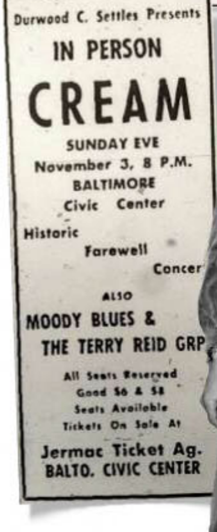


THIS IS THE CONCERT LOS ANGELES HAS BEEN WAITING FOR
KRLA and CONCERT ASSOCIATES PRESENT
THE ROLLING STONES
B.B. KING IKE & TINA TURNER
TERRY REID
2 SHOWS ONE NIGHT ONLY SAT. NOV. 8 7 P.M and 11 P.M
AT THE FABULOUS FORUM
ALL SEATS RESERVED. 7.50 6.50 5.50 4.50
Available at all Ticketron Outlets, Forum Box Office,
All Mutual Agencies, Wallich's Music City Stores.
Mail Orders Accepted. For information
call OR 3-1300
Produced by CONCERT ASSOCIATES A Filmways Company

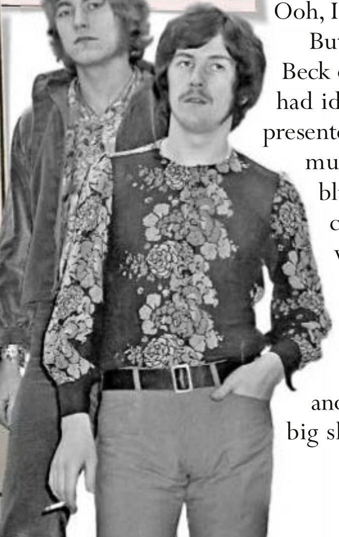


ROLLING STONES LTD. PROUDLY PRESENTS
ROLLING STONES 66 ROLLING STONES
STARRING THE ROLLING STONES
IKE & TINA TURNER REVUE
The YARDBIRDS
PETER JAY & THE NEW JAY WALKERS
LONG JOHN BALDRY

Living life: (clockwise from top left) Reid in September 1974; on-stage with Lee Miles (left) and Alan White; '68's Mickie Most-produced LP; Stones and Cream tour; The Band Of Joy's Plant and Bonham.



Durwood C. Settles Presents
IN PERSON
CREAM
SUNDAY EVE
November 3, 8 P.M.
BALTIMORE
Civic Center
Historic
Farewell
Concer
ALSO
MOODY BLUES &
THE TERRY REID GRP
All Seats Reserved
Good $6 & $8
Seats Available
Tickets On Sale At
Jermac Ticket Ag.
BALTO. CIVIC CENTER



Henry Diltz, Getty Images

⮜ That was Peter Jay And The Jaywalkers, who, in keeping with the *Zeitgeist*, were moving on from the pop rock'n'roll of what Reid calls the "English Elvises", to blues and R&B.

"Once we got a load of The Temptations, Smokey Robinson and Otis Redding, that was it." Terry's eyes tear up. "Don't get me going. I went to see Otis with some mates, Frankie Miller and Robert Palmer. I think we cried through the whole bloody thing. He was unbelievably good, the real deal, those American black guys really get in there. Something happened across the board and all the singers in England became devout black fans. That's all we wanted to be."

He remembers seeing Steve Winwood for the first time – in a pub with Spencer Davis – a skinny kid the same age as him sitting at a piano, playing Georgia. "I just about froze. God, is this what we're up against? I almost quit."

But things happened fast after he moved to London as the Jaywalkers' young frontman. Mick Jagger and Keith Richards came to the Marquee, where they were playing. "I didn't see them, but Uncle Stew [Ian Stewart], their roadie and piano player, came back and said, 'The boys want you to tour with them.'" Two days later, Reid was playing the Albert Hall. He's still got a hole in his shoulder where a stiletto heel went through it as the bands tried to exit the building. "All screaming girls. It was scary. You couldn't hear anything, your ears shut down."

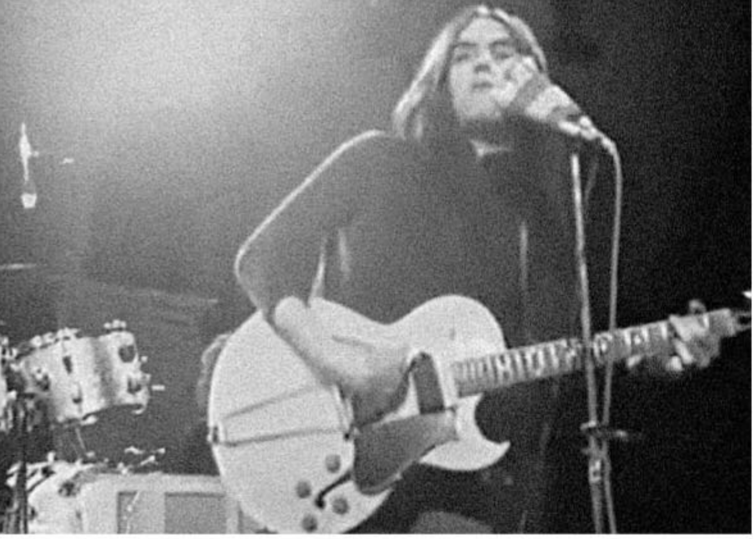
A Jaywalkers single in '67 brought the 17-year-old singer some attention, including from Mickie Most: "[He] had a management company and was renowned from working with people like Jeff Beck, Donovan and my mate Eric Burdon and The Animals." On cue, Reid's landline rings. It's Burdon, calling for a chat.

Reid, solo now, signed with Most. His memories of the man are not warm – and this from someone who, in over four hours of interview, hadn't a bad word to say about anyone, nor a twinge of bitterness at how the road to fame and fortune went wrong. Reid doesn't think it went wrong. As Burdon says, "He doesn't see himself as the guy who missed out."

In the late '60s Reid made two solo albums with Most, 1968's *Bang Bang You're Terry Reid* and 1969's *Terry Reid*, which didn't capture what he was going for. Reid had become fascinated by Steve Winwood's new band, Traffic, and, likewise, Cream. "I knew Eric from John Mayall, and me and Ginger were friends, and Jack was in a band with Graham Bond, we were all part of the same circle, playing all over England, playing universities, making more money than people with a Number 1. All these different kinds of things were in formulation, and I'm going, Ooh, I've got a few ideas…"

But Most – who'd made Jeff Beck do Hi Ho Silver Lining – had ideas of his own. The LPs presented Reid, amid sometimes muddled production, as a blue-eyed soul balladeer, a cuter Long John Baldry with a touch of Donovan (Reid's enduring nickname Superlungs comes from a Donovan cover).

"We did those albums and then it got into a whole big shebang and I had to get



out of that situation. I would have put another group together then and turned around 360, but I got a bit locked in." Most wouldn't release him from his contract.

Then Eric Clapton invited Reid on Cream's 1968 US tour. "We flew to Houston for the first one and a couple of days later we're at Madison Square Garden. Talk about being thrown in at the deep end. I'm standing in a sold-out arena on the stage where Muhammad Ali fought and the stage is slowly turning, like Disneyland, and there's guys in the front row going, 'Here, do you want a joint?' I'll be back in a minute! He laughs. "It was the first time I'd been to America. That was it." Less than three years later, having given up on England, Reid would be living in the States. But not before something happened – or, actually, didn't – that's haunted every article on him since: turning down the job as the singer of Led Zeppelin.

REID REFILLS OUR GLASSES AND settles back on the sofa. It's clearly a story he's told before, but there's no tragic hint of Ancient Mariner in how he tells it. It was late '68. The Yardbirds, who he'd toured with before, were breaking up again and Peter Grant – Page and Reid's mutual manager – told him Page wanted to discuss a new band he was putting together. "So Jim called me up and said, 'You'd really be good as the singer,' and I said, Who else is in the band? 'Well, I've got John Paul Jones on bass.' I went, Hang on a minute, what kind of band is this, The Incredible String Band? Because I'd heard John Paul Jones in a studio with Donovan; I hadn't heard him play through two stacks of Marshalls yet. So I said, Well, I don't know what you're going to do, but I'd like to take a stab at it. But just one thing, I've made this commitment to Keith Richards to do a tour with the Stones. We never had paperwork with The Rolling Stones, not even a handshake, you should be so lucky, right? So I said, I'll be back in a few weeks. And [Jimmy] was, 'Oh no, we've got to do it now' – because Cream had broken up and everybody in London was trying to put one of those groups together, so it's a big scramble who's first. I said, Give me a break, I can't turn down Keith."

How Reid, who could be the poster boy for positive thinking, sees it, he didn't turn Zeppelin down, he put them together.

"My band was doing some college gigs in the north of England, with Tim Rose, and I'd just bought this great PA system from Sweden called Ackuset, gorgeous, cost me a fortune. We got ours set up and the roadies all went to the pub and a group called The Band Of Joy go on-stage. They're halfway through a song and the PA blew up. I'm thinking, Aw, that's rotten, and then I'm thinking, I paid all this bloody money for this PA, here's my chance to be a sound mixer!

"So I throw this guy Robert a mike and they kept playing and of course now it sounded unbelievable. I'm thinking, Jesus Christ. Who is this guy? And that frigging drummer, Holy shit, I daren't turn the drums up or I might blow my speaker! When we went back I told Peter Grant, Get Jimmy on the phone, I've got a drummer that'll knock his socks off and a guy who will sing rings around his guitar licks. So Jim gets on the phone and goes, 'What does he look like?' I said, Better than you do. That didn't go down very well. But Peter forced Jimmy into trying them out – and that was that." Reid and Plant are still the best of friends.

The year after that, Deep Purple asked Reid to take Rod Evans's old job as frontman. "But they were going into a real hard rock thing that I wasn't so into, so I said, Very flattering but no thanks."

As to that Stones tour, Reid played 48 dates but missed the last one, Altamont. "We were in Boston, doing the Garden, and Keith came by my room and goes, 'Tomorrow we're going to San Francisco to do a free gig. There's no money but do you want to go or not?' I said, Well, God I'm tired, between the parties and the tour. If it's all right with you I'd rather go home. He said, 'That's fine, I don't particularly want to go myself… I've heard all hell's breaking loose.' We all knew why, with the Angels. Bill Graham had plied them with 'presents'. Our friend Big Tony, a quarterback for the Denver Broncos, the main security guy on that tour, jumped down in there and got all cut up when the guy got stabbed. It was a mess."

As for Woodstock, Reid had flown to New York to do it but ended up sitting at the top of the Pan Am building. "They said, 'The interstate is closed,' and the only way out there was by helicopter. I wasn't fond of peeling off the top of that building in the wind, but all of a sudden the helicopter pilots wanted double the money or they're not going. So while they negotiated I was sitting with Joni Mitchell, who's crying, watching Graham [Nash] and all them doing Woodstock. God, you write the fucking song and you can't get there to sing it. That would have crushed me."

So he missed the biggest rock events of the '60s, the hippy dream and its annihilation? "Yeah," he laughs. "It all went out the window."

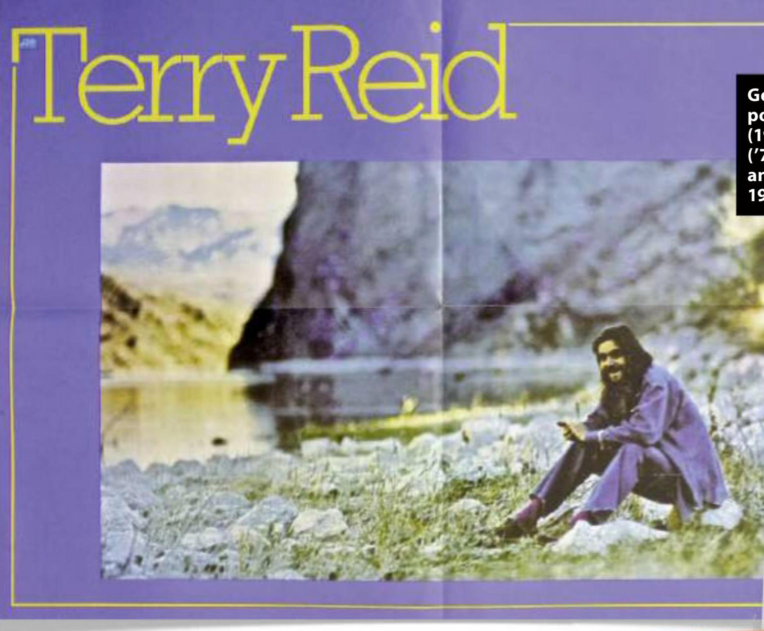
"MICKIE MOST SAID 'I'LL PUT YOU IN JAIL!' I SAID, 'SCREW THE LOT OF YOU, I'M GOING TO PUT ANOTHER GROUP TOGETHER."

REID WAS IN LONDON, PLAYing the Revolution club, when he looked down and saw Aretha Franklin in the audience beaming at him and, next to her, Ahmet Ertegun. "That," says Reid, "is where Ahmet signed me to Atlantic." It wasn't as straightforward as that. Reid was still contracted to Mickie Most. "I'd been trying to get out for three years and he got his knickers all in a twist, 'I'll put you in jail!' so I [said], Screw the lot of them, I'm going to put another group together, go on the road and wait for this thing to go away."

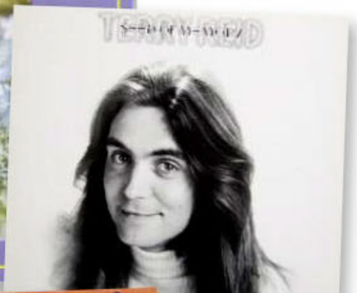
The musicians Reid had been working with – "a group that could play the phone book" – were Alan White (drums), Lee Miles (bass) and David Lindley (guitar and all manner of strings). Reid met Miles at the Revolution in '67, on a package tour with the Ike & Tina Turner Revue. "This bass player, my age, came on, played and my jaw dropped. I went, That's it! That's exactly what I want. I asked if he'd be interested in putting a group together and moving to England. It wasn't easy but eventually he did."

Back in Cambridgeshire, Miles moved in with Reid. The pair started auditioning drummers. "We went through about 14, [then] Alan walked in. He played about 12 bars and Lee said, 'That's the guy.'" White was working with John Lennon on *Imagine* at the time, which made touring problematic. "But John was really helpful. He got on the phone and said, 'Well you can't not do those gigs or you'll get blackballed like our band did one time.' The Beatles? He laughed and said, 'Yeah, those guys.'

"David Lindley we got through my friend, Chesley Millikin, who worked with Jefferson Airplane. He said, 'You need this guy on guitar.' [David] sent me a letter like something out of Disney, all graphic art and pictures of himself [and] said, 'I'm very versatile on instruments [and] I'd love to join your group. Here's the instruments I'm shipping' – something like 30 instruments, Turkish ➢

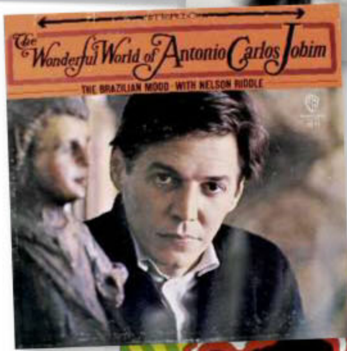


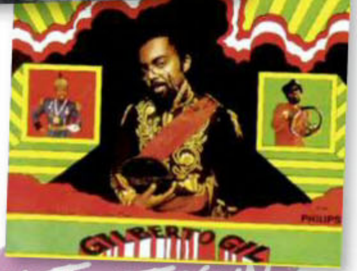
Go with the flow: (from top) poster with Reid's *River* (1973); *Seed Of Memory* ('76); Brazilian friends Gil and Jobim; on-stage at the 1970 Isle Of Wight festival.



≺ instruments, bizarre Japanese things, banjos, violins. I thought, This is going to be fun!"

Reid found a 400-year-old thatched cottage in Holywell and the band moved in. When it got cramped, they all found different homes in the area but came back to the house to rehearse and work on the new songs. "It didn't take long, to be honest. The next thing you know we're doing gigs all over England at universities and polytechnics and making serious money. Then Ahmet – I don't know how he did it – got me out of my contract and got us that [Atlantic] deal and we went into the studio and started *River*."


The Wonderful World of Antonio Carlos Jobim
THE BRAZILIAN MOOD · WITH NELSON RIDDLE

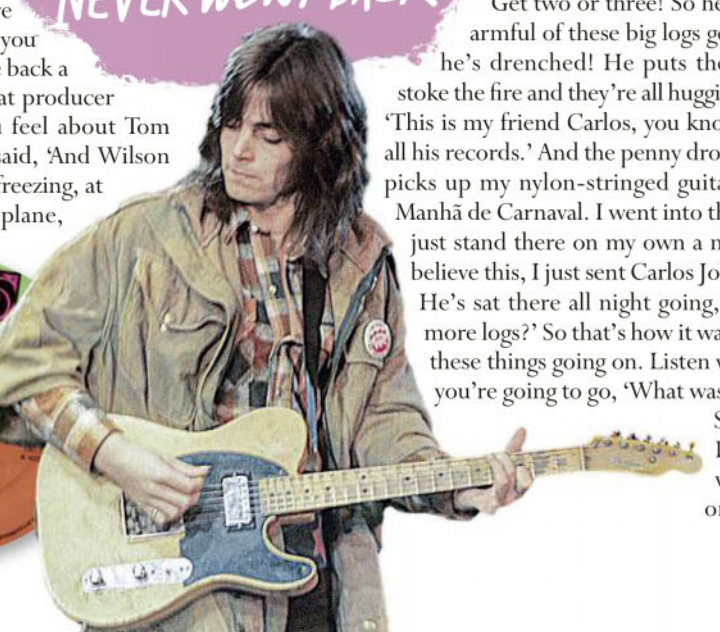


RECORDING BEGAN IN LONDON WITH EDDIE Offord. "Eddie was a real engineer-producer, technically very futuristic and experimental. He'd try stuff, echoes and limits and compressors. He was working with Yes, who were pushing towards making very artistic records, and we were getting on great."

Until halfway through the album, when the band split. "David went back with Jackson [Browne], who'd been hanging out with us, then Alan said, 'Well as we're not doing anything at the moment, I'm joining Yes.' Hah! Then I looked at Eddie Offord and said, Where are you going Eddie?, and he said, 'Oh, we're starting on the new Yes album.' This is just too ironic. It wasn't that they weren't getting paid; Ahmet was paying them. I called Ahmet and he was as nice as pie: 'Yeah, I know, isn't that weird? But don't worry. You like California? I'll send you a ticket, find you somewhere to live, find another producer, somebody that you like' – I loved how he said that. He called me back a couple of days later and said, 'I've got a great producer who thinks the world of you; how do you feel about Tom Dowd?' You mean Aretha's producer? He said, 'And Wilson Pickett. All the people you love.' And it was freezing, at that time, raining, snowing. So I got on a plane, came over. Never went back."

"AHMET ERTEGUN SENT ME A PLANE TICKET, FOUND ME SOMEWHERE TO LIVE, TOM DOWD AS PRODUCER. I GOT ON A PLANE. NEVER WENT BACK."

ATLANTIC
STEREO



The American sessions with Dowd at Wally Heider's were, says Reid, "a charm. Tom uses an old Neve board – you cut everything flat, with great old mikes, and you cut it how you hear it. Move the mike around if you want more bass, not put the EQ on it. It was great!"

Reid brought all the tapes over – "no end of them" – and started overdubbing. "I was making up a lot of new songs too. Tom let the tapes roll. I was playing with Soko Richardson, the drummer with Ike & Tina, and Lee Miles again; I brought in Lindley as well. Then [I got] The Ikettes, who I knew well, and Willie Bobo, who Tom knew. So it got wicked. Wicked."

Reid's original concept for *River* had been "a mixture of country sounds playing R&B, slightly country rock but at the same time kind of Brazilian". He'd been writing "samba things" since the first album, so it was always there. "The title track River is really a samba – and when I got together with the Brazilians in England…" Reid breaks off into laughter.

He was always a huge Gilberto Gil and Carlos Jobim fan. One day, before his departure for the US, Reid's lawyer told him he'd been asked to help with a political asylum case; a musician escaping the police state in Rio. It was Gilberto Gil. Shortly after, Reid was playing the Isle of Wight festival. "You're very high up," he says, "and there's 300,000 people, their heads like pinpricks, but I see this guy in the middle with bubbly Afro hair and this big smile. I don't know why but I'm fixated on him. Backstage, this same guy comes running up to me through the mud, with tears and hugging me: 'I'm Gilberto Gil!' We became best of friends. He's all over those English sessions."

Gil became a regular visitor to Reid's country cottage, accompanied by friends, family and percussion instruments.

"One time he said, 'I've a friend coming on a different train, Carlos.' There's a knock on my door. It's cold and pouring with rain – as usual – and the room's all hot – I've got this huge fireplace, I'd cut the logs to the right length to fit, so the last thing I wanted to do is to open the bloody door and let the warm air out. I go, Who is it? He goes, 'I'm Carlos.' All right Carlos, before you come in go grab a couple of logs, the fire's going down. He comes back with one log. I go, One log? Get two or three! So he comes back with an armful of these big logs going, 'I'm sorry,' and he's drenched! He puts the logs down and we stoke the fire and they're all hugging and Gilberto goes, 'This is my friend Carlos, you know Carlos, you've got all his records.' And the penny drops: Carlos Jobim! He picks up my nylon-stringed guitar and starts playing Manhã de Carnaval. I went into the kitchen and had to just stand there on my own a minute, going, I can't believe this, I just sent Carlos Jobim to get more logs. He's sat there all night going, 'Terry, do you need more logs?' So that's how it was with this record, all these things going on. Listen with headphones and you're going to go, 'What was that?'"

So many songs. It was Dowd's decision, with Reid's blessing, on what tracks made

Cameronlife Photo Library, Alamy, Rex, tonyduquette.com

the album. When Ertegun heard it he said, “You’ve given me a jazz album.” Which it was, in the sense that David Crosby’s *If I Could Only Remember My Name* or Van Morrison’s *Astral Weeks* or John Martyn’s *Solid Air*, or Tim Buckley’s albums were jazz.

“That’s the most flattering thing you could ever have said,” says Reid, visibly moved. “I loved Tim Buckley and knew him well, I did many gigs with him. And I knew John Martyn – bit of a funny bugger, but we loved what he did – and Van. I had no idea until you just said that there were nuances of any of that kind of thing. Well, you see what happens when you give any kind of artist – I say that humbly – freedom. And I told you I’m like a sponge, a little of this, a little of that.”

River was released in 1973; a remarkable album. “But Atlantic was not behind it – they had a Black Oak Arkansas record out, you know, flavour of the month. Mine wasn’t like that. Also, I didn’t know this, but Ahmet was not going to be involved with Atlantic Records much longer. So he let me go. He tore up the contract in front of me and said, ‘What happened to you before, I don’t want it happening again. Just keep working on music, keep writing, because I love what you do. Here’s a whole bunch of money and that’ll set you straight for a bit. Take your time, don’t panic, call me if you need to talk or play me something, anything I can do.’ He gave me his numbers. I always had his numbers.”

Twenty-three years old and labelless, Reid went back to his rented house in Ventura County and, with a little reel-to-reel 2-track, kept writing. “That’s where I wrote *Seed Of Memory*.”

The new songs sounded “very different, but with a sort of country edge”. Reid wanted another opinion so he called old friend Graham Nash, who was working in LA with Crosby Stills & Nash and told Reid to come over. The pair had co-written a song a few years earlier, The Man Without Expression, intended for CSNY’s *Déjà Vu*, until Stills vetoed it. Reid played Nash a handful of songs on his guitar. Graham said, “This is great. Do you have more? Leave it to me, I’ll get us a deal, help with musicians, and I’ll produce it.”

“He didn’t mention he’d be singing harmony all over it!” Reid laughs. “It was total freedom. Making *Seed Of Memory* was the most fun I’ve ever had making a record in my life.”

Three years had passed between *River* and *Seed Of Memory*. Another three passed before his next, *Rogue Waves*, and longer still before *The Hand Don’t Fit The Glove* in ’85 and ’91’s *The Driver*. In between, Reid focused on session work, not because that was all there was but “because I love working for other people. It’s like what I’ve been doing now, with Joe Perry. Basically it’s his album I’m writing for, not mine, so you put yourself in the position of, What’s good for that album? I said to Jack Douglas, This is a piece of cake, we’ve got four songs finished in no time. It’s going to be so much fun when we do my album. Jack looked at me. ‘No chance.’ What? ‘Because,’ Jack said, ‘it’ll be your music then.’”

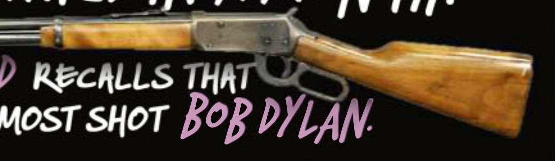
It’s dusk now, an hour to the airport. On the drive, the stories keep coming. Someone’s been making a documentary about him, he says, and he’s been helping the director out, calling up old compadres – Plant and Nash and Burdon and the rest – but he might pull the plug on it, unhappy with the direction it’s taking. But almost at once the light shifts and the enthusiasm returns. There’s an honest joy to Terry Reid. He’s not whining about being an unsung hero, he’s laughing into the sunset at having been there at the spark of so much musical history and still going strong. “It’s not an effort,” he says. “Some people have to struggle like hell, but for me it’s falling off a log.”

MOJO asks if there’s something that, musically, Reid is still searching for? He lights a cigarette and thinks.

“The one thing I have in my mind is I’ve written lyrics to all these classical pieces. I’ve got about seven so far and – how can I put it? – it’s like having a sort of R&B singer, slightly Celtic, singing to these classical themes. When you come next I’ll play you some. And I’ll show you a place where there’s a salt lake and the palm trees are enormous and hang down like umbrellas and all sorts of insects and birds and roadrunners are nested in them. I’ll take you there.”

The Other Side Of The River is out now on Future Days Recordings

“HE DIDN’T LOOK LIKE HE’D BATHED IN A MONTH.”



TERRY REID RECALLS THAT TIME HE ALMOST SHOT BOB DYLAN.

“I’D BEEN staying at a Mexican farmhouse, nothing fancy, like you’d see in a western. I’d met this gentleman, Tony Duquette, who was an old Hollywood set designer from the ’30s, bigger than life, dripping with rocks. He said, ‘Why are you living in an old shack down there. Move up to my place, look after my property: Shangri-La.’ He’d built all these cabanas and pagodas out of trailers and train cars. It was like bloody Kew Gardens back there. I had to look after his bromeliads. But I knew quite a bit about bromeliads, and he’s, ‘Oh! You know all about my babies.’ So that was that.

Garth Hudson was renting the house above me – I had no clue until one day he comes driving in and says, ‘Hi, Terry right? How’s everything? OK?’ Garth is just the sweetest guy you ever met, and he said, ‘Do you like tea?’ I love tea! Garth had probably 150 different kinds of tea. He was a connoisseur. He’d go off every day and be back at three on the dot [and] we’d sit having tea and listening to classical music. That’s all he ever listened to. He wouldn’t listen to anything else. He never mentioned a word about The Band, Bob Dylan or anything.

Then one day, about two o’clock, I’m sitting up at the gate waiting for the mailman and this dirty-looking guy, jeans all torn, beard and long hair – he didn’t look like he’d had a bath in a month – comes walking up the hill. I’m sitting there with a bunch of guns and he goes, ‘Hey man, are there any shacks for rent around here?’ Now that kicked me off, because there’s people been trying to rob some of the things that Tony had stored away, and I’m the security, right, though it was more like Viva Zapata than security – I had gun belts and rifles and everything. I looked like the Mexican revolution.

“So I said, There ain’t no shacks, get the fuck off the property. ‘Oh man, be cool’. I said, I’m cool, you ain’t. Get the fuck out. And I cocked one of the guns, a 30/30 Winchester, and said, I’m telling you right now, get the fuck off the property or I’m within my rights I’m gonna shoot you. And he smiled! Now it’s the first time I’ve ever had the experience where you point a gun at someone and they smile. He said, ‘Man, be cool, you see the house above you, my friend Garth lives there.’ And I’m thinking, Does he know Garth? Maybe he’s going to rob Garth. So I went, ‘He’s not around so piss off.’ And he just sat down. I said, ‘He’s not back until three o’clock so go away’ and he sat down.

I thought, I can’t just leave him up there. So I said, ‘Do you like tea?’ I thought I’d do a Garth on him. And he said, ‘I love tea.’ So I said, Follow me, come down the house and when Garth gets here we’ll sort it out. And I’m thinking, if he doesn’t know Garth I’ll put the fear of God in him anyway and I might just shoot him in the leg anyway.

“So he follows me down to the house, stumbling in his sandals, all dirty, and he looks at my row of guitars and he looks at one in particular and says, ‘How much do you want for that guitar?’ He didn’t look like he had a pot to piss in, let alone buy a guitar, so I said, ‘Just stay there,’ and I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, went in the kitchen and I’m boiling the water, and he picked up one of the guitars and is playing away.

And suddenly – he said his name was Robert – as I’m stirring the tea I hear [Dylanesque singing of unrecognisable words] ‘Whey, der whah awha whey’ and I went, Robert! Oh fuck. Because anybody can look like that, but not everybody can sing like that.

“So I came in the room and went, OK, right. First song, before you get your tea, I want Tambourine Man, the full version, then I want Desolation Row, and he’s grinning from ear to ear. He went, ‘OK!’ and I said, I’ll get the tea, and off he goes, playing all these verses which, of course, with Bob you’ve never even heard before.

“I told his son the story in New Orleans and he cracked up. He said, ‘Yeah, he’s been close a few times to one of us shooting him.”

“I COCKED A 30/30 WINCHESTER, AND SAID, I’M WITHIN MY RIGHTS, I’M GONNA SHOOT YOU.”

Shoot-out at Shangri-La: (from left) Tony Duquette; Dylan targetted; the idyllic location.

A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT

A 20-PAGE CELEBRATION

GROWING UP IN AND AROUND MANCHESTER there was never really a time I can remember when I wasn't aware of The Smiths. The style and attitude, as much as the music, has just always been there. It kind of let you know that someone was OK if they were wearing a Smiths T-shirt or had a Morrissey quiff. Manchester was a dirty, rough, dangerous town to live in, but then suddenly these flowers were growing everywhere because people who love The Smiths are good people. Despite living in a rough place, The Smiths let you know you were in the company of thinkers and gentle people.

Their music invokes Manchester brilliantly because even Morrissey is not immune from the "Let's have it right" attitude of the north. It's why he sung in his own accent, eulogised the hills of Lancashire and it's why he talks about boredom, about repression and about shit jobs. It comes from a place of, "Tell the truth, and let's have it right!" Don't pretend you're something else, although Morrissey had this remarkable, natural, Wildean flamboyance to him that made it all right for you to be like that too.

The Smiths had something in common with the films of the '60s, the Albert Finney era, of turning a camera on the north and making it beautiful, just by showing it for what it is. That's exactly what Morrissey's lyrics do too, as does the iconography of the record sleeves. It's all saying, "Don't you forget how glamorous you are, don't you forget how beautiful you are" without the need to go far from home. It points a spotlight on a shit factory job or a Kes-like wander across the moors and shows the beauty inside.

It's the kitchen sink drama quality of The Smiths that I love. With that style of writing you have focus on everything, all the ephemera. You put the mundane *and* the unique into song and Morrissey is a genius for that. It's just very honest music.

And it's funny. Everybody labelled it as miserable but that's ridiculous. "The hills are alive with celibate cries?" That's funnier than Oscar Wilde, frankly! That wry humour is just beautiful. Again it's turning the camera on yourself. It's Billy Liar and everything that's sweet about that film. Besides, if you're going to make a hard, poignant point in a song, if you do it after a laugh it's all the more touching. Morrissey is brilliant at mixing beautiful tragedy with a wry eye but I don't think he sat down and decided to write like that, I think it comes naturally. I think that's the person he was, because I also know what it feels like to wake up in a very grey, very dirty city with fuck all money and think, Actually, you're quite special! People do! That's why they go and find each other. It's why Afflecks Palace, the indoor market, is still part of Manchester. It's where you go as a teenager to find other people who aren't very satisfied with the plot that has been drawn out for them. It's just one of those happy accidents that those four people all felt the same, met up and created that beautiful music. To me, The Smiths are magical."

Guy Garvey
June 2016

CONTENTS

P68-85 THE 50 GREATEST SMITHS SONGS

From this land's cheerless marshes, to Dublin, Dundee, Humberside and Newport Pagnell… To celebrate the 30th birthday of *The Queen is Dead* MOJO travels to the four corners of Morrissey, Marr, Rourke and Joyce's romantic universe, and salutes their 50 finest moments. And the hills are alive with celibate cries…

P72-77 MORRISSEY: THE MOVIE

Pat Gilbert speaks to the actors and film-makers seeking to immortalise the pre-Smiths Manchester life of Steven Patrick Morrissey.

COMPILED AND WRITTEN BY: Martin Aston, Jenny Bulley, Keith Cameron, Danny Eccleston, Pat Gilbert, John Harris, Ian Harrison, Andrew Male, Victoria Segal, Paul Stokes, Roy Wilkinson, Lois Wilson.

As told to Paul Stokes, Illustration by Russell Moorcroft, Getty

THE SMITHS
The Smiths
"RANK"

"We were duelling off against each other": Smiths bassist Andy Rourke (left) with Morrissey on BBCTV's Oxford Roadshow, Manchester February 22, 1985.

THE BIRTH OF MADCHESTER. BY PAUL STOKES.

50

BARBARISM BEGINS AT HOME

(from *Meat Is Murder,* 1985)

"I remember one of our first rehearsals together, Andy came up to me and said, 'Mike, you know the bass drum and the bass guitar, they're supposed to go together – try it, you might like it…'" So recalls Mike Joyce on the beginning of his partnership with Andy Rourke and, after a little teething, the moment that The Smiths' expansive and daring vision acquired its bedrock.

Oft (though understandably) overlooked in favour of Morrissey and Johnny Marr's partnership, the contribution of the band's rhythm section was key to expanding The Smiths' unique universe. No 'hit and go' merchants, drummer Joyce and bassist Rourke offered the other two a dexterous and keenly melodic runway from which flights of fancy could depart. From brutal beats to gentle grooves, Joyce and Rourke's musical contribution was by no means purely functional – no matter what *one* of their bandmates might tell you – and just before the end of *Meat Is Murder* they got a chance to prove it.

The elasticity of Rourke's bass is the star of this sprawling mood piece, popping with fret-scaling élan, but it only succeeds because Joyce's shuffling snare and proto-indie disco drums follow him the whole way.

"There was nothing contrived about it, we didn't sit down and talk it through, we just played it and that's how it came out," Rourke says of the instinctual nature of the pair's partnership, once they got going. "I was into funk and Mike was from a punk background which brought a lot of aggression… We were duelling off against each other."

Barbarism Begins At Home is one of their greatest encounters, injecting a beefed-up frisson into the album's rough world of head-masters and ruffians. Not that The Smiths' senior partnership are slouching here. Morrissey's embracing of the rhythmic landscape sees him step out of his usual songwriting back-and-forth with Marr. So while his vicious verses and choruses provide a certain structure, his reverbed yelps and wails enmesh themselves, instrument-like, into the song's very fabric.

Marr, meanwhile, takes the opportunity to salute a musical hero. With quick trebly licks and a virtuoso scaling he'd previously shunned, the guitarist echoes the dancefloor jangles of Nile Rodgers' Chic, sparring with the bass of old school friend Rourke towards a bittersweet yet funky crescendo.

While the brooding atmosphere firmly places it within *Meat Is Murder*'s brutalist landscape, with Rourke and Joyce to the fore Barbarism Begins At Home also diverges brilliantly from The Smiths' blueprint. Showcasing new and unexpected sides to the band, Barbarism sits at a strange but essential point of Manchester music history, midway between the etiolated post-punk funk of A Certain Ratio, and – as showcased in an early 1984 performance on Channel 4's The Tube – the itchy urban grooves of Happy Mondays and The Stone Roses.

> **"THERE WAS NOTHING CONTRIVED ABOUT IT, WE JUST PLAYED IT AND THAT'S HOW IT CAME OUT."**

49

ASK

(Single, 1986)

Glasnost for the shy or warning of nuclear winter?

Ostensibly the sound of someone coming out of their shell, the tropically breezy Ask seems like a shocking repudiation of Morrissey's bookish lifestyle, his jaunty phrasing and Kirsty MacColl's feminine touch encouraging his constituency to be bold in their desires. Yet "If it's not love/Then it's the bomb that will bring us together" echoes Quentin Crisp's memories of now-or-never sexual encounters during the blackout, suggesting that nobody's *that* sensitive in the face of looming nuclear annihilation. Properly disarming. *VS*

48

CEMETRY GATES

(from *The Queen Is Dead*, 1986)

A joke at Morrissey's own expense and therefore to be treasured.

The Queen Is Dead's side one *Sturm und Drang* melts into its blithe, breezy yet seductively conspiratorial closer. Marr's acoustic guitar skips from B minor to G in a summer shimmer, linking arms with Rourke's bubbling bass as Morrissey gently ribs those who would expose his literary thefts, while implying that, hey, *mea culpa*. Always makes you wonder how such a ready self-deprecator turned out to be so thin-skinned. A case of '*I* can say this, but don't *you* dare'. *DE*

47

MEAT IS MURDER

(from *Meat Is Murder*, 1985)

The slaughterhouse four lay out their leader's animal rights manifesto.

On the titular closer of The Smiths' second LP Marr's guitar hovers malevolently over the electric spark and fizz of abattoir blades and the sampled sounds of their unfortunate victims. A grim Moz intones the song's central message with bovine bluntness: "It's death for no reason and death for no reason is murder." Etymological concerns aside, musically, it's a brutish dirge on an album with many dark corners and political concerns. It's also Morrissey at his most lyrically direct and pop propaganda at its most potent. *JB*

46

IS IT REALLY SO STRANGE?

(Sheila Take A Bow B-side, 1987)

A happy family snap before the divorce.

Recorded for a Peel Session in December 1986, there's a band-wide jollity to this stomper that now seems cruel considering The Smiths were no more some seven months later. So remember them this way: Marr's guitars chime with clarion clarity, Joyce and Rourke's funky rhythms pulse with swagger, while, for once, Morrissey's unrequited love is drenched in optimism. Of course there's hardship and horse murder too, but this time the object of affection *will* come around. Is a loved-up, happy Smiths really so strange? No, but it couldn't last. *PS*

45

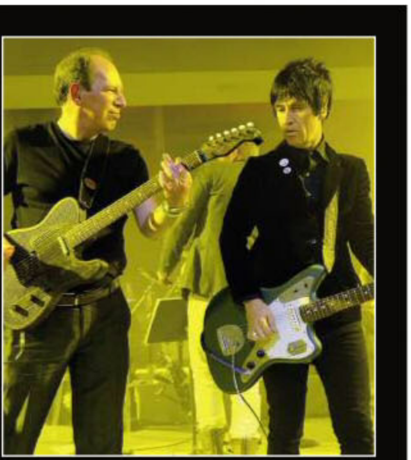
NOWHERE FAST

(from *Meat Is Murder*, 1985)

Forgotten upbeat sounds for forgotten uptight souls.

As a co-author of meaning, Johnny Marr's role in The Smiths is still underrated. A good example would be what he does with this splendid assemblage of Moz aphorisms, ruminations, and anti-Royal edicts. Possibly inspired by the sad train sound referenced in the song's chorus, Marr's rolling Nashville A-Team arrangement (and the rail-track clatter of Mike Joyce's drums) lends the song a rockabilly drive and a rough dignity, drawing a link between Morrissey's jocular Northern defiance and that other site of good-time working-class misery: American country music. *AM*

Stephen Wright/Getty Images, Getty Images



"They're 70mm Sergio Leone widescreen productions."

Film composer Hans Zimmer praises the epic scale of Johnny Marr's music.

"Johnny's music with The Smiths is still totally underrated. I can't remember the year that I first heard this group. I remember walking down the King's Road, past this shop, and hearing music come out of that shop and going, Fuck me, that's a bit good, what's this? It was just that *guitar*. I'm a musician. I have a problem. I never listen to the words. I always listen to the tune. So I have no idea what Morrissey is on about. But, there was this guy, and he was playing a clean sound, not a distorted sound, he was playing 'epically'. Every note Johnny Marr plays, there is a confidence and a commitment to each note and it makes it epic. This was a musician having the courage to truly show himself. Every note. The personality of this person came through. Now I know Johnny, it is not surprising that this music comes from this man. Like James Joyce was to Dublin, Johnny Marr is to Manchester. The grit, and the hardship and the valour and the epicness of Manchester, it's all there in his music. Yes, I hear Johnny Marr in the way other people hear Morrissey. With every note he tells you a story of where he's from. He has the courage to stand there and let people look into his soul and let himself be known. I don't hear a guitar when I hear Johnny Marr. It's not Johnny as a guitar player. They're instantly 70mm Sergio Leone widescreen productions. He *is* the movie. If you don't listen to the words, and listen to the tune you actually get to the heart of The Smiths. Sometimes the words obscure the heart."

As told to Andrew Male

44

STOP ME IF YOU THINK YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE

(from *Strangeways, Here We Come*, 1987)

A darker aspect to Moz's mind as he explores booze, bruises, and Buddhist mass murders.

It's the year of The Smiths' demise, but before they split there is a lyrical clear-out. A Moz boot-sale of heart-sore imagery, a farewell to fans ("I still love you") and a barbed retort to media claims of cliché, Stop Me also plays out like a series of grotesque images passing before Morrissey's eyes in "the last 10 seconds of life". Yet, allied to the band's sweetly epic accompaniment, this series of tragic, comic and brutal scenarios becomes invested with a proud valedictory power. *SW*

43

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

(from *The Smiths*, 1984)

They've written a song about *what*!? It works because it really shouldn't work.

The melody had already been written, as had (separately) Morrissey's lyrics; a poetic disquisition on the Moors murders, but from a victim's point of view. Yet, there is a horrible, perfect fit here, Marr's gently swaying riffs – somewhere between lullaby and lament – simultaneously soothing and taunting the beseeching voices of victims and killers, summoned forth in dour Moz baritone. For punks, the Moors Murderers had been agitprop symbols of disruption. That Morrissey chose to write a threnody for the victims cannot be underestimated. *AM*

42

YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING NOW

(from *Hatful Of Hollow*, 1984)

Job-dodging Moz with a bitter eye on how the other half 'get on'.

The version on *The Smiths* is boxy and trite, but the hypnotic bovver-rock the group previously conjured at a Dale Griffin-produced June '83 BBC radio session for David 'Kid' Jensen manifests this early set opener's volatile mix of fascination and resentment ("I never did like your FACE"). A dull school 'friend' makes good while the real world gives Morrissey's terribly talented narrator the vapours. Does he *want* him/her? Or does he just hate himself for the envy he feels? Both of these, and more. *DE*

41

I WANT THE ONE I CAN'T HAVE

(from *Meat Is Murder*, 1985)

The 1980s chilly social climate, set to music: "These are the riches of the poor…"

Meat Is Murder was a lightning-rod for the oppressive, ice-cold time of Margaret Thatcher in her pomp and the doomed Miners' Strike. This track embodies all of that more than most: a glimpse of unrequited obsession, cold comfort, and working-class defeat, full of the small change found in Mancunian side-streets: "He killed a policeman when he was 13/And somehow that really impressed me." Morrissey may be slightly out of tune, but that only adds to its sense of straining desperation. *JH*

40
THIS NIGHT HAS OPENED MY EYES

(from *Hatful Of Hollow*, 1984)

Arguably the gloomiest Smiths song of all, and the most neglected.

Perhaps its sombre gait too closely mirrored I Don't Owe You Anything, or the unwanted-baby narrative was considered one too many raids on Shelagh Delaney's A Taste Of Honey, but This Night… was inexplicably left off the debut album, and unreleased in a studio version. The exquisitely austere gloom is nailed by the opening line, "In a river the colour of lead", while Morrissey's "I'm not happy and I'm not sad" mantra is an unsettling and poignantly unresolved moment that would come to define his particular Smithsian *Weltanschauung*. *MA*

39
PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES

(I Started Something I Couldn't Finish B-side, 1987)

Moz loses heart – and erection? – in this early bout of sexphobia.

Not even goth bands got as close to the bone as that song title. Yet the subject of this dour affair remains pure Morrissey, on whom "nature's played this trick", arguably a sign of the narrator's internalised self-loathing. A stodgy debut LP track, the song is best represented by the belatedly released Troy Tate-produced original, where Rourke's spiky bass is offset by Marr and Joyce's skipping pattern on the offbeat and the interjections of Audrey Riley's mordant cello. Morrissey voted for this as a single. *MA*

38
THESE THINGS TAKE TIME

(from *Hatful Of Hollow*, 1984)

Illicit love song trembles on the brink of fulfilment.

The Smiths
HATFUL OF HOLLOW

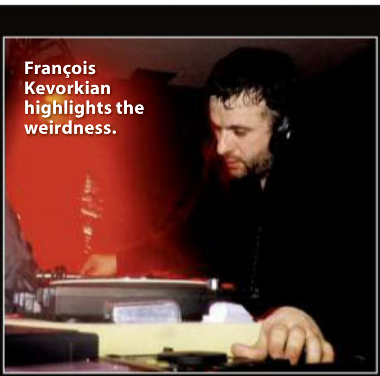
Originally released as the B-side of What Difference Does It Make?, this superior version came from a BBC session in June 1983. A stinging account of stalled sexual epiphany, unrequited passion and complicated entanglements ("I'm spellbound/But a woman divides"), it's delivered like a slap, a "celibate cry" shuddering with carnality. Apparent self-laceration ("I'm the most inept that ever stepped") is undermined by Morrissey's impeccably vicious phrasing and the slashing, punchy rhythm, disappointment and frustration becoming glorious war wounds. *VS*

37
I STARTED SOMETHING I COULDN'T FINISH

(from *Strangeways, Here We Come*, 1987)

The guitarist's ever-lonelier toil rewarded with a glam-rocking Number 23 single.

Marr would later claim his bandmates' initial ambivalence towards this spangly racket played into his growing disillusionment with The Smiths. But the guitarist was right to persist with it and Morrissey, too, came good, adding to the legend of his phrasing with the rasping grrrrowl that begins "that's what tradition means" and the crashing aural bathos of "18 months' hard labour seems… fair enough", veiling the song's intimation of a "vile" forced intimacy with a curiously disinterested shrug. Typical him, typical him. *DE*



François Kevorkian highlights the weirdness.

"This one is different."

Five of The Smiths' bravest experiments.

Miserable Lie

(Peel Session, 1983)

Live, it was astonishing, and this is the closest they got to capturing its wired rockabilly-punk power, Marr's harsh harmonica echoing Morrissey's hysterical falsetto.

This Charming Man 'New York Vocal' François Kevorkian remix

(12-inch single, 1983)

They should have done this more often, handing over the tapes to an outsider who highlighted the weirdness, which, in this case, means Marr's eerily rippling guitar and Rourke's oily bass.

Oscillate Wildly

(12-inch B-Side, 1985)

Written by Marr, titled by Morrissey (a pun on 'Oscar Wilde'?), this is arguably the best of their three officially released instrumentals, a melancholy kitchen-sink drama for piano, cello, Emulator and guitar.

Money Changes Everything

(12-inch B-side, 1986)

Recorded at the end of *The Queen Is Dead*'s sessions, culled from a backwards guitar riff, this dark, compelling Northern *noir* instrumental was reworked by Marr and Bryan Ferry as The Right Stuff for Ferry's '87 LP, *Bête Noire* .

Hand In Glove

(7-inch single, 1984)

The dream idea of Morrissey and Marr writing for other artists never quite came off, and this perhaps explains why. Not even a performer of Sandie Shaw's abilities can quite capture the particular personal power Morrissey invests in these strange lyrics. *(AM)*

36
RUBBER RING

(The Boy With The Thorn In His Side 12-inch B-side, 1985)

All at sea with Gielgud, a Swedish psychic and a time-travelling Smith.

Pop song as séance. Dimming the lights with its macabre guitars, hypnotic strings and trance-inducing samples of John Gielgud and a Swedish medium, we are not communing with rock stars past here but with Morrissey's future self as he begs for a metaphysical lifeline. Today you are fans, muses the phantasmal Moz, but without diligence the fickle will one day abandon even the "songs that saved your life". The Smiths' devotees ultimately proved loyal, though ironically it's the inventiveness of tracks like this that's kept the band's legacy buoyant. *PS*

35
JEANE

(This Charming Man B-side, 1983)

Updating Shelagh Delaney to comment on Thatcherite Britain.

Delivered in a voice simultaneously weak and brutal, political in itself, this was Morrissey's '60s kitchen-sink drama for the modern day, its lines stirring: "The low life has lost its appeal/And I'm tired of walking these streets/To a room with its cupboards bare." The political message, of course, is writ large: this poverty remains some 20 years on. When Sandie Shaw covered the song in 1984, with The Smiths providing backing, Marr played out his fantasy as a '60s girl-pop svengali. *LW*

34
SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER

(Single, 1985)

The Smiths at 500mph, and completely unstoppable.

Arguably the most overlooked thing in their canon, partly down to its poor chart placing (Number 26). But just listen: it's a whirlwind of suicide, slide guitar, and the frantic rewiring of vintage Johnny Cash, though Marr – by then at the height of his Keith Richards fixation – also saw it as a one-off stunner in the mould of the Stones' equally anarchic Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow? All over in 2:09, which is all part of its smash-and-grab magic. *JH*

33
RUSHOLME RUFFIANS

(from *Meat Is Murder*, 1985)

Boys and girls come out to play as West Side Story hits South Side Manchester.

A billowing skirt, a stabbing, a suicidal schoolgirl: this manic panorama of "the last night of the fair" feels at times like an experimental radio drama, even down to the BBC sound effects record used to add ambience. Taking a hook-the-duck approach to source material – Victoria Wood's Fourteen Again for words, Elvis Presley's His Latest Flame for the no-eye-contact, head-down riff – Rusholme Ruffians generates its own rough-and-ready reverie, a sex-and-violence contact high for the eternal observer. *VS*

32
LONDON

(Shoplifters Of The World Unite 12-inch B-side, 1987)

Crap-or-bust challenge to the back bedroom set.

We didn't know how quickly The Smiths were racing to their doom in January '87, but there were hints in this centrifuge of feedback and drums, where the band played the locomotive bearing down on a Morrissey tied to the tracks, as he post-mortems with sardonic relish the pretensions of the provincial outsider moving to the capital. Ending on a circular riff, it suspends into infinity the moment of truth. Enjoy it also in *Rank*'s livid live recording and the phantasmagoric Peel session version. *IH*

©Paul Slattery, Getty Images

"I'm still fond of you…": the impassive Smiths, Strand On The Green, Chiswick, London, November 11, 1983.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING. BY DANNY ECCLESTON.

31

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

(Single, 1984)

If artists were the best judges of their work, critics would not exist and *Strangeways, Here We Come* would be universally acknowledged the best Smiths album. Morrissey, particularly, has shown little fondness for the group's third single and took the opportunity to overwrite it with *Hatful Of Hollow*'s more naturalistic Peel session recording when the song was added to the 2008 best-of, *The Sound Of The Smiths*. But can the shoppers at Smiths and Woolies who elevated it to Number 12 in the UK chart in January 1984 have got it so wrong? No.

Subtler triumphs were certainly to come, but the blaring guitar riff and insouciant gaze of What Difference Does It Make? were what broke The Smiths as a broad-beamed pop phenomenon, with saturnine shades of the Stones in '65 suggesting a group in a robust lineage and not just an indie cult for students and other weeds. Performing the song on BBC TV's Top Of The Pops on January 26, Morrissey wore the hearing aid that would prompt sarky mutterings about "disability chic", but there was nothing impaired about The Smiths on TOTP: Moz scowling or detached with a gladioli in his back pocket; the players impassive; the performance a key to explaining that Smiths lyrics' mithering and alienation were often ciphers for their belief in their own apartness, or downright superiority – a model for Mancunian groups to come. No more apologies, indeed.

This recording, taped at Pluto Studios in Granby Row the previous October, is also a feather in the cap for producer John Porter, not always given his due. It's lower in key than the Peel version, the darker tonality offset by brighter guitars, with a remodelled rhythm shorn of the distracting fills that can be heard all over the Peel version and the hesitant, decidedly indie incarnation found among The Smiths' summer '83 recordings with Troy Tate. It's clean and hard, relentless – "bumptious", perhaps, to use Morrissey's later derogation of the group's cockier numbers, and none the worse for that.

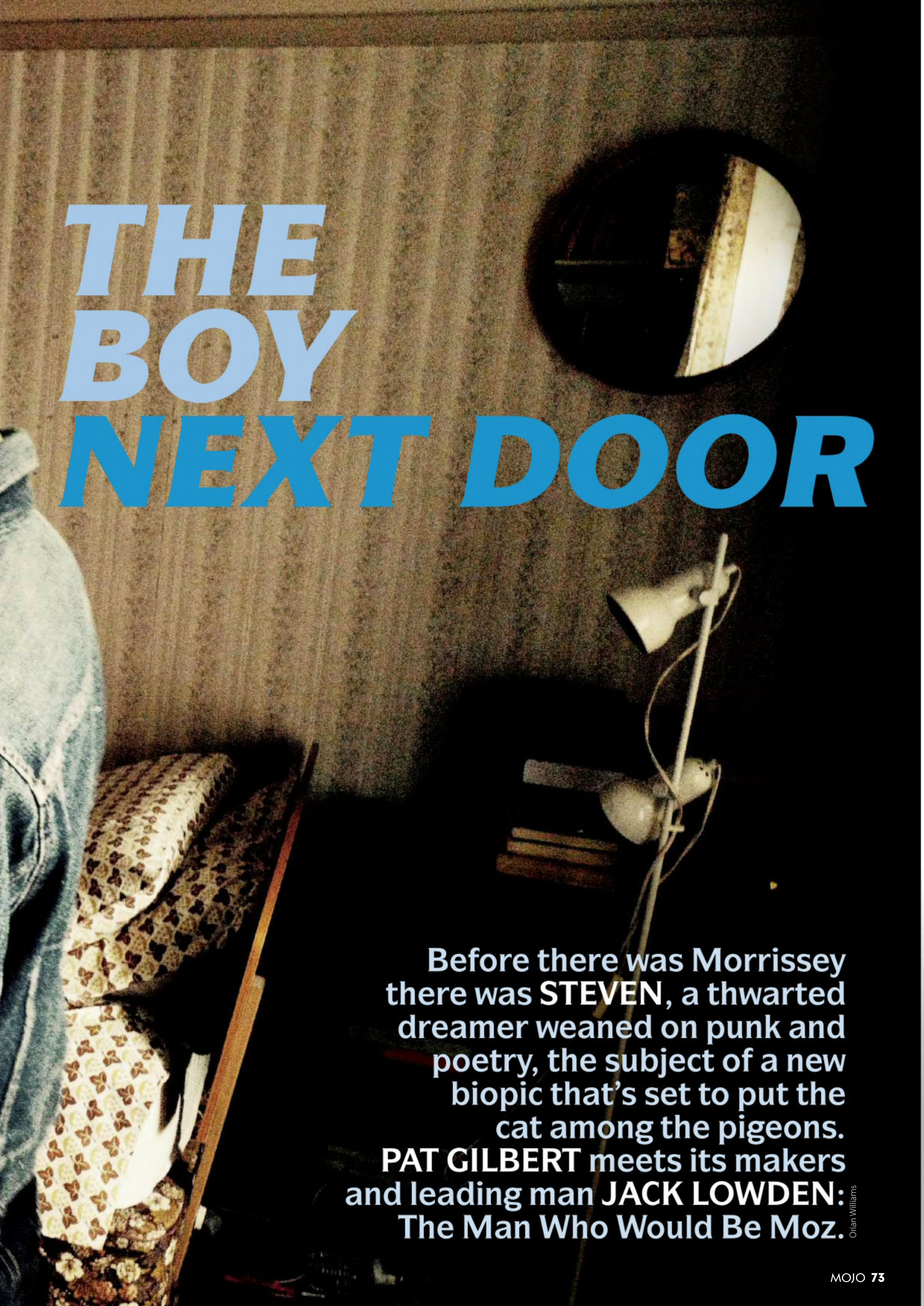
Unfortunately, most Smithsologists agree, it was also during its recording that the seeds of the later, incorrigible bitterness were sown. In the middle of the session Morrissey walked out of Pluto without explanation and travelled to London, from where Rough Trade's Geoff Travis rang to deliver the singer's ultimatum: that Marr announce to Rourke and Joyce the 40-40-10-10 dispensation of the group's non-songwriting income that Morrissey had demanded. It was a shitty job, and Marr appears to have fudged it, telling the rhythm section he was prepared to leave the group – to end it, in effect – if called upon to enforce the split.

With three out of four parties in dismay and the matter still to some degree up in the air, Morrissey returned and completed his vocal. "But I'm still fond of you – oh ho oh…"

> **"IT'S CLEAN AND HARD, RELENTLESS – 'BUMPTIOUS', AND NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT."**

TOP 50 RESUMES ON PAGE 78

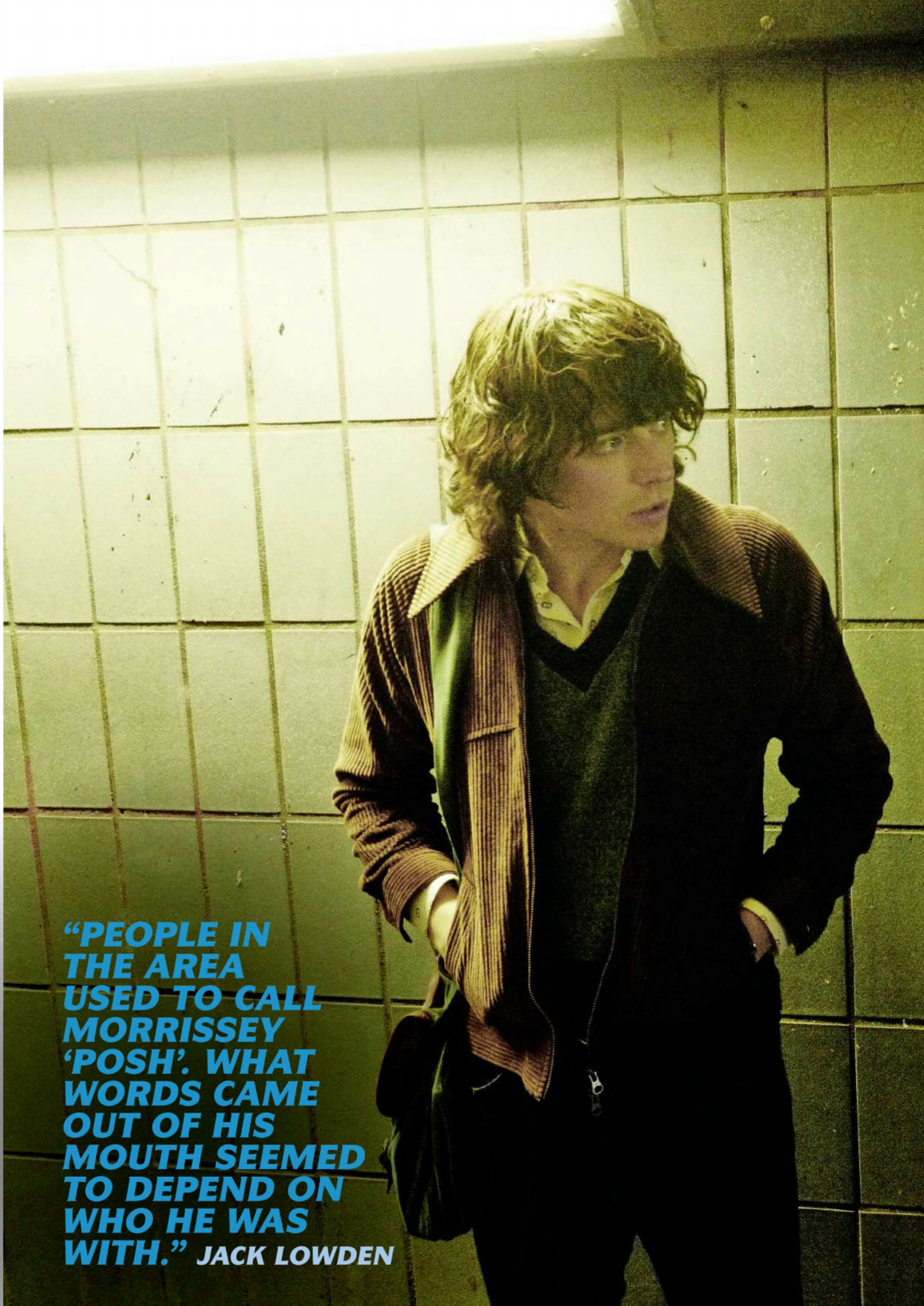
Back to the old house: Jack Lowden as Steven Morrissey and Laurie Kynaston as Johnny Marr meet in Steven.



THE BOY NEXT DOOR

Before there was Morrissey there was **STEVEN**, a thwarted dreamer weaned on punk and poetry, the subject of a new biopic that's set to put the cat among the pigeons. **PAT GILBERT** meets its makers and leading man **JACK LOWDEN**: The Man Who Would Be Moz.

Orian Williams



“PEOPLE IN THE AREA USED TO CALL MORRISSEY ‘POSH’. WHAT WORDS CAME OUT OF HIS MOUTH SEEMED TO DEPEND ON WHO HE WAS WITH.” JACK LOWDEN

IN THE MID-'70S, INHABITANTS OF KINGS ROAD, STRETFORD WERE USED to seeing a slim, bookish teenager pacing the streets, en route to a stroll in the cemetery or perhaps the iron bridge that traversed the railway line between his home and school. And in April this year, so it was again, when a film crew descended on Morrissey's childhood locale in Manchester to shoot Steven, a feature film about the misty pre-fame years of the Smiths icon.

"Watching the shoot was like seeing Morrissey's teenage self come back to life on the streets where he grew up," says Orian Williams, the film's co-producer, who also oversaw the 2007 Ian Curtis biopic Control. "It was a strange realisation, and everyone working on the movie seemed really moved by it."

Since rumours of the project surfaced last year, Steven has been the subject of intense speculation, as fans wondered who would play the singer and what kind of story the film would tell. The first question was answered in March, when it was announced that 25-year-old Jack Lowden, one of the stars of BBC TV's adaptation of War & Peace, had been cast in the lead role. Other than that, the only information available was that Steven would be "a love letter" to the singer, and would end, rather delightfully, when Johnny Marr turns up on his doorstep, unannounced, in May 1982 to suggest forming The Smiths.

Shoot now done, writer and director Mark Gill reveals exclusively to MOJO that the film will focus entirely on Morrissey's teenage life in Manchester, re-creating his journey through adolescence from receiving the Complete Works Of Oscar Wilde, aged 10, as a gift from his mother, to his discovering the New York Dolls in 1972, making his live debut with local act The Nosebleeds and struggling to establish himself as a scriptwriter and music critic.

"We weren't trying to tick boxes, though," explains Gill, who directed 2013's Oscar-nominated short, The Voorman Problem. "We were trying to create a living, breathing character but with those elements playing their part. I wanted to make a film that transcended The Smiths' audience and was simply about this teenager called Steven, who could be anybody with aspirations and doesn't feel like they belong in the world they're brought up in. There has been invention and artistic licence in bringing it to life."

"I WAS DICTATING, IN MY MOST POLITE WAY, THE GROOVE." ANDY ROURKE

Gill has a special connection with the subject matter: although he's a decade or so younger than the real-life Steven Patrick Morrissey, he too was raised in Stretford, his childhood home merely streets away from the singer's family's council house at 384 Kings Road. (Later, he embedded in the Manchester music scene as a member of Peter Hook and David Potts' band Monaco.)

"I wondered how Morrissey survived growing up in that area," reflects Gill. "I was lucky because my parents had ambitions for me and sent me to a good school, but I knew what Morrissey's school [St Mary's] was like, I played football against them, and it was brutal place. So you had Britain on its arse in the '70s and there was this kid living on a council estate in Manchester who thought he was Oscar ➢

"I just played the guy on the page." Lowden as Morrissey, sans specs; (right) Andy Rourke and Marr, appreciating the bass line.

ANDY TAKE A BOW...

The Top 5 Smiths bass lines by Andy Rourke, The Smiths' secret weapon.

1 The Queen Is Dead

"When it started it was a schizophrenic kind of funky, punky instrumental that didn't really go anywhere. I think on the day we recorded it, Johnny had just got a new wah wah pedal so he was kind of putting it through its paces and we went back to this old riff with a different approach, Mike struck up this great drum beat and… it just kind of happened. Johnny's said it's one of the best bass lines ever, and it is pretty good. I was dictating, in my most polite way, the groove."

2 Barbarism Begins At Home

"This was just a riff I had in my head. It *is* the song – I would say it's 80 to 90 per cent bass line. I'm into my funk and this was the closest I could get away with. We used to jam along to it for hours and hours, even pre-Smiths. I was into Stanley Clarke, James Jamerson and, I'm almost embarrassed to say it, Mark King from Level 42. I think doing more in that style would have been a terrible idea, though. People would probably have assassinated us."

3 Rubber Ring

"It's got this almost reggae vibe when it starts – very un-Smiths like. Very fun to play, and a great song. On The Boy With The Thorn In His Side 12-inch, Asleep is like Rubber Ring's lullaby ending, I think, though I don't think the two were conceived together."

4 Meat Is Murder

"I found the whole song hypnotic. And obviously, the bass dictates the whole way through it. There's Johnny's really eerie piano playing over the top, Morrissey's direction is very strong… it still gives me goosebumps. Of course it's a team effort, and some teams are bigger than others."

5 Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before

"I would say right before we split up we were probably at our peak. Here, again, I was rocking out, there's a funk element to it, the punctuation on it, and there's countermelodies again – me and Johnny working in unison. Which is what I fucking loved about The Smiths. If it was mixed better, you could probably hear it better. I'm always, 'Turn the bass up! You can't fucking hear it!' Then everyone tells me you *can* hear the bass line and I need to calm down."

As told to Ian Harrison

Orian Williams, Andrew Catlin

< Wilde. I felt the earliest Smiths songs were written by 'Steven', as he was then, rather than Morrissey, and I always wondered who Steven really was. So I started digging."

GILL WROTE THE SCREENPLAY WITH FRIEND William Thacker, and though they were familiar with the two standard works on The Smiths – Johnny Rogan's The Severed Alliance and Tony Fletcher's A Light That Never Goes Out – their research drew primarily on conversations with the singer's ever-evolving circle of teenage friends and Stretford residents who knew the Morrissey family in the '70s.

What the writers quickly recognised was the powerful role "strong women" played in shaping Steven's character: from his mother Betty, who recognised her son's individuality and nurtured his interest in the arts, to his sister Jacqueline and Linder Sterling, a fellow aesthete and designer of the first Buzzcocks' record sleeves, who to this day remains a close confidante.

Another formative, but less well-documented, female friendship was with a Lancashire-based music fan called Anji Hardy, whom Morrissey describes in his 2013 memoir Autobiography as a girl who "uses her madcap humour as an excuse for everything, and every single day is an orgy of hysterical sensation". Hardy died of leukaemia in 1977 having known the singer for just a short time, but Gill was able to track down her family, who were delighted for her to be remembered in the film. (In fact, her parents appear briefly as extras.)

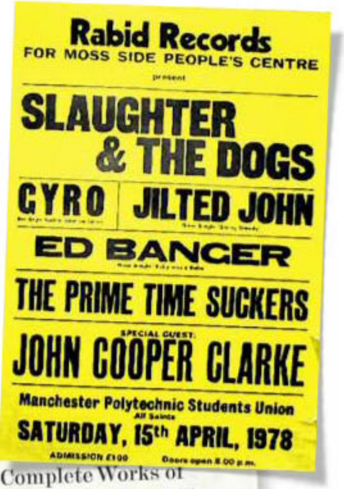
"Anji's family were really helpful," says Gill. "Everybody knows about Morrissey's fixation with the Moors Murders and, of course, the first song he writes with Johnny Marr is Suffer Little Children. Anji's sister said that Anji was fascinated by the Moors Murders and true crime, and you wonder if that influenced Morrissey. They met at a concert where she was wearing a New York Dolls T-shirt, and they connected over music. She seemed like a very different person to Linder."

Sadly, Hardy didn't live long enough to see Steven become the frontman of his own group, which he eventually did – for two gigs in spring 1978 – with The Nosebleeds, whose original singer and guitarist was replaced by Morrissey and Billy Duffy. Duffy, who went on to modest success in Theatre Of Hate and then superstardom with The Cult, was invaluable to the film, advising the writers on all aspects of the Steven he knew, as well as The Nosebleeds' brief career.

"Billy has a photographic memory, so he could tell us exactly what they were wearing and what they played," says Gill. "He said that, even then, there was never any doubt Morrissey had something special, and impressed everybody with his lyric writing. He remembered him as being funny but also very shy and retiring – then when he got on stage it was like a switch had been thrown."

For Jack Lowden, the Scottish actor cast as Steven, the scene where the 18-year-old Morrissey makes his stage debut – at Manchester Polytechnic – was one of the most enjoyable and challenging to shoot. "The film was made with so much love and attention," he says. "It wasn't just Mark [Gill] who was a massive Smiths fan, most of the crew were too. Jimmy, the carpenter who made most of the sets, came from Stretford and was actually at The Nosebleeds' gig. As the film is about Steven before he came to be Morrissey, you had to imagine how he might have performed, but if Jimmy gave me a wink I knew I was on the right track."

Lowden, a respected stage actor who shot to fame earlier this year playing dashing but flighty Nikolai Rostov in BBC TV's adaptation of War & Peace, admits he knew little about The Smiths or Morrissey before he read the script last year. What attracted him to the part, he says, was "the character they'd written. I just played the guy on the page, this guy Steven. For me, that was the key to go at it, rather than being scared of portraying this massive icon to people. In our story he's a teenager who wants to be perceived in a certain way, and I find that really endearing in people, but at times it doesn't always work out, which makes it so human and beautiful."



Rabid Records
FOR MOSS SIDE PEOPLE'S CENTRE
present
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
GYRO
JILTED JOHN
ED BANGER
THE PRIME TIME SUCKERS
SPECIAL GUEST:
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
Manchester Polytechnic Students Union
All Saints
SATURDAY, 15th APRIL, 1978
ADMISSION £1.00
Doors open 8.00 p.m.

Complete Works of
Oscar Wilde
Introduced by Vyvyan Holland

Turned out miserable again: Steven gets a soaking on set and (right) gets writing; (insets from far left) fascinations and fixations: New York Dolls; Oscar Wilde; Morrissey's second gig with The Nosebleeds, still billed as Ed Banger; director Mark Gill (far left) and co-producer Baldwin Li (second right); Billy Duffy (centre) with Theatre Of Hate; Moors monsters Ian Brady and Myra Hindley.

"MORRISSEY HASN'T SAID ANYTHING, WHICH IS THE REACTION I LEAST EXPECTED."
MARK GILL (DIRECTOR)

The particular and precise language Steven uses in the script also helped Lowden to unlock his character. “A lot seemed to rely on the words he chose and when he chose to use them,” he says. “They would probably be quite out of the ordinary for where he grew up, which was very working class. We’ve spoken to people in the area who knew him and they used to call him ‘posh’. What words came out of his mouth seemed to depend on who he was with. He’d speak differently with his mother than with people he might be trying to impress.”

Lowden’s observation chimes with Morrissey’s recollection in Autobiography of his first-ever meeting with Marr, then aged 14, at a Patti Smith gig at the Ardwick Apollo in August 1978, when the guitarist’s single contribution to the conversation was, “You’ve got a funny voice.” The singer writes, “The comment contained an oblique confession, which said: you don’t talk as shockingly bad as I do.”

MARK GILL POINTS OUT THAT NEITHER MORRISSEY nor Marr have been involved in the making of Steven, or given it official blessing, though both camps are aware of it. “Marr’s response was, ‘It’s not really about me, but I wish you the best of luck,’” explains Gill. “Morrissey hasn’t said anything, which is the reaction I least expected. When we’ve got something to show him, hopefully he’ll be interested and see that it’s honest and in the right spirit. He may recognise himself in it, he may not.”

The film, now in post-production, will be released in 2017, no doubt to intense scrutiny from Smiths-watchers – though it is unlikely to portray Morrissey in anything other than a sympathetic light. “There are moments when he’s funny, moments when he’s caustic and moments when he’s quite tender,” says Gill. “I think he’s like any young person trying to find out who they are in the world. And the amount of humour will surprise people, though not those who laugh out loud at some of The Smiths lyrics.”

Orian Williams, who’s produced the film with Gill’s Voorman Problem collaborator Baldwin Li, thinks Steven has achieved all that it set out to. “We made a trailer for the crew about halfway through the shoot, and there wasn’t a dry eye in the house,” he says. “From the first day on set, I could see this was going to be something special.”

Orian Williams (2), Getty Images (2), Alamy (2), Rex

WRITE TO REPLY

Three years after Morrissey’s Autobiography, Johnny Marr’s Set The Boy Free will give his side. “I’m not short of material,” he told Ian Harrison.

“I couldn’t put it off any longer,” Johnny Marr told MOJO about his autobiography, due out on November 3 through Century. “I got offered my first book deal in 1996 [the year of the Mike Joyce court case], and every few years the same publisher kept asking me and asking me. Then when Andrew [Loog Oldham] put his out I thought what a great thing it was, and when Nile [Rodgers] put his out… it coincided with me being offered a deal, and he sort of twisted my arm, really. It gets your mates out, finally, of having to listen to your old war stories. They can just go and buy it.”

“IT GETS YOUR MATES OUT OF HAVING TO LISTEN TO YOUR OLD WAR STORIES.” **JOHNNY MARR**

The title – Set The Boy Free – relates, he says, to escape and discovery, which equate to, “Transcendence. I found it through rock’n’roll and art and a journey living both in the modern world.” It will cover his early days listening to the Everlys and The Hollies at home in Ardwick and Wythenshawe, through the five years of highs and lows in Smith-dom, the group’s sorry split and the master guitarist’s last three decades’ endeavours with The Healers, Electronic, Modest Mouse, The The, Hans Zimmer and others. “I’m not short of material,” says Marr, who, like his friends Oldham and Rodgers, declined to use a ghost writer. “I tend to write a few thousand words and then use that as an excuse to swan around for a few weeks like Noël Coward in a smoking jacket…”

Interest runs high in the chapters that will give Marr’s perspective on The Smiths. Have other books on the subject been lacking, does he think? “I know who you’re talking about,” he says. “[Morrissey] has his view on things and his reasons for doing things, like everybody else. I have mine. I assume the people who are going to want to read my book have a certain kind of mindset and certain kind of interests, and have a certain kind of intelligence. I don’t want to underestimate that. Plus, I stopped being that interested in musicians’ books quite a number of years ago. I’m gonna try to avoid it being like the usual musician thing. Even if they’re good they seem to take a similar kind of path.”

Mention of Boy, Interrupted: Memoir Of A Former Smith, by short-tenured early bassist Dale Hibbert, strikes a discordant note. “Now, that just takes the cake, and that is typical of what The Smiths became,” says Marr, unaware of it until now. “I mean, every single one of them except one is a total load of shit – the one that isn’t is Tony Fletcher’s book, because he’s a decent guy, spoke to lot of people and didn’t appear to have some personal agenda. It was more balanced, and most of the things that are in there I do remember happening.”

But do those events of 30 years ago seem different, on reflection? “Events don’t change,” he says. “I’m still on good terms with a lot of people who were close to the band, y’know, and so over the years I’ve heard different perspectives on different things, whether it was tours or records being made or whatever, hanging out with Stephen Street, the sound man, the tour manager… there’s not really that much reappraisal. I mean, hopefully you get smarter as you get older, there’s got to be some benefits to all of this – wisdom and maturity and a certain kind of sanguine quality. But I don’t know. I think I probably always had that anyway, to be honest.”

30 HALF A PERSON

(Shoplifters Of The World Unite B-side, 1987)

Morbid, pale, 16, clumsy, shy: Morrissey as teen stalker.

In obsessive pursuit of the star performer, Morrissey nailed the deep yearning for connection and validation that he experienced as a fanboy, and the role of the Smiths fanatic trapped in the same space. Craig Gannon's presence adds to the electric-acoustic thicket, but compared to the five-piece-era Smiths' default muscularity it's still all masterfully subtle. The mood is resigned and tearful, but Morrissey permits himself a Carry On-worthy joke, about checking into the YWCA and seeking employment as a backscrubber. *MA*

29 WELL I WONDER

(from *Meat Is Murder*, 1985)

For when There Is A Light… is too life-affirming.

There was talk of this being a single. Imagine the whooping Top Of The Pops crowd's reaction as the group played this vaporous depiction of intense romantic yearning, not so much a matter of life and death as one where the singer is already poised to meet his maker. Resigned and fragile, certain sonic details – tambourine flourishes, the closing downpour sound effects, Morrissey's terminal falsetto – recall The Ronettes' Walking In The Rain, another meditation on a beauteous notion just out of reach. One of the essential portals into The Smiths' world, it was, significantly, never played live. *IH*

28 SOME GIRLS ARE BIGGER THAN OTHERS

(from *The Queen Is Dead*, 1986)

Carry On From Beyond The Grave.

"We meant every note and that's probably why it still sounds vital," Johnny Marr has said of *The Queens Is Dead*. That determination extended to its experiments, most explicitly the album's closing track; the sound of The Smiths' universe purposely expanding. Stephen Street's "passing a doorway" opening fade is charming but also eerie and Some Girls… shimmers with an unearthly depth that belies its comedy title, spectral reverb illuminating Marr's guitar, as Morrissey delivers lines of (Sid) Jamesian wit with sublime *fin de siècle* exhaustion. Both funny strange *and* funny ha-ha; two of The Smiths' greatest qualities shining in unison. *PS*

27 HANDSOME DEVIL

(Hand In Glove B-side, 1983)

Seditious flip-side to the group's first official release.

The Peel session version, as heard on *Hatful Of Hollow*, has more poise. But this Hand In Glove B-side – recorded live at The Haçienda in February 1983 – was an essential aspect of Morrissey's early provocative homoeroticism, delivered with a raw brazenness that was soon done away with. Lyrics such as "When we're in your scholarly room/Who will swallow whom?" are underscored by the sleeve photo of naked male buttocks, while Morrissey's terse live vocal, and the group's chaotic bovver drive, only serve to increase the urgent boy-zone carnality – a lusty milieu that's equal parts Brideshead and Bolton Wanderers. *RW*

"I soon realised the irony."

The Decemberists' Colin Meloy salutes Morrissey's dynamic voice.

"Morrissey's writing in The Smiths works on so many levels. At a very surface level, as an oppressed pre-teen in rural Montana, the sentiments of Please Please Please Let Me Get What I Want were what spoke to me. But I soon realised the irony. This was funny! And yet the humour doesn't make it a joke; it's what gives you permission to shout your troubles to the world.

At the start, he writes so well from his own experience as a marginalised young person, grappling with his sexuality, but he's also brilliant at finding a moment or a location and painting it. Rusholme Ruffians is one of my favourite songs; in a matter of minutes he's written this world that feels so real, this ambient construction of an evening at the fair. There are the characters – the hoodlums – and a combination of feeling thwarted and fearing for your life. Later he achieves fame and his writing becomes more about fame and the nature of fame. But you find that feeling out of place can coexist with fame and being beloved. It's a fascinating arc.

I like it when he throws out these big questions then totally deflates them. Like in Stretch Out And Wait – 'Will the world end in the day time?/I really don't know…' His way of couching self-seriousness with humour, it makes for such a dynamic voice. But that's what the human experience *is*: feeling like the biggest piece of shit, but also feeling like everybody has to hear *my* voice."

As told to Danny Eccleston

26 I WON'T SHARE YOU

(from *Strangeways, Here We Come*, 1987)

And so, this is how it ends. Not with a bang but a whimper.

The Smiths' catastrophic derailment rendered as slow ache, the voluptuous echo enveloping Marr's airy autoharp strum suggestive of a pre-Beatles pop weepie while the cooing lyric is all-too-easily parsed as Morrissey's desperate, helplessly self-centred plea to the disaffected guitarist: don't leave me because, "with the drive and the dreams inside/This is my time". One more verse and a lengthier echoing fade-out may have been even more fitting. But then, they didn't *know* it was their epitaph. *DE*

25 ACCEPT YOURSELF

(from *Hatful Of Hollow*, 1984)

Self-help shimmy for the Forever Ill.

A clarion frolic with a touch of the mid-'60s Holland-Dozier-Hollands about it, The Smiths' fourth released song joyously cast Morrissey as his audience's "sick, dull, plain" counsellor of self-loathing and bad shoes. With Joyce's awkward drum halts suggesting hurdles to be cleared, the singer's wry, understanding entreaty to be yourself, whatever that might be, provoked hysteric fantail. Yet despite anatomising the malady, he is unable to take his own advice and opts for trusty defeat instead. Even in The Smiths' first flush, the seeds of collapse were germinating. The earlier pristine David Jensen session version wins out over the rockier, slightly muffled John Porter-produced This Charming Man B-side. *IH*

24 DEATH OF A DISCO DANCER

(from *Strangeways, Here We Come*, 1987)

Beautifully valedictory. And, on piano, Morrissey's sole instrumental contribution to The Smiths

If Morrissey was Mark E Smith he might have claimed this track as pre-cognition of later drug-related death in The Haçienda. While the lyric carries an eerily empathetic overview of our earthly hopes, fears and tribulations, Marr emphasises the band's now canonical status by taking a lead from The Beatles' Dear Prudence. The exhilaratingly free-willed ensemble playing shows a band wonderfully at ease with one another, just before they come to an untimely end. *RW*

23 A RUSH AND A PUSH AND THE LAND IS OURS

(from *Strangeways, Here We Come*, 1987)

In a ghostly fashion and *sans* guitars, so commences their swansong.

Strangeways… begins, with plangent piano, a taste of Dickensian doom (witness "the ghost of troubled Joe"), and a revolutionary call-to-arms, camply delivered by a Morrissey who sounds like he's wilting in the spotlight. "I was determined to have a track starting the album with no guitars on," said Marr – which frames this as a subtle glimpse of some of the buried artistic tensions that were about to snap, and what might have flowered on a hypothetical fifth LP. *JH*

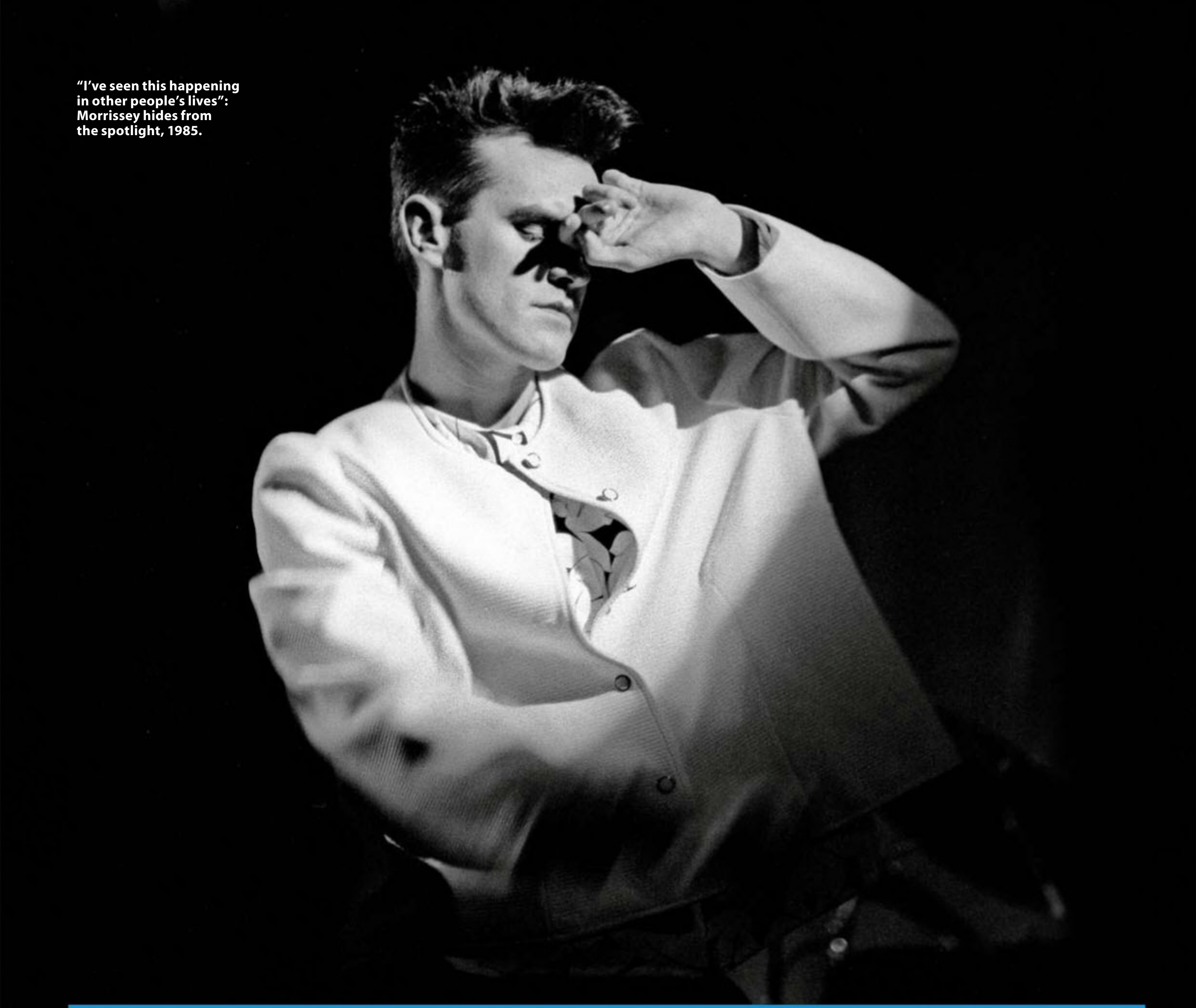
22 ASLEEP

(The Boy With The Thorn In His Side B-side, 1985)

Suicide never sounded so inviting.

Rubber Ring's answer song. If you won't think kindly of "songs that saved your life", it posited, what of this? Like some Victorian parlour variant of Norwegian Wood, where chill winds and upright piano accompany Morrissey's plea for deepest rest, Asleep is deceptive in its simplicity. Is the song addressed to a friend? A lover? Himself? Death? And are Morrissey's final wordless cries and that reverbed music-box melody the enticing sound of that other better world? *AM*

Andrew Caitlin, Autumn De Wolde


"I've seen this happening in other people's lives": Morrissey hides from the spotlight, 1985.

A CORROSIVE KIND OF ENDING. BY ANDREW MALE.

21

THAT JOKE ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE

(from *Meat Is Murder*, 1985)

It begins like a haunted reflection of This Charming Man, both in the song's setting – the "cold leather seats" of a parked car – and the pale echo of that plangent guitar melody. Arguably the first Morrissey composition written about The Smiths' media circus, That Joke… is an exhalation of glorious defeat, a ghostly retelling of a perennial Morrissey tale of sensual liberation, and a doomy repurposing of their first pop triumph, but with dark clouds gathering on the hills and all the humour stripped out. Written in the wake of a series of articles in the music weeklies that had mocked Morrissey's "miserable" outlook and questioned his artistic sincerity, That Joke… also drags the Morrissey mythos out of the fantastical songwriting briar patch of memory, movies and Manchester, onto the hard shoulder of the cold grim present. A theatrical mask has been dropped, the comedy has been replaced by tragedy. Later reports and rumours suggested that the song referenced Morrissey's friendship with – and later betrayal by – an unnamed music writer and, well, you couldn't wish for a sadder metaphor, could you? If you want to draw a line in The Smiths' career, the point where Morrissey's gaze turned inward, a sense of romantic universality was lost, and a particular kind of acid began to corrode the engine, it is here. Ironically, That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore showcases the band at their collaborative peak. After the deceptively innocent 12-string jangle that recalls better days, Marr's guitar takes us in a gentle dance as Joyce's funereal toms and Rourke's doomy, growling bass pull us further downward. The sense is of something sensual turning unpleasant, a tubercular moorland fog leaking in through the windows of the parked car, and overwhelming everything; pulling us out of the pop light and into a whole new world of darkness. The dance continues, a vitiated ringing waltz to Morrissey's heartsick refrain of "When they fall down/You kick them when they fall down" until at the 1:55 point, when a wash of phased Marr effects join the waltzing guitar and Morrissey delivers the final and most telling refrain of the song: "I've seen this happen in other people's lives/And now it's happening in mine." In the words of Mia Farrow in Rosemary's Baby, "This is not a dream. This is really happening" – the chill realisation that his wish has come true and he is now the central star of his songs' own dark dramas. This fresh awareness becomes a trap, singer caught in his refrain, the words repeated over and over to a multitracked choir of lamenting Morrisseys and Marr's keening, echoing guitar, somewhere between sickness and euphoria. Neither, it seemed to say, were they out of it, for after a gentle fade-out at the 3:45 mark the song fades back in, like some brumous revenant, refusing to give up its quarry.

> "HE IS NOW THE CENTRAL STAR OF HIS SONGS' OWN DARK DRAMAS."

"Nobody knows how anybody feels": Marr tunes up his Gibson; Morrissey sizes up the camera, backstage at Reading University, February 1984.

SOUR VIGNETTE OF TEEN ROMANCE. BY JENNY BULLEY.

20

GIRL AFRAID

(Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now 12-inch B-side, 1984)

Asked on '80s Saturday morning children's TV programme Data Run, "Why do you hold flowers when you sing?" Morrissey replied, with characteristic wryness, "I think flowers are very beautiful things… They don't harm anybody, they don't burp, they don't do anything ugly." Not for the last time would Morrissey rue human vulgarity amid nature's purity, though perhaps mindful of his young audience he concluded with a smirk, "It's better, I think, than waving socks about."

A few weeks later, in May 1984, Morrissey would reach peak comic malcontent on Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now. Its B-side, written on the same winter's evening of January 2 in a New York hotel room, was the second song Johnny Marr wrote on his brand new red Gibson 355, bought that afternoon by The Smiths' new US label boss Seymour Stein.

Like its more celebrated A-side, Girl Afraid gives vivid voice to adolescent awkwardness, observed with brutal clarity by Morrissey as a teenage girl and boy bemoan their almost-love affair, taking a verse each, like a kitchen sink musical. In this Moss Side Story the girl complains: "He never even looks at me/I give him every opportunity." While the beleaguered boy insists: "But she doesn't even like me/And I know because she said so." Both sides resolve to "never make that mistake again", and any chance of love is thwarted, when all either was really afraid of was rejection.

At only 2:45 and predominantly instrumental, this heartbreaking vignette is a rare example of lyrical distance for Morrissey, who tended to write in the first-person (Suffer Little Children being another notable exception). He taps directly into the teenage desire to be part of the adult world while still lacking the language or experience to do so fully and retreating into childish defences.

> "A VICIOUS CIRCLE OF SELF DOUBT AND SEXUAL FRUSTATION IN A TOUGH ROCKABILLY RIFF."

Girl Afraid, "which I imagined as a piano song", Johnny Marr told NME.com recently, starts with his circling guitar intro, mirroring the song's vicious circle of self doubt and sexual frustration in a tough, rockabilly riff on that new Gibson 355. "Maybe," Marr suggested, "because it looks like a rock'n'roll guitar."

Elsewhere, Morrissey is reported as saying: "I think Girl Afraid simply implied that even within relationships there's no real certainty and nobody knows how anybody feels." His rather cynical view of heterosexual relationships was reflected in the song's sourly unromantic conclusion. "People feel," Moz went on, "that just simply because they're having this cemented communion with another person that the two of you will become whole, which is something I truly detested. I hate that, that implication. It's not true anyway. Ultimately, you're on your own…" Johnny Marr, now married for 35 years, may disagree.

While in New York, Morrissey met 18-year-old Amanda Malone who was working in the office of their promoter. With a view to following Sandie Shaw's successful cover of Hand In Glove, he suggested she come to London and record a single, This Charming Man b/w Girl Afraid, which she did. The results, though, were deemed too poor (Marr: "She sang like Cicely Courtneidge in a 16-year-old Barbara Windsor's body") and the single was abandoned.

THE 50 GREATEST SMITHS SONGS

19

THE HEADMASTER RITUAL

(from *Meat Is Murder*, 1985)

Now *that's* how to begin an album.

The debut LP's anticlimax plus How Soon Is Now?'s subsequent impact, heaped pressure upon *Meat Is Murder*, which The Headmaster Ritual duly shrugged off in seconds. A military six-of-the-best from Joyce, together with Marr's declamatory riffing and Rourke's urgency indicated the band's revitalised dynamic, with sufficient confidence to delay their singer's entry for almost a minute. Morrissey's contribution was equally muscular, repaying the "spineless bastards" of St Mary's Secondary Modern with the sole instance of profanity in a Smiths lyric. *KC*

18

THE BOY WITH THE THORN IN HIS SIDE

(Single, 1985)

A melodic Morrissey lashes out at a world refusing to let him bloom.

Autumn '85, Morrissey is now a household name, but has clearly found little comfort in it. On one level, a song bemoaning artistic failure, and a gripe about label exploitation, but, with one line – "Behind the hatred there lies/A murderous desire for love" – solipsism turns universal: we all ponder our failures, we're all exploited, and, yes, we all need to be loved. None of this would work without Marr's almost frivolous guitar, which lifts the bitterness heavenward. *SW*

17

STRETCH OUT AND WAIT

(Shakespeare's Sister 12-inch B-side, 1985)

Morrissey's unusually contemplative take on sex and sensuality.

Those marvelling at the quality of Smiths B-sides rarely point here, a particularly gentle sweet spot, from Joyce's brushes and the singular tambourine shake in the chorus to the stripped acoustic arrangement and Morrissey's incredibly rare sang-froid – rather than his 'woeful' default – take on the misery of hormones. He doesn't even dismiss outright the idea of having children. He'd never again sound so wistful. *The World Won't Listen* version is an equally rare bird in the band's catalogue, with a new vocal and alternate opening verse. *MA*

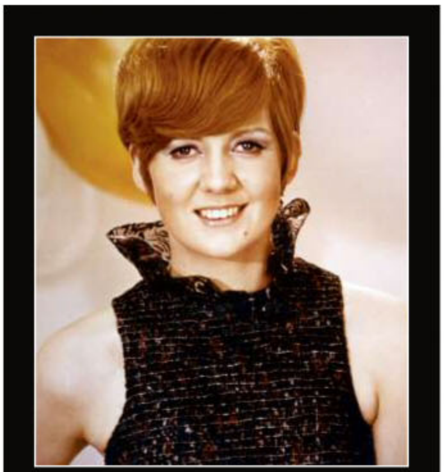
16

SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

(Single, 1987)

Durkheimian psych-rock gazumps original A-side You Just Haven't Earned It Yet Baby.

Superficially a return to the pungent rhythmic impressionism of How Soon Is Now?, in fact Shoplifters… demonstrated late-era reserves of artistry, its deep instrumental strokes magnifying the lyrics' ambivalence. As designated sole producer, Marr was clearly keen to show his mettle. The teased squealing sliver of solo guitar (influenced by Roy Buchanan and Nils Lofgren) exemplifies the song's exquisite tension, whence Morrissey projects petty theft as the heroic response to alienation from modern life: "I was bored before I even began." *KC*



"Buy both/and feel deceived."

The Smiths at their lowest ebb.

Frankly, Mr Shankly

(from The Queen Is Dead, 1986)

Yes, Morrissey's lyrics are a tiresome dig at Rough Trade but, surely, so is that jerk-weary pop-reggae rhythm, cut by a burned-out band in an end-of-album session funk.

Golden Lights

(Ask 12-inch B-side, 1986)

Dubbed "the worst thing [they] ever committed to vinyl" by Smiths authority Simon Goddard, this ill-advised Twinkle cover is brought lower by a 'psychedelic' mix of almost self-sabotaging ineptitude.

Unhappy Birthday

(from Strangeways, Here We Come, 1987)

Worse was to come in his solo career but surely this is the blueprint for all those bitter, enervating nursery rhyme diatribes that dogged Morrissey's solo career.

Paint A Vulgar Picture

(from Strangeways, Here We Come, 1987)

Morrissey's unsubtle critique of the record industry is only half-helped by an all-stops-pulled Marr arrangement that inadvertently highlights the wearying moans of his now jaded (and short-winded) singer.

Work Is A Four Letter Word

(Girlfriend In A Coma B-side, 1987)

Suggested as a Morrissey tease at a fraught time in the studio, cut by a band numbed by numerous narcotics, this cover of a 1968 Cilla Black (pictured) number is The Smiths at their most soulless. *(AM)*

15

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

(Single, 1986)

Not just a comeback masterclass, but maybe the greatest rock single of the 1980s.

Thanks partly to legal argy-bargy, eight months had passed since their previous single: an eternity, in Smiths terms. So, rising to the moment, they issued what Marr called "our Jumpin' Jack Flash": a raw, galloping encapsulation of murderous spite ("I'd like to smash every tooth in your head"), riding on propulsive acoustic guitars and a genius chord progression. On YouTube, see them do it live on BBC2's Old Grey Whistle Test, with Moz cracking the mike-lead like a whip: their imperial phase incarnate. *JH*

14

I KNOW IT'S OVER

(from *The Queen Is Dead*, 1986)

For the quiet ones – an allegory of suicide.

With Morrissey as his mouthpiece, Marr got to re-imagine the orchestrated torch balladry of Dusty Springfield, on which he was raised. The backing may be sparse, Marr's guitar strums over bass and drums, but the morose melodrama creates gothic intensity. The song begins and ends with the same line – "Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head" – at first, carrying the weight of abject misery, by the end, the elation of escape. In between are expressed feelings of surrender, self-hatred, social isolation, and profound wisdom – "It's so easy to hate, it takes strength to be gentle and kind." *LW*

13

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE LET ME GET WHAT I WANT

(William, It Was Really Nothing B-side, 1984)

The Smiths' most compact song: a heart-wrenching invocation for a better life.

For Marr, this was an opportunity to recreate the claustrophobic smother of Del Shannon's The Answer To Everything, a song evocative of his childhood, hence Please's emotion-capsizing 1 minute 50 seconds that captures Morrissey pining for happier times: "See the luck I've had/Could make a good man turn bad". Morrissey likened it to "a very brief punch in the face", and the despondency is palpable as Marr's plangent minor chord guitar pickings and mournful mandolin (played by producer John Porter) score the cries of the human soul. *LW*

12

LAST NIGHT I DREAMT THAT SOMEBODY LOVED ME

(from *Strangeways, Here We Come*, 1987)

The final crescendo before the liner sinks.

Morrissey's live version of this song, recorded at Earl's Court in 2005, ends with the plea, "Don't forget me." Their last epic, and a posthumous single, evokes a similar valedictory torment. Opening with the sounds of a bloodthirsty mob and a punch-drunk piano, this sumptuous, roiling torch song ballad-opera recalls I'm Lost Without You by Billy Fury, who was also the cover star for the track's single release. Marr later suggested this stately, collapsing edifice could have offered a possible future route. Even if it had, it's hard to imagine them bettering this. *IH*

11

BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE

(from *Hatful Of Hollow*, 1984)

The Smiths unplug for John Peel session.

The John Porter-produced full band studio version, issued on the flip of What Difference Does It Make?, lacks the emotional power of Morrissey and Marr's first recorded performance of it, for John Peel. The pair, in perfect harmony, transcend time and place on a song that could easily be part of the folk tradition, but is written by them. Morrissey's voice, desolate, recalls a love that never was; Marr's respiratory finger-picking, indebted to Bert Jansch, resonates with a spiral wonder that's out of this world. *LW*

Tom Sheehan, Alamy

10 STILL ILL

(from *Hatful Of Hollow*, 1984)

There's more to life than album versions, you know?

As weedy as its bookish concerns, the version of Still Ill on The Smiths' first album was perhaps the biggest victim of the band's early production missteps. Fortunately, indie's answer to French polishers, John Peel, was on hand to save its reputation in the eyes of musical posterity. Bookended with Stonesy harmonica, Still Ill's intricate jangles and academic witticisms ("Does the body rule the mind or does the mind rule the body/I dunno") found increased robustness in a Maida Vale studio at the hands of BBC producer Roger Pusey. Muscular yet subtle, with that beefy rhythm section, Morrissey and Marr's vision was finally rendered in widescreen. *PS*

9 HAND IN GLOVE

(Single, 1983)

The self-produced debut, memorably clothed in an image from Margaret Walters' book The Nude Male.

They already had a song with conventional hit appeal – What Difference Does It Make? – but The Smiths knew their debut single required something extraordinary. So Hand In Glove fades in, as if it had always existed in another mythic dimension, with Marr's harmonica and guitar mournfully shadowing the rhythm section's exultant propulsion, the ramparts from which Morrissey proclaimed, "We have something they'll never have." Amid this auspicious dawn, utterly convinced that the world would listen, The Smiths meant every word. *KC*

8 HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW

(Single, 1984)

Le Misérable opens to much acclaim – as Job Centre tristesse leads to abstinent-anthem gold.

Real Ur-Moz origins here – written in New York's Iroquois Hotel, once occupied by James Dean, and incorporating a pun on the 1969 Sandie Shaw single Heaven Knows I'm Missing Him Now. Once the Tory-defying stick-your-job shtick had been allied to Marr's sunny, optimistic music, The Smiths had a passive-aggressive signature tune – one that grandstands Morrissey's mondo mope so defiantly that thematic transcendence is achieved. *RW*

7 PANIC

(Single, 1986)

Morrissey's controversial "tiny revolution" turns pop music into a matter of life and death.

Keeping The Queen Is Dead's insurrectionary fires burning, Panic is the wake-up call to NHS-spectacled sleeper cells in "Carlisle, Dublin, Dundee, Humberside" (an army made flesh in the Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before video). An attack on the pop mainstream, its intemperate ire echoes Morrissey's passionate letter-writing adolescence, while Johnny Marr's desire to make "a T.Rex record" (in this case, Metal Guru) and eerie visions from the "pro-vin-ci-al" side-streets, expand it into a dystopian beauty. *VS*

"Those sleeves were like signposts."

The Smiths aesthetic by Richard Hawley.

"I vividly remember the first time I heard The Smiths. I was 15 and my grandfather had just given me his old stereo system with a pair of headphones, those earmuff ones with a curly whirly-style lead. Every night I'd lie on my bed, stick them on and religiously listen to John Peel with the light off. One night this band came on with this *sound* and it was like someone had turned the light on in my room! The Smiths' words and beautiful music was so powerful. As a teenage boy, I felt like I was being directly spoken to. I still do. There was little between what Morrissey was saying and the listener's life. It was very potent. There was nothing exclusive about it, it seemed to be made for you. That's what I've always loved about The Smiths, the music and look, the humanity of it. It was something you could relate to, too.

You could see that with each of the record sleeves; there was a thread through them. Morrissey included Northern heroes, cinematic heroes, folk from Coronation Street. The Smiths created their own world and the sleeves were like its signposts and bus stops. The design was carefully orchestrated, the lettering was always the same and I loved that uniformity. It meant you got excited about the releases, you'd wonder who would be on the next single: What image would it be? It was as much a part of The Smiths as the music.

Did The Smiths inspire my quiff? Morrissey didn't influence that, I've got the pictures to prove it! (*laughs*). But it comes from the same place. We all grew up with our parents' record collection, that '50s influence was important to us.

I saw them live in Maize Bar in Sheffield just after they'd been on The Tube. It was 50p to get in and was packed to the door. It was insanely exciting. It was before the daffodils and all that but they still had their look. They had a swagger and Johnny had that gunfighter thing going on. They were incredible players, not like your typical indie band – three chords and the truth thrashed out at maximum volume. I loved that too, but The Smiths were more subtle, orchestrated and tasteful. A wonderful band. It felt like a light had been switched off when they split up."

As told to Paul Stokes

6 WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY NOTHING

(Single, 1984)

Marr's first conscious aim at the perfect three-minute single, brilliantly realised.

'William' was reputedly Associates singer Billy Mackenzie, a similarly maverick fish out of water in Britain's post-punk aftermath, who inspired Morrissey to flag the dangers of matrimony: he always did advocate looking after number one. It's an audacious arrangement: Marr's sparkling Aztec Camera-style intro lasts just four seconds before Morrissey's vocal sweeps in; there's just the one verse, a jubilant chorus only repeated once, and a galloping middle eight through to a swooning finale, as scintillating in form as it is in brevity. *MA*

5 REEL AROUND THE FOUNTAIN

(from *Hatful Of Hollow*, 1984)

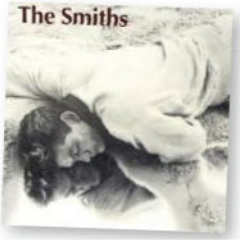
Indie-rock inversion of the power ballad – lighter-wielding extroversion replaced by equally powerful introspection.

The version that opens The Smiths' debut album had already been pre-empted by this May 1983 Peel-session take. The foregrounded bass and higher key bring more assertiveness, more drama – fitting for this early-days exemplar of Marr's compositional fluidity fusing pricelessly with Morrissey's lyrical audacity. Guitars chime with celestial prettiness as, with great poignancy, childhood innocence is enveloped by adult intimacies. *RW*

4 THIS CHARMING MAN

(Single, 1983)

A sound like wedding bells for the first perfect Moz & Marr union.



Beyond Marr's sparkling, multitracked guitar (written in piqued response to Aztec Camera's Walk Out To Winter) and Morrissey's deadpan collage of "important" antiquated words and resonant borrowed phrases, what fills the heart is that here, for the first time, is a partnership in deep conversation. Marr's guitar babbles like bright urban chatter, answered by Morrissey's forlorn hillside cry, all underscored by Rourke's dancing Motown bass. Assembled in just 20 minutes in early September 1983, it is the sound of a new pop language of the lonely being born. *AM*

3 THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT

(from *The Queen Is Dead*, 1986)

Sing-along anthem from The Other Side.

The death disc's heyday peaked in the mid '60s, but temporal dissident Morrissey remembered. In this symphonic band cornerstone, which quotes the Stones covering Marvin Gaye, the New York Dolls and Alan Sillitoe, the unloved, atrophied narrator swooningly portrays death via orange GM bus or rogue HGV as romantic/erotic act of eternal affirmation. Again, the ever-empathic Marr sends it into the highest realms, with masterly use of the Emulator II sampler's string settings, aka "the Hated Salford Ensemble", lending extraordinary poignancy. *IH*

Stephen Wright/Getty Images

The nation's saving grace: Marr, Morrissey, Rourke and Joyce outside Salford Lads Club, December 1985, an outtake from the *Queen Is Dead* album shoot.

THIS WAS ENGLAND. IT STILL IS, SAYS **JOHN HARRIS.**

2

THE QUEEN IS DEAD

(from *The Queen Is Dead*, 1986)

It begins in 1962, with that snatch of singing from Bryan Forbes' British New Wave drama, The L-Shaped Room. In walks the comic actress Cicely Courtneidge, and out comes Take Me Back To Dear Old Blighty, the old musical hall standard about three Tommies stranded in the midst of the First World War – which, in this setting, sounds forlorn beyond words.

Cicely's belting voice segues into a whine of feedback, followed by Mike Joyce's belligerent drum part. And suddenly, where are we? An England at once instantly recognisable, but also surreal and dream-like. "Farewell to this land's cheerless marshes," announces Morrissey. Then we get to the meat: "Penned in like a bull between arches/Her very lowness with her head in a sling." Elizabeth II is seemingly no more, but that is not really the point. What gets torn to pieces here is a whole mess of privilege and hypocrisy: not just the Royals, but the church, the class system, the good old Daily Mail, and more, all the grim parts of the English experience that endure today – which makes The Queen Is Dead's lyric just as spine-chilling in the early 21st century as it was in the 1980s (though note also plenty of Carry On-esque bathos: not just Prince Charles dressed in his mother's bridal veil, but Morrissey breaking into Buckingham Palace, discovering that the monarch knows who he is, and rhyming "spanner" with "pia-ner").

Johnny Marr wanted to approximate the sound of the MC5 playing The Velvet Underground's I Can't Stand It – which had just been exhumed on the posthumous compilation *VU* – and capture both "energy" and "coolness". He recorded his part in a tiny studio booth: "I put my head down, got on a vibe, played it, lost myself in it." When he first looked up after seven frantic minutes, the rest of the band applauded. Soon, everything else fell into place: Joyce's looped drums, Andy Rourke's rumbling bassline, and the keyboard figures that streak the music like sudden lightning strikes. It was some proof of the alchemy at work that a backing track inspired by iconic American bands so perfectly fitted such English imagery: indeed, everything combined to suggest a sprint through a darkened landscape, and a country stuck in a twilight without end.

Perhaps Morrissey and Marr's shared Anglo-Irishness gave them enough distance from their home country to really get to grips with what still defines it; maybe it was more a matter of that supernatural magic that truly great rock groups find when they reach their peak. No one – not even The Kinks – ever got to the heart of the English condition with such savage accuracy. The Queen Is Dead is 30 years old this year, and it hasn't aged a single minute.

> "THE ROYALS, THE CHURCH, THE CLASS SYSTEM, THE DAILY MAIL ALL GET TORN TO PIECES."

THE 50 GREATEST SMITHS SONGS

Peter Ashworth

A DARK NIGHTCLUB OF THE SOUL. **VICTORIA SEGAL** HAILS

1

HOW SOON IS NOW?

(William, It Was Really Nothing 12-inch B-side, 1984)

On New Year's Eve 1983, during The Smiths' first American show at New York hotspot Danceteria, Morrissey became dazzled by the lights and fell off the stage. The bruises to leg and ego weren't the first wounds inflicted on him by a night out, though. Earlier that year, the singer was asked by gay magazine Him if he went to many clubs. "I had a brief spasm some time ago," he replied. "Hmph. I was never terribly popular." The assumption remains that The Smiths' idea of a club was Salford Lads', yet with How Soon Is Now?, the dancefloor and its margins became the perfect theatre of operations for their eternal battle between the mind and the body. The song might sound "really, really good in a club when you're fucked up", according to Johnny Marr, but it also stands (amid fierce competition) as their purest expression of a different kind of "fucked up" – acute self-consciousness, isolation, and the ultimate triumph of experience over hope.

How Soon Is Now? was written in June 1984, part of the same three-day flurry that produced William, It Was Really Nothing and Please, Please, Please, Let Me Get What I Want. "I had a short, upbeat one and a short, sad one," said Marr casually, "so I decided to write a long swampy one with a groove", and he dug deep into his love of Bo Diddley, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Hamilton Bohannon's Disco Stomp (a childhood favourite) and Can's I Want More. Recorded in a red-lit, smoke-filled studio with producer John Porter, its juddering heft is the result of complicated manoeuvres with Fender Twin Reverb amplifiers and tremolo controls – the fact that he never wrote down exactly how he created the guitar sound is, Marr admitted, "one of the banes of my life". Stripped of his usual limber jangle, the song generated atypically macho rock reference points: Marr said he wanted the track's opening moments to be as immediately galvanising as Eric Clapton's Layla, while their US label head Seymour Stein called it "the Stairway To Heaven of the '80s".

If it is a rock epic, though, it could be a painfully bathetic one, its quest being the search for "somebody who really loves you", its odyssey being a sad walk home alone, whistling to yourself in the dark. Yet Morrissey is skilled in raising the mundane to the mythical – all those underpasses, railway lines and rented rooms in Whalley Range made magical – and in his hands, this walk of genuine shame becomes heroic, the absolute gold standard of misery. Its first Middlemarch-referencing line, so gravely and beautifully sung, dignifies awkwardness, almost ennobles it: "I am the son and the heir/Of a shyness that is criminally vulgar."

> "ITS MIDDLEMARCH-REFERENCING LINES, SO GRAVELY AND BEAUTIFULLY SUNG, DIGNIFY AWKWARDNESS, ALMOST ENNOBLE IT."

The ultimate triumph of experience over hope: The Smiths (from left) Morrissey, Marr, Joyce and Rourke attain gold standard for misery.

MORRISSEY AND MARR'S MONUMENT TO LONELINESS.

Producer John Porter initially thought the line was "I am the sun and the air", but in its way, the real version is just as grandly elemental and messianic. There is a conversation embedded in the lyrics (with himself or a friend, it's hard to tell) and it veers between back-in-the-knife-drawer umbrage – "You shut your mouth/How can you say/I go about things the wrong way?" – and complete abasement – "I am human and I need to be loved/Just like everybody else does." Once again, it's not enough to be a bit lonely – Morrissey has to be the most lonely, the unnecessary reiteration of his humanity suggesting that he imagines people see him as a horror-film monster, something to be chased up the Empire State Building or put out to sea rather than just lightly pitied. This inflation of a feeling unlikely to be alien to many is essential to the success of How Soon Is Now?, turning the meanest emotions into something monumental. Morrissey's summary is almost comic – "You go and you stand on your own/ And you leave on your own/And you go home and you cry/And you want to die" – ending with that criminally vulgar rhyme. Yet you can almost hear the key in the door, the light click on in the empty kitchen, the kettle boil as the tears start. It's an astonishing snapshot of a miserable state of mind.

Full of groove and swagger, Marr's music might well sound great in a club, but it's far from a warm-blooded good time. After the Danceteria show, Marr met New York hip hop star Lovebug Starski, and was so delighted by the encounter that he borrowed the fluting vibraphone riff from Starski's 1983 hit You've Gotta Believe for How Soon Is Now? Displaced, however, it sounds hollow, metallic, like a prisoner hitting a radiator with a spoon. It's a cruel echo of fun in a song about having none. Any pleasure or excitement is happening somewhere else, and Marr and Porter's complex arrangement emphasises that the singer is in the wrong place at the wrong time. Morrissey often articulated the constant vibration between action and inaction, desire and inhibition, being stymied by a "strange fear" in There Is A Light That Never Goes Out, or left "a country mile behind the whole world" in Miserable Lie. Here, he sounds out of step in a fast-moving universe, the guitar speeding past him like a car too close to the hard shoulder as he trudges home. It's the flipside of the solo after-hours walk in New Order's Temptation ("I'll find my soul as I go home"). "When you say it's gonna happen 'now'/Well, when exactly do you mean?" he asks, but there's no reply.

Morrissey has remarked incredulously on how, up to this point, The Smiths were often associated with "timidity", and that celibacy, bookishness and cultivated debility so often feels like a cover for furious passion and thwarted desire. It doesn't come much more thwarted than How Soon Is Now?, an oddity in their catalogue that still contains so much of what made them great. Despite an unpromising billet as B-side to William, It Was Really Nothing, the song found plenty of somebodies who really loved it and was later released as a single, albeit too late for massive chart glory. Later, it was sampled for Soho's Balearic hit Hippychick, going back to the clubs on more euphoric terms. The cold comfort of its words and the chill ambivalence of its remarkable atmosphere have never thawed though. It still stands on its own.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MOVIE MAGAZINE PROUDLY PRESENTS...

EMPIRE Live

FILM AND ENTERTAINMENT'S BIGGEST WEEKEND

WAR ON EVERYONE

An advance screening of *Calvary* director John Michael McDonagh's new crime comedy

LABYRINTH

A masquerade ball screening plus a Q&A with production designers Brian and Wendy Froud

THE MARTIAN

An extended cut of the sci-fi hit with 13 minutes of extra footage

EMPIRE PODCAST

Chris Hewitt hosts an evening of special guests, movie debates and terrible jokes

EVERYBODY WANTS SOME

Richard Linklater's latest film with an exclusive introduction from the man himself

CRITERION COLLECTION

Three screenings of classic films from the premium Blu-ray manufacturer's archive

23-25 SEPTEMBER, 2016. THE O2, LONDON

Enjoy over 50 events including first looks, pop-up parties and exclusive screenings — you won't want to go back to work on Monday!

Tickets on sale now
empirelive.com

The O2 EMPIRE cineworld CINEMAS

MOJO FILTER

YOUR GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S BEST MUSIC. EDITED BY JENNY BULLEY

CONTENTS

88 ALBUMS
- Soul star William Bell comes home to Stax
- Bat For Lashes, in sickness and in health
- The irrepressible Kathleen Hanna
- What's happening this month in urban, folk and the underground outer zones
- Plus, Metronomy, Neil Young, Blood Orange, Jeff Beck, James Blake, and more.

102 REISSUES
- The Bevis Frond, a lost psych warrior found
- Soundtrack to Heartworn Highways
- Kris Kristofferson's first 50 years
- Plus, Pete Shelley, Peter Gabriel, John Foxx's Ultravox!, Van Morrison live and more.

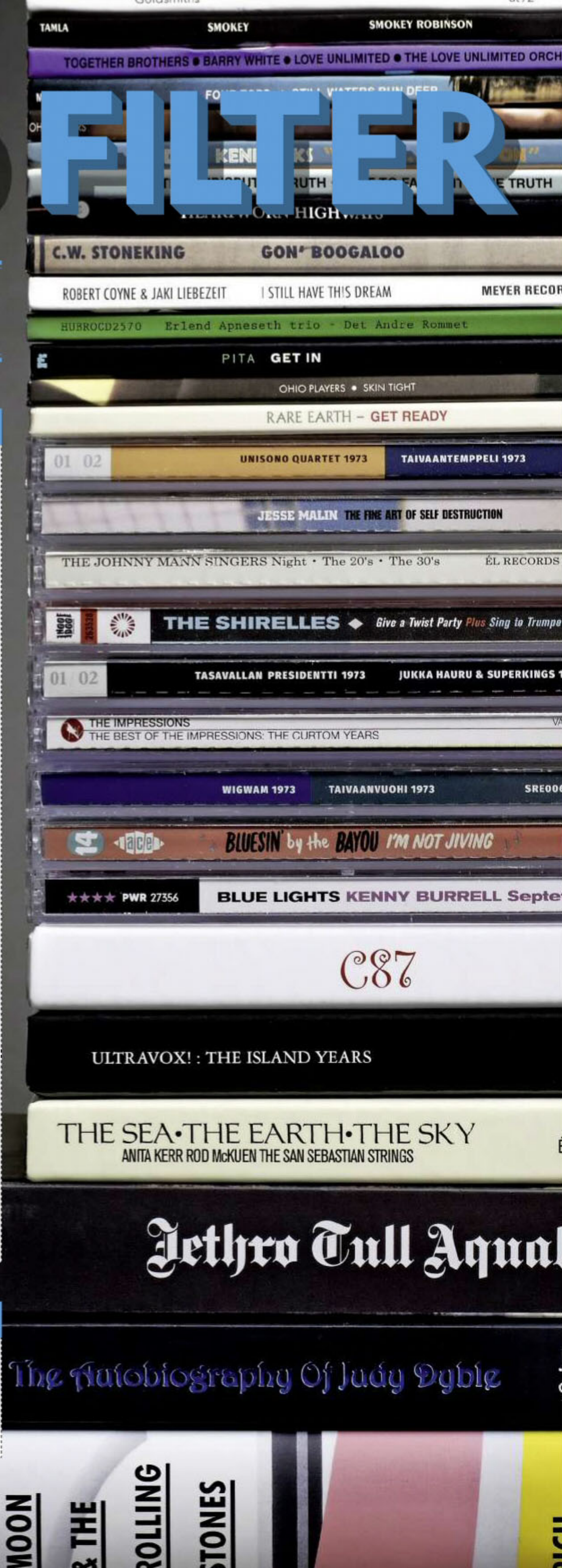
114 SCREEN
- Shakey all over: Neil Young's Human Highway and Rust Never Sleeps
- Plus, Ethan Hawke as Chet Baker, Leon Russell captured in the early '70s, and more.

115 BOOKS
- The curious world of Judy Dyble
- Plus, The Rolling Stones, Northern soul and an oral history of JA pop.

116 LIVES
- OMD refit *Dazzle Ships* in London
- Gary Clark Jr. singes fretboards in New York.

"Words to strike if not horror then a pleading look in all but hardcore fans."

SYLVIE SIMMONS GETS WILD WITH NEIL YOUNG. ALBUMS, PAGE 90



TAMLA SMOKEY SMOKEY ROBINSON
TOGETHER BROTHERS • BARRY WHITE • LOVE UNLIMITED • THE LOVE UNLIMITED ORCH
C.W. STONEKING GON' BOOGALOO
ROBERT COYNE & JAKI LIEBEZEIT I STILL HAVE THIS DREAM MEYER RECOR
HUBROCD2570 Erlend Apneseth trio - Det Andre Rommet
PITA GET IN
OHIO PLAYERS • SKIN TIGHT
RARE EARTH – GET READY
UNISONO QUARTET 1973 TAIVAANTEMPPELI 1973
JESSE MALIN THE FINE ART OF SELF DESTRUCTION
THE JOHNNY MANN SINGERS Night · The 20's · The 30's ÉL RECORDS
THE SHIRELLES Give a Twist Party Plus Sing to Trumpe
TASAVALLAN PRESIDENTTI 1973 JUKKA HAURU & SUPERKINGS
THE IMPRESSIONS THE BEST OF THE IMPRESSIONS: THE CURTOM YEARS
WIGWAM 1973 TAIVAANVUOHI 1973
BLUESIN' by the BAYOU I'M NOT JIVING
PWR 27356 BLUE LIGHTS KENNY BURRELL
C87
ULTRAVOX! : THE ISLAND YEARS
THE SEA·THE EARTH·THE SKY
ANITA KERR ROD McKUEN THE SAN SEBASTIAN STRINGS
Jethro Tull Aqua
The Autobiography Of Judy Dyble
THE SUN & THE MOON & THE ROLLING STONES

RATINGS & FORMATS

Your guide to the month's best music is now even more definitive with our handy format guide. CD COMPACT DISC DL DOWNLOAD ST STREAMING LP VINYL MC CASSETTE DVD DIGITAL VIDEO DISC C IN CINEMAS BR BLU-RAY

★★★★★ MOJO CLASSIC
★★★★ EXCELLENT
★★★ GOOD
★★ DISAPPOINTING
★ BEST AVOIDED
☆ DEPLORABLE

Bring it on home

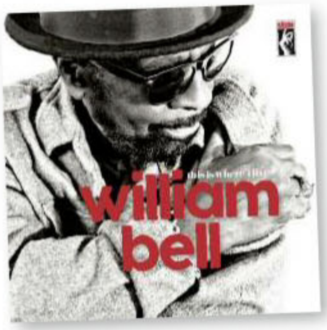
A distinctive singer and songwriter at Stax in the '60s and '70s, William Bell's first LP for them since 1973 is a mature triumph, says **Geoff Brown**. Illustration by **Hannah Bigley**.

William Bell

★★★★

This Is Where I Live

STAX. CD/DL/LP



KEY TRACKS
- The Three Of Me
- All The Things You Can't Remember
- This Is Where I Live
- People Want To Go Home

William Bell has written the story of his life many times over. At least that's what the string of wonderfully intimate ballads he's co-written suggest – You Don't Miss Your Water, I Forgot To Be Your Lover, blues classic Born Under A Bad Sign, Every Day Will Be Like A Holiday, Everybody Loves A Winner, even the poppier material such as Private Number, his UK Number 8 hit with Judy Clay from 1968, and his sole US Number 10 pop hit Tryin' To Love Two nine years later. And Bell told those stories in a rich, warm and unhurried tenor that made the delicate situations and raw emotions completely believable. He was the Great Explainer who'd thought through the events of life, and the emotions generated by them, and disseminated the personal in a way everyone could understand. More Sam Cooke than Wilson Pickett, he prized the silky touch above the scream'n'shout. Now, on his first album with Stax since 1973's *Phases Of Reality*, two years before he left the Memphis label during its final disintegration, he slips back into the Southern soul groove as easy as pie. Songs like The Three Of Me, More Rooms, the title track and Mississippi-Arkansas Bridge reek of personal experience or close observation of the lives of others, of the emotions and situations that drive difficult choices and decisions.

This I Where I Live has less in common with the recordings of other '60s and '70s soul stars who've successfully re-emerged in the past couple of decades – from the late Solomon Burke to Mavis Staples – than might be imagined because, of course, Bell is just as lauded as a songwriter as he is a singer, and so he doesn't rely on others to interpret his life in song. He does that himself through compositions that cleave to a traditional, though not old-fashioned soul style. And he knows the terrain both emotional and geographical. Bell signed to Stax in 1961 as part of The Del Rios, having been a local customer at Estelle Axton's Satellite Records Store at the front of the Stax Studios in the converted Capitol cinema at 926 East McLemore Avenue.

His solo albums: *The Soul Of A Bell*, *Wow*, *Relating*, the aforesaid *Phases Of Reality*, *Bound To Happen*, its cover shot of a pipe-smoking William cementing the impression that he was perhaps a more profound and deep-thinking lyricist than commonly found at the label. Post-Stax, 1977's *Coming Back For More* (Mercury) was a commercial high point, and in the '80s he started his own label, Wilbe, for a series of variable releases as he, like many, many soul stars of the '60s, struggled to find a foothold in that depleted decade.

But now comes his best album by some distance since the '70s. Produced by John Leventhal, who co-writes several songs with Bell, the 12 tracks are as well-tailored for him as any since his co-writes with Booker T. in the '60s and early '70s and Paul Mitchell in the later '70s, accompaniments at their best when giving a modern echo to the guitar-organ-horns profile of the traditional Stax/Muscle Shoals Southern soul sound.

Opening track The Three Of Me, for instance, finds Bell in a deep well of honest self-examination, looking back on "the man I was, the man I am, the man I want to be", singing with the pained clarity of a chastened man trying to put his life right. "Losing your love has made me see/There ain't no room for the three of me." Loss is again the driving force of the ruefully sung ballad The House Always Wins, before the grittier Poison In The Well tells a familiar tale of male weakness – "the moment I fell from grace" – conjuring the Adam/Eve, Samson/Delilah temptations: "She put poison in the well – and I drank it." Not all is guilt and blame, of course. I Will Take Care Of You is of a piece with his more positive writing and the gentler reading of Born Under A Bad Sign breathes new life into his formerly guitar-wrangled blues song.

Of the covers, Jesse Winchester's All Your Stories is given a sympathetically pensive interpretation, while Walking On A Tightrope, co-written by Leventhal and his wife, Rosanne Cash, has Bell singing about ageing and loneliness during a story of self-sacrifice. But it's Bell's fresh-minted songs that inspire the most fully realised performances, notably This Is Where I Live and Mississippi-Arkansas Bridge. Both are specifically autobiographical – "I was born in Memphis in a different world," he sings in the title track, before acknowledging the influence on him of Sam Cooke's A Change Is Gonna Come, being "just 16 when I hit New York, singing in a big old band" and writing a song in a hotel room (You Don't Miss Your Water, which in 1961 would become one of the very first Stax hit singles – see interview, p90). Crossing the Mississippi River on the bridge of that second song was, for numerous Stax musicians and singers, a necessary journey from East Memphis, in Tennessee, to West Memphis where they had regular work in the clubs, and Bell was no exception (see Back Story).

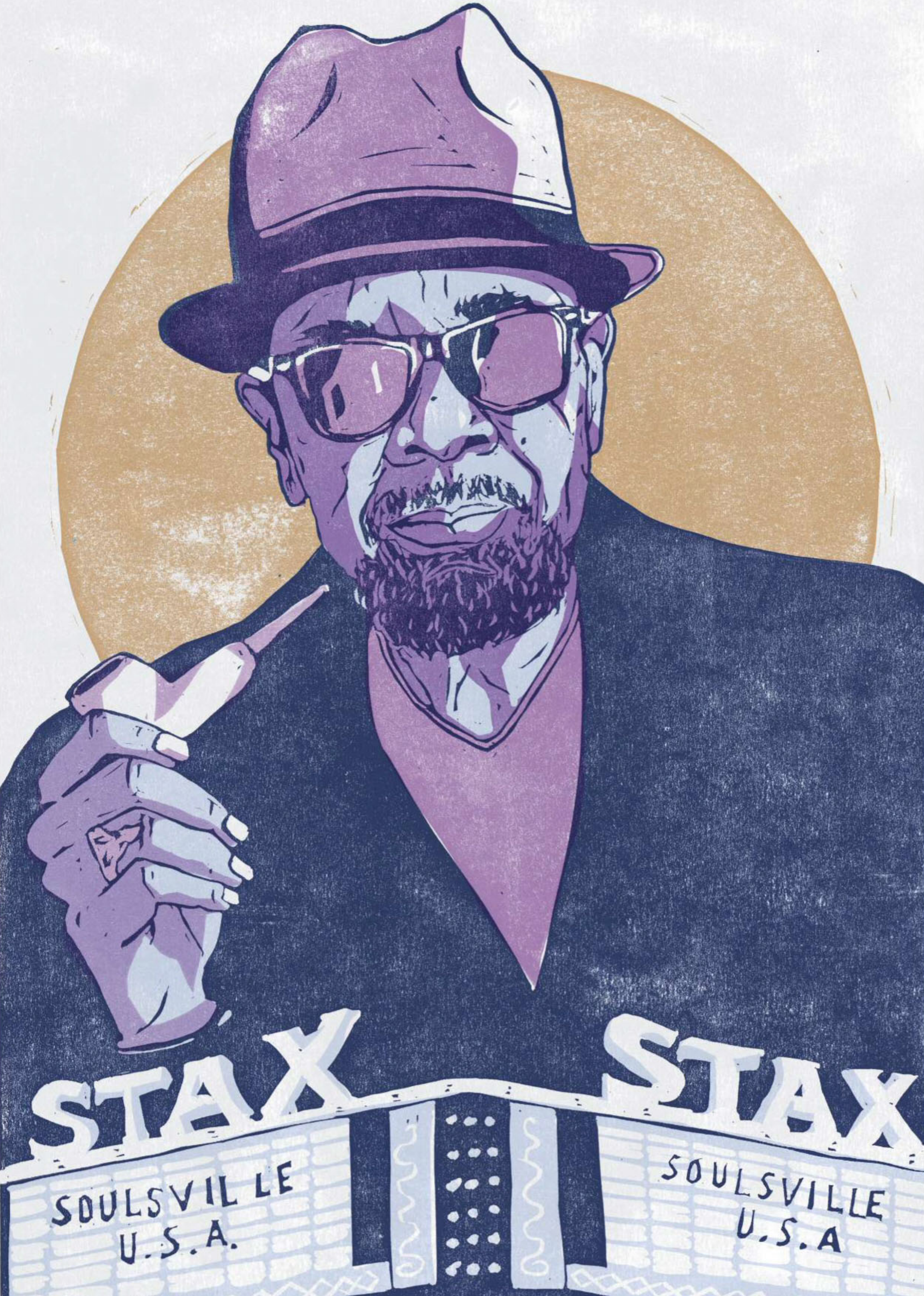
Elsewhere, songs occasionally echo past writing: the beefier More Rooms, for instance, is completed by the phrase "in the house than the bedroom" which resonates with his '77 song If Sex Was All We Had, while two lovely, reflective songs near the album's end fit perfectly into the Bell canon. On closer People Want To Go Home he looks back on youth's hope and promise, and the pull of home and hearth that's hard to deny, while All The Things You Can't Remember ruminates on a past, unequal partnership with "a liar and a cheat". "All the things you can't remember," he sings, "I'm still trying to forget." William Bell has forgotten nothing, it seems, least of all how to make wonderful, eternal soul music.

"A PROFOUND AND DEEP-THINKING LYRICIST, NOW COMES HIS BEST ALBUM BY SOME DISTANCE SINCE THE '70s."

BACK STORY: THE BRIDGE

- "John [Leventhal, producer] said, 'Is there anything from when you were just starting out?' Well, at 14 and 15 I had this group, The Del Rios, and we played The Flamingo Rooms, our primary club in Memphis. Right across the river [the [Mississippi], across the bridge, was West Memphis, Arkansas and there was another club we worked in. It was a great town for the college kids, and they had the grown-up older folks, an eclectic crowd hung out there. Practically every-body [from Stax] worked there. We would do one set at the Flamingo in Memphis and drive across and do another set.

BELL RINGS! FROM CHICAGO TO TELL US ABOUT FIRST SONGS, PHINEAS NEWBORN, AND MUCH MORE…


STAX
SOULSVILLE
U.S.A.
STAX
SOULSVILLE
U.S.A

FILTER ALBUMS

"I write about life… and truth": where William Bell lives.

"Mum didn't like me singing secular…"

William Bell talks to Geoff Brown.

Which came first, producer John Leventhal or re-signing with Stax?

"Stax picked up the soundtrack to the movie Take Me To The River I was in. Then I was approached to do an album by Joe McEwen, one of the Stax/Concord executives, and he knew John Leventhal. Our first meeting we just clicked."

In This Is Where I Live you reference Sam Cooke. He obviously had a profound effect on you.

"Oh he did. Even as a younger kid I sang in church when I was about seven and Sam Cooke And The Soul Stirrers were *the* group for me. Then when Sam started singing secular I followed his career and later on had the great fortune to meet him. He was my primary influence. Back then it was unheard of for any artist, black or white, to have their own publishing and record label and all that, so I listened to his advice and started studying and learning about behind the scenes of all aspects of the music business because of that."

You also sing about going to New York at 16, "singing in a big ol' band". The Phineas Newborn Sr Orchestra?

"During the summer time I would go on the road and tour with the Phineas Newborn Orchestra and we would work Chicago and New Orleans and back up to New York, Washington DC, so I got to travel with the band as soon as school was out. Of course my mum objected to me singing secular music and old man Phineas had to ask her if I could work at the Flamingo Rooms [in Memphis] on Friday and Saturday nights. He finally won her over because he told her *his* kids, Phineas Jr and Calvin, were working in the band. He said, 'I will look after him the same as I would my kids.' So she kinda caved in and let me work on the weekends, but one of the stipulations was that no matter what time I came home on Saturday night, I had to be in church Sunday morning (*laughs*)."

In the title track you also reference writing a song in a hotel. This is your first hit You Don't Miss Your Water?

"It is. I was on the road and feeling lonesome for my girlfriend and all this stuff. I was in New York, we happened to be off that night, and there was a thunderstorm. I wrote the song then. When I came back to Memphis at the end of the summer, Chips [Moman, producer] asked me about doing a solo project and that was one of the songs I had."

Does the melody come first or are you a lyrics man?

"Well, it's both. Sometimes I'll have a whole story, because I put my thoughts on paper, I've done that since I was six or seven years old. I was an only child up until I was 10 so that was like an escape for me. And I write about life, I write about truth. I guess I've had so many covers because people can relate to what I write about. I have to believe in what I'm singing about for it to be effective."

David McClister, Andrew Whitton

Blood Orange

★★★★

Freetown Sound

DOMINO. CD/DL/LP

Dev Hynes stretches out on immersive third release from solo project.

Working as a songwriter and producer for Solange Knowles or Sky Ferreira hasn't dampened Dev Hynes's sense of self. *Freetown Sound*, a reference to his father's birthplace in Sierra Leone, is a record that knows its own mind, a seamless sweep of music tightly linked by significant scraps of found sound and samples. Missy Elliott and St Augustine Of Hippo materialise through the lyrics, while guests include Nelly Furtado, Carly Rae Jepsen and, on the volatile New York disco of E.V.P, Debbie Harry. The seductive signals from high gloss '80s pop – But You doing its best Scritti Politti, Better Than Me transplanting West End Girls in time and space – are constantly disrupted before they become too dreamy, lyrics about race, gender, religion and identity all pushing through Hynes's wrap-around vision. There's some blurring over 17 tracks, but as a whole piece, *Freetown Sound* is a record with unusually sharp focus.

Victoria Segal

The Invisible

★★★

Patience

NINJA TUNE. CD/DL/LP

Experimental funk and soulful alt rock from masterly musical trio.

It feels appropriate that the third album from The Invisible appears mere weeks after the death of Prince. In many ways, Dave Okumu, Tom Herbert and Leo Taylor are musical messengers of the Mauve One; his cross-genre approach and unstinting pursuit of perfection. Since 2012's *Rispah*, The Invisible have produced the likes of Anna Calvi, Jessie Ware, Polar Bear, Lianne La Havas and Floating Points, while as studio musicians they've propelled Adele's ascent to stardom. Many return the favour here, most notably Ware on the melancholic electro soul of So Well and Calvi on Love Me Again, a hunk of raunchy funk, packed with slap bass and synth stabs. While outstanding musicianship is guaranteed, it doesn't always go hand in hand with great songwriting, but by its judicious mixing of the avant-garde and smart pop, alt rock and low-slung funk, *Patience* is always engaging.

Stephen Worthy

Ian William Craig

★★★★★

Centres

FATCAT/130701. CD/DL/LP

Vancouver-based singer/composer's UK label debut.

His two LPs for Sean McCann's Recital Program – 2014's *A Turn Of Breath* and last year's *Cradle For The Wanting* – were singular revelations, a trained opera singer manipulating analogue recordings of his own voice to conjure up bewitching traceries of phantom arias, born from warped tape and sonic decay. Recorded in concert halls, studios, classrooms and train yards across Vancouver, *Centres* initially feels like Craig's most mainstream work: the opening track, Contain (Astoria Version), could be run-off tape from Jeff Buckley's *Grace* sessions, 10 minutes of soaring romanticism, velvet fuzzed by old machinery. However, Craig then de-composes this sweet melancholy core, burying the innocence beneath layers of degradation and distortion, creating new ruined choirs from the wreckage. The result is fittingly breathtaking; a singer destroying his own work, yet creating something more elegiac and profound in the process.

Andrew Male

Neil Young

★★★

Earth

REPRISE. CD/LP

Neil's 37th LP, a second with Micah and Lukas Nelson's Promise Of The Real.

Young says *Earth* is "a live show where the audience is full of every living thing on Earth… and they overtake the music once in a while and play the instruments." Words to strike if not horror then a pleading look in all but hardcore fans. But it's not as weird as *Greendale*. The 13 eco-friendly songs from across his career are augmented to varying degrees by nature sounds: rain, thunder, frogs, horses, ducks, crickets, chickens and several critters I can't identify. Sometimes intrusive (Vampire Blues' horse and geese; Country Home's chickens) but they're often atmospheric: lovely on Human Highway, Western Hero and Mother Earth, whose slow, sweet pump organ and harmonica are like a fireside cowboy church. Young sounds fired up and that's a fine thing. Highlight: a 28-minute Love And Only Love (*Ragged Glory*) that shimmers, thunders and rocks.

Sylvie Simmons

Metronomy
Summer 08

Metronomy

★★★

Summer 08

BECAUSE. CD/DL/LP

Smart pop operator doesn't let anyone get too close on fifth album.

Joseph Mount could never be accused of letting it all hang out: Metronomy demand a high tolerance for uptight quirkiness, offering up dance music for people who'd rather dance in their heads. Written, performed and produced by Mount, this album isn't shy, but the jittery electro-pomp and lyrical cleverness (grad school and dating on LCD Soundsystem romp Back Together, roller-blades and breakfast shows on Night Owl) can feel off-puttingly arch. Everything sounds strangled and compressed, the squashy synths of Miami Logic or Summer Jam squeezed tight into sausage-skin songs or pushed out in bright, toothpaste-like streaks. Old Skool takes a Tom Tom Club stance, co-opting Mix Master Mike for additional dazzle, but the best moments – Hang Me Out To Dry, a muted duet with Robyn, or the cosmic drift of Mick Slow – come when Mount gives himself a little space.

Victoria Segal

Metronomy's Joseph Mount: giving himself a little space.

Augustines

★★★★

This Is Your Life

CAROLINE INTERNATIONAL. CD/DL/LP

New York indie rock trio transition gracefully into a bigger sound on third album.

It was Augustines' pronounced autobiographical charge that helped them stand out amid a cluttered indie scene in 2012. Freighted with singer Billy McCarthy's grief following his brother's suicide, their debut, *Rise Ye Sunken Ships*, established a lyrical intimacy that has remained their calling card. The sound supporting it, however, has changed dramatically. *This Is Your Life* finishes what their eponymous 2014 album started by fully refracting their songwriting through the prism of stadium rock. Flooded with shimmering guitars, tracks like Are We Alive are panoramic in scope and brilliantly executed. It may sound too pristine overall for some but, crucially, this quality serves the innately hopeful lyrics well. Indeed, Hold Me Loneliness and Days Roll By attain real power precisely because they detail the search for meaning in love's absence rather than simply haemorrhaging broken-hearted sentiment. As sincere as it is engaging, this is a bold return.

George Garner

Beyond The Wizards Sleeve

★★★

The Soft Bounce

PHANTASY. CD/DL/LP

Richard Norris and Erol Alkan's synth-pop nu-psychedelic trip.

Kosmische-tinged big-hitters among post-millennial UK dance remixers, BTWS's debut LP lands amid considerable blather about being a "trip album". When Delicious Light opens on a note of trouser-soiling revelation, like Tangerine Dream reimagined by Hans Zimmer, with beats by Giorgio Moroder, all seat belts are fastened ready for a proper psychedelic-dance brain-frazzler, fit to give even Amorphous Androgynous the fear. Sadly, that never comes to pass, as *The Soft Bounce* quickly settles into a succession of vehicles for guest vocalists including Gorkys' Euros Childs (Door To Tomorrow, complete with violins and cellos) and Holly Miranda (the trip-hoppy Black Crow). The second half reverts more towards mouth-agape instrumentals, including the Spiritualized-like Finally First, and culminating in a revelatory reading from author, MOJO scribe and keen psychedelicist Jon Savage. It's all good stuff, but just too disjointed, leaving the hapless listener desperate for cogent sequencing.

Andrew Perry

Britta Phillips

★★★★

Luck Or Magic

DOUBLE FEATURE. CD/DL/LP

Solo debut from the female half of Dean & Britta.

After early turns voicing Jem of the animated series Jem & The Holograms and fronting the shoegazey Belltower, Phillips has taken a more supportive role, as Luna bassist and creative foil/wife of Galaxie 500/Luna's Dean Wareham. After hubbie's recent solo debut, Phillips has followed suit, but her similarly languid '60s filtrations are as much fed by lusher '80s AOR. Gorgeous from beginning to end, *Luck Or Magic* is evenly split between love and lust, between originals (Daydream resembles Lee Hazlewood writing for The Bangles; Ingrid Superstar is suitably Velvets-indebted) and covers. The Cars' Drive meets the '80s brief, but Phillips sounds more at home with Dennis Wilson's Fallin' In Love, Stevie Nicks' Landslide (Wareham provides the rippling guitar solo) and Agnetha Fältskog's Wrap Your Arms Around Me, distilling a kind of naïve, sad-eyed beauty with a life-affirming glow.

Martin Aston

Jeff Beck

★★

Loud Hailer

ATCO. CD/DL/LP

Guitar guru breaks his six-year silence.

JEFF BECK
LOUD HAILER

As the years pass, Jeff Beck's approach to music makes ever more sense. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he's not beholden to a band and forced to drag the past around behind him. He answers to nobody. On *Loud Hailer*, his first album since 2010's *Emotion And Commotion*, the 72-year-old is joined by rhythm guitarist Carmen Vandenberg and vocalist Rosie Bones (in real life, the daughter of former Goodie, Bill Oddie). It's a smart, daring move: fusing Beck's traditional blues guitar with Bones's street poet vocals and Cockney patois. It works on Live In The Dark, with its contagious melody and dive-bombing riff, and on closing ballad Shrine. But overall these are bold ideas rather than great songs. Beck can still make the guitar sing, weep and scream. But for all its noise, *Loud Hailer* says little.

Mark Blake

Get knotted: Natasha Khan breaks with tradition.

Veil of tears

Thirty-six-year-old Natasha Khan's chilling exploration of love and loss. By David Buckley.

BAT FOR LASHES THE BRIDE

Bat For Lashes

★★★★

The Bride

PARLOPHONE. CD/DL/LP

NATASHA KHAN'S fourth album under the moniker Bat For Lashes is reassuringly old-fashioned. With a nod to '70s and '80s fascination with reinvention, Khan sings in character on what is essentially a concept album. These 12 tracks (13, if you count the bonus track, Clouds) are meant to be listened to as a piece, in one sitting, the soundtrack to an as-yet-unmade movie. The music was two years in the making and the final sessions were in Woodstock with her co-producer Simone Felice. There is, therefore, a folksiness and intimacy to the sound that is the perfect backdrop for Khan's quite often stunning vocal set pieces.

The Bride's narrative arc is relatively straightforward: a couple are to be married; the groom dies in an car accident yet the bride decides to continue the journey to their intended honeymoon. The first half of the album, then, is an epic tragedy. The opener, I Do, sets the pace of emotional intensity; tomorrow, on her wedding day, "all of the sorrow will drop away." Yet as early as track two, Joe's Dream, there's an injection of gothic morbidity, a premonition of death and despair: "I'm falling in love to say goodbye," her groom calls out. Next is In God's House, with its synth-driven beat, the only song on the album with the commerciality of Daniel or Laura, yet the narrative is deadly – the bride stranded in front of the congregation as her man dies. Meanwhile Honeymooning Alone is all *noir*-ish Portishead shadings as the bride makes her escape ("your empty seat by my side.")

The mid-point songs drift somewhat, perhaps a little too formulaic musically, although the startling narrative of Close Encounters seems to imply some sort of sexual connection with the dear departed. The reverie is well and truly broken by Widow's Peak, an abstract collision of a song, big tympani and ghostly wailings, a musical and emotional breakdown ("I can't get home, I can't get home"). The final songs on the album seem to take as a theme one of Khan's favourite films, The Wizard Of Oz; the idea that love and contentedness was there all along. I Will Love Again claims "I will turn it back round", while In Your Bed longs for the touch of another.

Interestingly, despite the intimacy of the album, there is almost no hint of the carnal; this is an exploration of sensibility rather than sex. The songs also beg the question whether the album's creator is sublimating her real life hopes and fears in epic fantasy form. Is the album a plea to find lasting love? There is a single-minded intensity to the writing and the production which makes *The Bride* a very strong proposition indeed.

Kandace Springs: look into my soul eyes.

Matthieu Bitton

The Avett Brothers

★★★★

True Sadness

AMERICAN. CD/DL/LP

Ninth album from superstars of American roots pop.

In three years since scoring two Top 10 US albums in just 13 months, it seems Seth and Scott Avett have been taking stock as they fast approach turning 40. Hence this is The Grown-up Album: the one that confronts the life that was carrying on regardless as they built a career, in which people marry, die, break up and breakdown. Doubt and conflict rub against acknowledgement of good fortune, variously wrapped in bluegrass, blues-folk, '50s western soundtracks and the handclap stomp of Queen's We Will Rock You for opener Ain't No Man. They even raise a smile with Smithsonian's lyrics: "My bedroom's an office, my kitchen's a car, my life is a joke, and my bathroom's a bar." There's often been a whiff of contrivance around the Avetts, but by coming of age they come up smelling of roses.

Andy Fyfe

Sarah Jarosz

★★★

Undercurrent

SUGAR HILL. CD/DL/DL

Fourth album from the Grammy-nominated Texan.

The sound of Sarah Jarosz's voice is warm and comforting, but it also has a slurred edge to it that somehow assures the listener that if he or she misses a word, then that's something of a calamity. The only problem is that her lyrics are sometimes relegated to back-drop status as Jarosz creates an array of enchanting sounds, set against harmonies provided by back-up musicians Jedd Hughes and Luke Reynolds. Long gone are her country connections – today she's purely a singer-songwriter, albeit one whose multi-instrumental talents contribute enormously to her on-record performances. Songs such as House Of Mercy, concerning a plea for forgiveness from an erring lover, the slow waltz that is Back Of My Mind and the cheering Comin' Undone are the ones that most readily stay in the mind. Sara Watkins and Aoife O'Donovan, Jarosz's bandmates in I'm With Her, guest on one track.

Fred Dellar

Fantastic Negrito

★★★★

The Last Days Of Oakland

BLACKBALL UNIVERSE. CD/DL

Leadbelly reborn in a bow tie declares power to the people.

Stage-named more spellably than his birth-certificated Xavier Dphrepaulezz, our hero has a story to rival Seasick Steve's on his road to cult stardom updating the blues for a new era of depression and dispossession. Teen runaway, gangsta, hustler, self-taught Prince protégé, car crash coma-survivor, dope farmer, arts and party impresario, now in his forties, this Leadbelly-reborn shares with His Late Purpleness a dapper style, enterprising ethos, eclectic tastes and strong sense of himself as a black artist. Seventeen years on from his debut as Xavier, his album career relaunch collects 10 tough tunes in the field-holler/work song tradition with audio-documentary interludes protesting the gentrification of hometown Oakland, California. Locally focused yet state-of-the-nation, in their inventiveness and force such songs as Working Poor, Lost In A Crowd and The Worst defy pessimism, good art in bad times.

Mat Snow

Ben Lukas Boysen

★★★★

Spells

ERASED TAPES. CD/DL/LP

Dextrous melding of the orchestral and electronic worlds.

As a sound designer and composer for films and adverts, Ben Lukas Boysen uses an array of microphones and techniques to collate noise like a butterfly collector. This obsessional ear for detail filters into *Spells*. Like his pal and labelmate Nils Frahm, piano is at the heart of Boysen's work. Unlike Frahm, however, they are programmed rather than live pieces, to which Boysen adds orchestral elements, tranquil beats or mildly unsettling techno distortion in a blissful collage of organic and digital sound. Built around decaying piano notes and heavenly voices, Nocturne 4 possesses a quasi-spiritual aura; around it, Selene owes more to Beethoven than beats, while Golden Times 1 engages in deliciously maudlin strings and growing menace. Their melodies draw their energy from the elements themselves: the trickling of water, the whispering wind and the calming warmth of the sun.

Stephen Worthy

Lou Rhodes

★★★

theyesandeye

NUDE. CD/DL/LP

New pastures along Laurel Canyon for the female half of Lamb.

With Lamb still a going concern, the cover image of Lou Rhodes's fourth solo album has to be meaningful. Her right arm holds part of a ram: on reaching adulthood, the lamb's head has been severed from its body. Fittingly, *theyesandeye* eschews Lamb's definition of the trip-hop/chill-out nexus. So much so it includes a radical acoustic guitar-bedded, harp-infused version of Angels, a song by the clearly Lamb-informed XX. *theyesandeye* is, then, the setting out of a stall. While Rhodes's voice remains recognisably smoky and cracked, the album itself takes the artist to new territory. Imagine the vaporous mood pieces of David Crosby's *If I Could Only Remember My Name* coalescing into actual songs. By turns spectral (All The Birds) and shimmering (Hope & Glory), Rhodes ends the album with Magic Ride, declaring "every day a new beginning." This sure sounds like one.

Kieron Tyler

James Blake

★★★★

The Colour In Anything

POLYDOR. CD/DL/LP

Enfield electronicist's bleak but brilliant third.

After bagging the Mercury Prize for 2013's *Overgrown*, James Blake has continued to bolster his reputation by working with such R&B royalty as Beyoncé, Kanye West and Frank Ocean, the latter of whom guests on this Rick Rubin co-produced third album. At 76 minutes long, *The Colour…*'s unremitting gloom makes it a challenging listen. But such is Blake's sonic invention and flair for extricating beauty from the murk, it's well worth sticking with. Standouts are varied and many: Choose Me, a superb slice of future R&B, and the sample-heavy Put That Away And Talk To Me, are head-spinning, disorientating, while haunting piano balladry such as f.o.r.e.v.e.r showcases Blake's yearning falsetto to fine effect. A serious talent that grows with every release.

Matt Yates

Kandace Springs

★★★★

Soul Eyes

BLUE NOTE. CD/DL

Sparkling debut from rising Nashville singer championed by Prince.

Although she's a protégée of R&B producers Carl Sturken and Evan Rogers, who discovered Rihanna, 27-year-old Kandace Springs is cast from a different mould. Following her 2014 hip hop-tinged debut EP on Blue Note, Springs has opted for an intimate, low-key jazz-infused approach that is drawing comparisons with Norah Jones's early work. The set's tastefully helmed by producer Larry Klein, who frames Springs's sensuous vocals with minimalist yet elegant arrangements. The chanteuse's repertoire includes new tunes by Jesse Harris (Talk To Me) and arresting covers, ranging from a haunting version of Judy Tzuke's ballad Place To Hide to a jazzy take on War's The World Is A Ghetto. Best of all is Springs's own Novocaine Heart, a tremendous song riding on an addictive groove. No wonder Prince was a fan.

Charles Waring

William Tyler

★★★★

Modern Country

MERGE. CD/DL/LP

Sometime Lambchop and Silver Jews guitarist evokes a lost, backwoods USA.

Inspired by the travel writings of William Least Heat-Moon, and a phobia about multi-lane highways, William Tyler's fourth album of instrumentals is a tribute to a slowly vanishing boondocks America. Musically, it draws on the apparently disparate influences of country-folk and Euro-motorik soundscape – sonic worlds whose incongruity would melt away when blasted from the dashboard of Tyler's back-road-cruising station wagon. Thus, lengthy, tone-setting opener Highway Anxiety builds slowly but inexorably toward a distant, widescreen horizon, with sultry layers of reverberant, major key guitar chords and Daniel Lanois-esque delay-pedal counterpoints eventually joined by skittering drums and keyboard swells. Gone Clear's particular Kraut-Americana blend, meanwhile, summons Jim O'Rourke, Popol Vuh and even Philip Glass across its five-minute peregrination, while The Great Unwind marries an elegant, county-waltz opening to soaring, Robert Fripp-like guitar arabesques. Doubtless, it will all sound great in the car.

David Sheppard

C.W. Stoneking

★★★

Gon' Boogaloo

KING HOKUM. CD/DL

Blues archivist ditches dobro and plugs in.

The dapper Aussie has moved on, swapping his old National Duolian for a Fender Jazzmaster. But he's still stuck in a time warp of his own creation, recording in primitive fashion; just himself, a bassist, a percussionist and a couple of backing singers, grouped around aged microphones, the results fed into a twin-track tape deck. His music generally recalls an era when artists recorded direct to shellac. His songs are originals, though the influences, ranging from Jelly Roll Morton and Bukka White up to Dr. John are always on display. More diverse than on previous outings, this time around Stoneking tosses in a brace of dance routines (The Zombie and We Gon' Boogaloo), along with Good Luck Charm, which sounds like a remnant from the golden age of girl groups, along with his usual reminder of blues, true and hokum. Entertaining, at the very least.

Fred Dellar

C.W. Stoneking: he gon' boogaloo.

Kane Hibberd

BRIGID MAE POWER

Brigid Mae Power

★★★★

Brigid Mae Power

TOMPKINS SQUARE. CD/DL/LP

Irish folk chanteuse's debut gives dreamy introspection the widescreen treatment.

Singer-songwriter-producer Peter Broderick was so taken with the London-born, Galway-based Brigid Mae Power when touring with her last spring that he invited her to his Oregon studio to record. The resulting album finds the pair building a series of drumless but capacious arrangements from plangent piano and guitars, adorned with ethereal strings, against which Power sings in an emotion-laden, ever-modulating voice that summons the spirits of Tim Buckley and Tim Hardin as readily as Sibylle Baier or Sandy Denny. The dirge-like tempo of opener It's Clearing Now is, typically, offset by a shimmering firmament of violins and Power's wounded yet compelling delivery, while Sometimes, with only piano for accompaniment, finds her seeking succour with vivid candour ("Sometimes I just want to collapse into you") and the reverb-soaked Is It My Low Or Yours drifts by like a song half-remembered from a dream.

David Sheppard

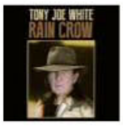
Tony Joe White

★★★

Rain Crow

YEP ROC. CD/DL/LP

Swamp king's nineteenth album is like all the rest, and that's a good thing.



Since his 1969 debut, Tony Joe White has been so consistent that you could pluck a tune from it and drop it into this new LP, or vice versa, and no one would likely notice a difference. He does what he does better than anyone ever could and has never felt a need to screw with it. So here are nine new self-penned, unassuming, frill-free, easy-going tales of real-life, real-world folks, sung in a homey vine-ripened baritone somewhere between dulcet and portentous. White and his quartet never pick up the pace; they don't need to, and you won't want them to. He's got you in his spell with every line. "We both know it's never gonna change," goes the title track. It's about a missed lover, but it could be about Tony Joe White too.

Jeff Tamarkin

The Felice Brothers

★★★★

Life In The Dark

YEP ROC. CD/DL/LP

Upstate New York brothers' seventh is on Dylan's road.

The second album since singer/drummer/brother Simone's departure for a ragged solo career doesn't see Ian and James Felice travelling far from the script, although it does move them along to a third act. Their first post-Simone album, 2014's *Favourite Waitress*, saw the brothers finally exhaust their fascination with The Band and *The Basement Tapes*, progressing now to the loose-limbed gypsy vibe of Dylan's *Desire*. What the Felices do best is tell stories, continuing to build their internal mythology with crack whores, epileptic Methodists, women gunslingers, '73 Triumphs and myriad fringe characters and props that swirl around their ramshackle Americana. Harking back to their earliest recordings in a chicken coop, *Life In The Dark* constantly threatens to fall apart at the seams but the Felices miraculously hold their world together, the greatest campfire band imaginable.

Andy Fyfe

FOLK

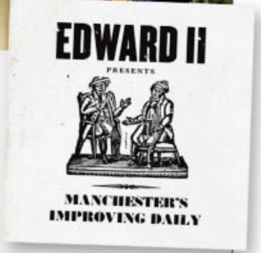
BY COLIN IRWIN

Edward II

★★★★

Manchester's Improving Daily

CADIZ MUSIC. CD/DL



Broadside ballads ska-folk and New Order too.

THE GREAT failing among young British folk musicians is their seeming lack of interest in exploring the huge potential available from integrating the tradition with more multicultural influences. The anticipated flood of thrilling crossover initiatives since E2 – who released their last studio album 15 years ago – first started blending the folk tradition with reggae in the 1990s just hasn't materialised. Which makes this enlightened, ambitious work all the more valuable. On the face of it, cloaking Manchester broadside ballads in upbeat rocksteady riffs may appear too indulgently parochial for wider consumption, but the impressive packaging and eloquent booklet are persuasive, while compelling rhythms, buoyant delivery and fascinating historical material do the rest. Bouncy choruses are interspersed with snippets of unaccompanied dialect artist Jennifer Reid and a couple of firmly non-traditional crowd-winning Mancunian songs like Ewan MacColl's Dirty Old Town and New Order's Love Vigilantes.

ALSO RELEASED

Christy Moore

★★★

Lily

SONY. CD/DL

Christy's 25+ solo studio recordings are probably best encapsulated in three or four superb compilations, but this should prove one of his most enduring efforts. Guitarist/producer Declan Sinnott draws out the warmth and intimacy at the heart of Moore's stage genius on a mix of engaging songs like the superb title track, reflecting the old days in Kildare, alongside Peter Gabriel's defiant Wallflower, John Spillane's emotive The Ballad Of Patrick Murphy and the simmeringly angry Oblivious.

Harp & A Monkey

★★★

War Stories

MOONRAKER. CD/DL

A glut of albums are already released to commemorate the centenary of WW1, but it would be a shame if this inventive effort slipped under the radar. Harp & A Monkey focus on unsung heroes such as bagpiper Daniel Laidlaw and postman John Bagot while offering plenty of dark humour in songs like Kipling's Soldier Soldier, complete with actuality clips, jaunty arrangements and vigorously enthusiastic delivery.

Julie Murphy

★★★★

Every Bird That Flies

SHELLS IN THE OCEAN. CD/DL

Her 2012 album *A Quiet House* was a dark, brooding assault on the senses and the combination of that hypnotic Murphy voice in the desolate company of her sparse piano again applies a firm grip. There's a bit of bass and trombone amid nods to traditional song but otherwise you fondly imagine it's Murphy – all blazing eyes and passionate wordsmith – alone, pouring out her soul in a pitch black room at the dead of night.

The Breath

★★★

Carry Your Kin

REAL WORLD. CD/DL

An unlikely amalgamation of former Cinematic Orchestra guitarist Stuart McCallum and Northern Irish singer/flautist Ríoghnach Connolly (of HoneyFeet), this is a sometimes bewildering yet likeable exploration of ambience, spirituality and blurred genres from trip hop to Irish folk. Built around John Ellis's piano, it is raw, soulful, often mesmeric, richly textured and lushly constructed; none of which would count for anything without Connolly's versatile, persuasive vocals. *CI*

Getting so much better all the time: The Julie Ruin with Kathleen Hanna (centre).

Fast forward

The Queen of Riot Grrrl returns. By Keith Cameron.

The Julie Ruin

★★★★

Hit Reset

HARDLY ART. CD/DL/LP/MC

The Julie Ruin
Hit Reset

MUSIC BROUGHT Kathleen Hanna back to life. Stricken by late-stage Lyme disease – a long-undiagnosed condition which ended her noughties feminist disco trio Le Tigre – Hanna's recovery was nourished by reviving her solo alias Julie Ruin in band form, with the addition of four friends including Kathi Wilcox, the bassist from Bikini Kill, the Olympia, WA collective which made Hanna a figurehead for the '90s Riot Grrrl movement. Established without any agenda beyond aiding recuperation, The Julie Ruin went public with 2013's self-released debut *Run Fast*; on-stage, Hanna had never seemed so relaxed and happy. This follow-up continues the revival, a testimony to the massive chutzpah of its principal player.

"Maybe I'm more hell-bent on living than I am just surviving," sings the narrator of album standout Roses More Than Water. Skilled at manipulating voice and personae, in the past Hanna has often filtered her songs' autobiographical perspective through political and stylistic agendas. So *Hit Reset*'s heightened personal flavour feels significant. Musically the terrain is familiar from her previous bands – a hardcore punk-blasted fusion of '60s girl group harmonies, surf bubblegum and jukebox jive with lashings of '70s funk and '80s synthpop – albeit now with a pronounced organic suppleness.

As ever, Hanna's reach is ambitious. At times, particularly during *Hit Reset*'s first half, the impact gets diffused amid one didactic call-and-response routine too many, while Mr So And So's acutely observed satire of a sexist music biz mook ("I jump out of my plane in a parachute that says 'girls rule' with a Sleater-Kinney T-shirt on") feels just a little bit too inside-baseball.

But when The Julie Ruin tone down the clutter, Hanna's emotional barbs connect deep. I Decide smoulders tension like Wire, a stark declaration of self amid adversity ("I belong to the wolves who drug me") that's clearly a dispatch from the frontline of Hanna's illness. Likewise the heartrending Let Me Go, a choppy new wave anthem with clear vocal tones ("The stunt me can't take the tears away") and distortion-free guitar. Closer Calverton is purely Kathleen's voice accompanied by piano, a plaintive elegy to the life that's been lived, from a born survivor who's not ready to leave. Hanna's inimitable volcanic vocal power, meanwhile, repeatedly erupts and rearranges air, transporting archetypal knockdowns like I'm Done ("…with your 'better person' bullshit") or Hello Trust No One into a transcendent dimension.

Run Fast had twin peaks in the abrasive Bikini Kill redux Oh Come On and itchy-toed love letter Just My Kind, but *Hit Reset* is stronger overall, because here The Julie Ruin fixes the spotlight on its *raison d'être*, a woman who, in her own words, "can play electric guitar while shaving my legs in a moving car." Long may she run.

MICHELE STODART
PIECES

Michele Stodart

★★

Pieces

ONE LITTLE INDIAN. CD/DL/LP

Magic Number's second solo record doesn't quite add up.

"Smokes", whiskey and "travelling shoes": the lyrics of Come Back Home, the first song on *Pieces*, give a clear indication of the territory Michele Stodart is staking out on the follow-up to 2012's *Wide-Eyed Crossing*. The bittersweet sunshine pop of her work with The Magic Numbers has clouded over, replaced by overcast country songs, streaked with rain, tears and a heavy drizzle of maudlin sentiment. While there are moments when a real rawness sandpapers the oaked melancholy of these songs – especially on the weary turmoil of When Is It Over?, where Stodart sings "I keep changing myself for you" – there is a tendency to let the old-time warmth and after-hours soulfulness spill over like candlewax, softening any edge or distinctive outline. It's as if Stodart is seen from the back of a busy late-night bar, a blur of emotion through a thicket of heads, atmospheric, but lacking definition.

Victoria Segal

Calypso Rose

★★★

Far From Home

BECAUSE. CD/DL/LP

The feelgood hit of the summer, Tobago-style.

Calypso Rose

Last seen supporting the Buena Vista Social Club – where she joked about being the youngest on-stage – the 76-year-old McArtha Linda Sandy-Lewis has been a star in the Caribbean since the 1960s, when she was the first woman to claim the Calypso King title, but her glory years seemed to be behind her when Manu Chao offered to help out on a new album. His sonic tropes influence more than the three songs he appears on – the title track and Trouble sound oddly like Bad Manners hits – but Rose hasn't been around this long without knowing how to wrest the stage from the men in her music. If you want to learn the secret to her success, it's there on the boastful Calypso Queen, the anthemic Wah Fu Dance! and an updating of her militant 1970s hit No Madame.

David Hutcheon

Jack & Amanda Palmer
You Got Me Singing

Jack & Amanda Palmer

★★★

You Got Me Singing

8FT. CD/DL/LP

Wild child makes folky album of catharsis.

It always seemed incongruous that an introverted, sensitive geek like Amanda Palmer should express herself by being in a deafening punk cabaret (The Dresden Dolls), an installation-type goth duo (Evelyn Evelyn) and posing in erotic clinches on the net. Meanwhile, Palmer's solo efforts have been a bellowing mix of Lady Gaga and Toyah Willcox. Since marrying novelist Neil Gaiman and having a son things have, understandably, changed. This clutch of gentle, intriguing covers was recorded, while pregnant, with her once-estranged dad. Jack could be a quavering Johnny Cash; Amanda's a revelation, like a relaxed, grainy Nancy Sinatra. Some tracks have a hokey lounge vibe – their version of 1952 Vincent Black Lightning is a melodramatic abomination – but when they're talking, you imagine, to the baby, they're astonishing: John Grant's Glacier; the broken confessional All I Could Do; even a heartfelt Skye Boat Song. Subversively moving.

Glyn Brown

Death In Vegas

★★★★

Transmission

DRONE. CD/DL/LP

Richard Fearless's ur-techno trip. Retired porn star Sasha Grey guests.

The revolving door for one-off vocalists, which, on turn-of-the-2000's Vegas albums, admitted such icons as Iggy Pop and Liam Gallagher, has come to rest. DIV supremo Fearless now operates alone, holed up in a water's-edge storage crate on the Thames Estuary. After a dalliance at the microphone himself for 2011's *Trans Love Energies*, he here returns to the purist Detroit techno of *Satan's Circus*, topped off with frostily erotic moaning from Grey. Using only vintage '80s kit gives *Transmission* a singularly refreshing vibe. But there all wholesomeness ends. The terrifying Consequences Of Love pulsates with the deviant electro-menace of Throbbing Gristle, while near the journey's finale You Disco I Freak plunges into a 10-minute Moroderian void of dancefloor intoxication. Expansive and coherent, yet always subterranean and claustrophobic, this is easily Fearless's finest hour.

Andrew Perry

Shervin Lainez

DJ Shadow

★★★

The Mountain Will Fall

MASS APPEAL. CD/DL/LP

Crate digging instrumental hip hop titan goes deeper into experimental electronica.

Forever in the shade of 1996's towering sample inferno *Endtroducing*, Josh Davis resisted the temptation to dole out pale imitations. After a patience-fraying excursion into Bay Area hip hop (2006's *The Outsider*) and ill-judged foray into rock (2011's *The Less You Know, The Better*) Shadow has put aside his sample-chopping acumen to explore Ableton Live software. The highly atmospheric results are not to be sniffed at. While he expertly marries country guitar twang with rap tag team Run The Jewels on the Trump-dissing Nobody Speak and diverts into moody Lynchian *noir* on Ghost Town, the crowning Ashes To Oceans is a largely organic feast of minor chords, jazz drums and Matthew Halsall's plaintive trumpet. With more hits than misses, Shadow is back in the frame.

Andy Cowan

S'Express

★★

Enjoy This Trip

NEEDLE BOSS. CD/DL

Hit-and-miss remix album from acid house veterans.

Mark Moore – DJ, producer, rave pioneer – has, it's fair to say, struggled to move on from the seismic cultural impact that he and his S'Express cohorts made in the late '80s. And this belated 25th anniversary remix album of tracks from the era has more than a hint of barrel-scraping about it. On the plus side, Horse Meat Disco offer a classy update of Pimps, Pushers, Prostitutes, with Billie Ray Martin's vocal now pushed front and centre, while Ray Mang's take on Mantra For A State Of Mind captures the blissed-out joy of the original. Elsewhere, though, there are too many phoned-in revamps, adding little to the source material. Yet despite this, those trumpeting synths on the still-anthemic Theme From S'Express (here, wisely left largely alone by The Horrors' Tom Furse) remain as powerful a call to hit the dancefloor as they did in the summer of '88.

Matt Yates

Xenia Rubinos

★★★★

Black Terry Cat

ANTI. CD/DL/LP

A star is born when Laurie Anderson meets De La Soul.

If Rihanna's *Anti* is 2016's outstanding mainstream album, *Black Terry Cat* is its low-budget, ideas-rich counterpart: socially hyper-mediated and public image-aware, genre-mashed and metropolitan. Made in New York, the second album by Berklee-trained singer-composer Rubinos echoes the '80s Manhattan/Brooklyn, uptown/downtown, salon/street traffic that foreshadowed the 21st century. But today, inequality and injustice are intensifying not fading, as per Mexican Chef's contrast between façade and reality: "French bistro – Dominican chef" (Rubinos has Cuban and Puerto Rican parentage). Constructed from simple elements – her playful singing voice, Nord keyboard and Boss looping pedal, with partner Marco Buccelli's precise drums caffeinating the groove – the musical intricacy in its studio layering and charmingly odd twists and transitions compels play after play, with Lonely Lover pop at its catchiest. A fascinating pleasure and a 21st century classic-in-waiting.

Mat Snow

Ziggy Marley

★★★

Ziggy Marley

TUFF GONG WORLDWIDE. CD/DL/LP

Sixth solo album from Bob and Rita's eldest son.

The 12 tracks that make up Ziggy Marley's follow-up to 2014's *Fly Rasta* were written in his bedroom and recorded and self-produced in his home studio. The main influence, unsurprisingly, is his father Bob Marley, but unlike on *Fly Rasta*, Ziggy expresses a strong sense of his own musical self too. The message songs – "about the struggle of humanity," he says – are delivered from the heart. Heaven Can't Take It, a soulful rocker featuring his brother Stephen Marley, is impassioned and thoughtful: "They're killing for money… for power… for religion… for colour… some say they are killing for peace," he sings. Love Is A Rebel is an entrancing spiritual; Marijuanaman is anchored to the easy-skanking roots reggae of the '70s; We Are The People, meanwhile, updates the form for a 21st century pop audience.

Lois Wilson

Strong sense of himself: Ziggy Marley delivers from the heart.

Greg Bojorquez

Beyoncé

★★★★

Lemonade

PARKWOOD ENTERTAINMENT/ COLUMBIA. CD/DL

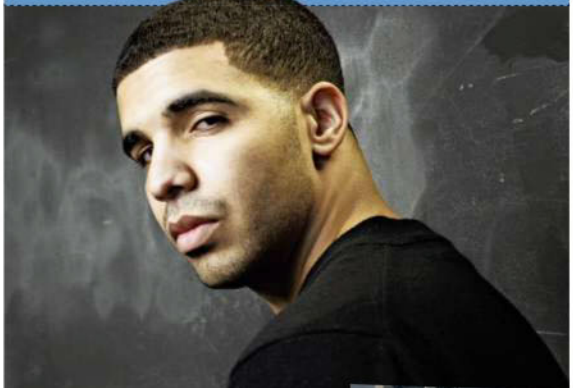
Voice of the BeyHive warns hubby Jay Z to grow up; "offers fierce celebrations of blackness".

Big Homie's alleged infidelity fires Bey's mighty and uncensored ire on solo album number six, a typically eclectic, Andy Williams and Led Zeppelin-sampling affair packing off-kilter vocal lattices (Pray You Catch Me), thrilling, race-centric rallying calls (Freedom; Formation), and country New Orleans-and-Texas-style (Daddy Lessons). We also get affecting piano balladry (Sandcastles), outraged, über-gutsy soul (Don't Hurt Yourself), and the distinct sense that Jay Z, ultimately forgiven by the woman whose finger he put a ring on, is a very fortunate man. With its wealth of sonic adventure, its thoughtful merger of the personal and the political, and its four choice guest spots (Jack White; Kendrick Lamar; James Blake; Abel Makkonen Tesfaye, AKA The Weeknd), *Lemonade* is a dazzling example of pooled talent coalescing around an iconic doyenne.

James McNair

URBAN

BY ANDY COWAN



Drake

★★★★

Views

OVO SOUND/CASH MONEY. CD/DL

Toronto rhyme titan takes solipsism to new heights on lengthy fourth offering.

IN THE seven years since 2009's debut *So Far Gone*, Drake has helped engineer a paradigm shift in rap. Along with Kanye West the pair have augmented good old-fashioned braggadocio with forensic navel gazing and a queasy policy of total disclosure. Little is off limits on hip hop's biggest crossover star's fourth studio offering, even if its 81 minutes continually rake the same ground as he mithers over his legacy, break-ups and the ceaseless burden of boasting unlimited cash. Yet the spectral R&B samples and skittering beats of regular collaborator Noah '40' Shebib ensure blockbuster moments like Hotline Bling, One Dance and high tension Rihanna duet Too Good deliver, while Drake's genuinely fleet-footed flows and sly humour prevent his pained introspection descending into a cheesy whine fest.

ALSO RELEASED

Constant Deviants

★★★★

Omertà

SIX2SIX. CD/DL/LP

There's a distinctly vintage feel to the creative sparks that fly between M.I. and DJ Cutt. The under-the-radar New Jersey duo make no bones about marrying golden era boom-bap to experimental production, as richly atmospheric orchestral backings convey M.I.'s smoothly literate, cerebral rhymes. The *noir*-ish jazz-tinged vignettes of *Omertà*, set deep within a metaphorical Mafioso underworld, are cliché-free rap storytelling of the highest order.

Dälek

★★★★

Asphalt For Eden

PROFOUND LORE. CD/DL/LP

Dälek are proven exemplars at conveying hip hop's rage via unadulterated noise. The loss of founder Oktopus finds instrumental arm DJ rEK and Mike Manteca dialling back the feedback-riven guitar cacophony and long codas for more introspective ambient electronica. It works a treat. The intensity of MC Dälek's worldly-wise apocalyptic wordplay on Guaranteed Struggle and Masked Laughter (Nothing's Left) help reinvent their trademark sound without sacrificing its essence.

Jigmastas

★★★

Resurgence

BBE. CD/DL/LP

Twenty years since their august anthem *Beyond Real*, the reunited Jigmastas sound less ravaged than their comeback brethren. Although cut in the mould of classic Big Apple duos Gang Starr and Pete Rock & CL Smooth, the combination of MC Kriminul's gravelly home truths with DJ Spinna's forward-marching spliced and diced sample-scapes set them apart before Spinna veered into full-on house and Stevie Wonder tributes. *Resurgence* is as reassuringly future-proof as ever.

Mongrels

★★★

Attack The Monolith

INVISIBLE SPIES. DL/LP

Detail freaks will have a field day with Mongrels. The Sheffield duo of DJ Benjamin and Kid Acne thrillingly reinvigorate crunchy old school boom-bap with pop culture references a go-go on their debut. While Acne generates "a force field eating Ready Brek", the grizzled replies of honorary member Sebastian Laws (from '90s NYC psych-rappers New Kingdom) provide acute contrast, yet the lo-fi production slubbers its more hifalutin concepts. *AC*

Koi Child: ready for the barbecue season.

My Jerusalem

★★★★

A Little Death

WASHINGTON SQUARE MUSIC. CD/DL/LP

Jeff Klein and his Austin cohorts offer moments of reflective wonder.

MY JERUSALEM
A LITTLE DEATH

A sometime collaborator of Greg Dulli and Mark Lanegan, Jeff Klein has been lurking lizard-like in the musical shadows for a while, his collective My Jerusalem only latterly settling on a solid line-up. Though hardly the first artist to pursue the theme of la petite mort, this is a rich collection – sometimes sombre and squinting off into the far distance, at others warm, intimate and joyous. Opener Young Leather offers pure lip-curling, sub-Bad Seeds sleaze and baritone saxophones straight from the Morphine school of sultry smack-jazz, while on the chiming, Spector-like production of the fantastic No One Gonna Give You Love, Klein recalls the honeyed, heartfelt tones of Neil Diamond. Meanwhile, lead single Rabbit Rabbit strikes a healthy balance between low-key moodiness and uplifting, synth-built radio anthem. And if crooning closer Chrysalis is cinematic, it's a film you'll want to rewind and watch repeatedly.

Ben Myers

Koi Child

★★★

Koi Child

PILERATS/WARNER MUSIC. CD/DL/LP

Australian jazz-rap septet's debut, produced by Tame Impala's Kevin Parker.

The love child of nu-jazz quartet Kashikoi with hip hop trio Child's Play, these two Fremantle bands became one after an impromptu festival jam sparked the imagination of Tame Impala's sonic reducer Kevin Parker. His typically fastidious production allows their formidable musicianship free rein as tenor and alto sax solos vie for space with tinkling feather-light keys, expansive double bass and punchy compressed drums. In tune with the free jazz foundations of Kamasi Washington's *The Next Step*, the instrumental powerhouse behind Kendrick Lamar's *To Pimp A Butterfly*, they show their full chops on Grease before the hydroponically languid yet word-packed raps of Shannon 'Cruz' Patterson come into play. If no match for Lamar's lyrical invention, his band's appealingly loose debut is primed for the BBQ season.

Andy Cowan

Stephen Steinbrink

★★★

Anagrams

MELODIC. CD/DL/LP

After a decade of confessional albums, Steinbrink's still troubled.

By his own admission, he's on the edge. "While making *Anagrams*, I felt like I was losing it. Lately, writing songs makes the world seem more chaotic." You wouldn't necessarily know when listening to him. The lush melodies shoot rays of sunlight into your mind, sprinkling echoes of 1970s innocence, of Simon & Garfunkel, The Cars, even ELO: meticulous, airy guitar-pop. But if you're not too swept away, you'll hear it: on the sweet nugget of What Identity?, with the line "I wish I could remember how to live…"; on the upbeat country-folk of Dissociative Blues, with its tambourine, fiddle and bass, the declaratory "I think but never do… I'll never be like you." Slightly fey at the start, this album gets better as it goes on, the orchestral strings of Black Hole shimmering like the night sky. Cathartic for this listener, anyway.

Glyn Brown

THE MONKEES
GOOD TIMES!

The Monkees

★★★★

Good Times!

RHINO. CD/DL/LP

Tork, Nesmith, Dolenz mark their group's half century with first album in 20 years.

The Monkees were made to sing Neil Diamond and here they take his Love To Love, a song they first recorded in 1967, and create a perfect pop moment. Featuring a previously recorded vocal by Davy Jones, who died in 2012, it's a match for any of their '60s hit 45s. It also features all four Monkees, the only song of the 13 here to do so. The remainder, penned by the group, musician fans and long time cohorts, feature Tork, Dolenz and Nesmith and, for the most part, recapture the enchantment of the original group. The title track, for instance, built upon a 1968 session featuring the song's author Harry Nilsson, is a heart-palpitating rush of emotion, while Boyce & Hart's Whatever's Right is pure bubblegum thrill.

Lois Wilson

Rick Redbeard

★★★★

Awake Unto

CHEMIKAL UNDERGROUND. CD/DL/LP

Second album by Phantom Band singer and guitarist, Rick Anthony.

Some of the songs here are structurally similar to The Phantom Band, but are decelerated, cryptic, and lacking that group's twitchy propulsion. Instead, Redbeard lets his guitar and sonorous baritone voice create the atmosphere. Bill Callahan and Dan Michaelson spring to mind, but he's more melodically mobile than either and adds telling dabs of instrumental colour. Many songs have compelling narratives. My Wild Young Country is a countryish tune with clunky piano, sung in uneasy celebration: "You held the hand of Jesus and you let it go just for our lust." There are backwards keyboard drones on Field Years, and The Night Is All Ours is like a Celtic doo wop with backing vocals and tremolo guitar. On the elegiac Let It Rust, Redbeard sings "If the dream don't come to much/ Set it out back and let it rust", before its peaceful resolution with a coda of synthetic strings.

Mike Barnes

Plaid

★★★★

The Digging Remedy

WARP. CD/DL/LP

Dance music stalwarts' expansive ninth studio LP, with interactive website.

Contemporary pop's predilection for artful wonkiness has witnessed Plaid's previously obscure stock of stuttering rhythms and glassy, glitchy synths assimilate straight into the mainstream. Positioned at the more accessible, chin-stroking end of the IDM spectrum, former Black Dog boffins Andy Turner and Ed Handley's work with gamelan orchestras and anime soundtracks has also refined their curiously emotive, richly melodic electronica. While this ninth LP retains Plaid's signature style, it also offers far more range than dependable recent outings *Reachy Prints* or *Scintilli*. The implacable low end of Do Matter, vibrant tech chords of Clock, Middle Eastern infusions of Lambswood and '80s sci-fi film sonics of Salodre dovetail with sparing guitar work from Benet Walsh to spread warmth, nuance and breadth on a triumphantly trippy return.

Andy Cowan

Joseph Arthur

★★★★

The Family

REAL WORLD. CD/DL/LP

Reverie and ivory/Side by side on his piano keyboard…

Sketching the lives of one fictional family across the generations, Joseph Arthur's latest took wing thanks to a 1912 Steinway Vertegrand piano he recently acquired for his Brooklyn-based studio, Red Hook. Long an able one-man-band, Arthur usually leads with guitar, but here his Vertegrand and the things he imagines it has borne witness to take centre stage amid scuzzy drum-loops and impassioned, often John Lennon-like vocals. Intriguing vignettes such as Ethel Was Born, which concerns a child born the day the Titanic sank, keep us guessing, while When I Look At You, You Wear Me Out, and You Keep Hanging On are infectious, subtly ingenious pop songs. Mixed by Tchad Blake, and hatched with Arthur's usual attention to detail, the whole shebang is a lovely thing to bring back to Real World, the label that first signed Arthur back in 1997.

James McNair

Marisa Anderson

★★★★

Into The Light

CHAOS KITCHEN MUSIC. CD/DL/LP

Portland improv guitarist moves into more melodic, western territory.

Marisa Anderson's previous two LPs, 2013's *Mercury* and *Traditional And Public Domain Songs*, were hand-loomed works of stark minimal beauty, her bright acoustic and rough-edged electric guitars picking intricate dancing paths through the dark folk pasts of American music. For her appropriately titled new album she has moved into a more hospitable climate, where multitracking of bass-strung guitar, lap and pedal steel, electric piano and percussion have resulted in a warmer palette, a golden late-afternoon landscape of long desert shadows. Written as "the soundtrack to an imaginary science-fiction western [tracing] the story of a visitor lost and wandering on the shifting borderlands of the Sonoran desert", *Into The Light* bears comparison to Bruce Langhorne's abstract guitar scores for Peter Fonda's two early '70s existential desert dramas, The Hired Hand and Idaho Transfer, but with despair replaced by hope, doubt by belief.

Andrew Male

Gøggs

★★★

Gøggs

IN THE RED. CD/DL/LP

The ever-prolific Ty Segall adds another string to his bow with new über-punk trio.

Not to be confused with a similarly named French outfit, the US Gøggs are a punk rock supergroup featuring Ty Segall, Chris Shaw (Ex-Cult) and Charles Moothart (Fuzz). Joined by guests including Mikal Cronin and Wand's Cory Hanson, their eponymous debut is a bloody-nosed hardcore ruckus that makes no bones of its debt to Black Flag's vintage thuggery. Neck-deep in distortion and barbed with some well-placed electronic shrapnel, the likes of Falling In, She Got Harder and Needle Trade Off are powerhouse blasts of knuckle-dragging noise and breakneck belligerence. With Smoke The Würm slyly referencing 'Flag bassist Chuck Dukowski's first band, elsewhere their old-school punk punch-ups share cut lips and chipped teeth with The Pagans, Negative Approach and Pissed Jeans.

Andrew Carden

Robert Coyne & Jaki Liebezeit
I Still Have This Dream
MEYER RECORDS

Robert Coyne & Jaki Liebezeit

★★★★

I Still Have This Dream

MEYER. CD/DL/LP

Third pairing between singer-songwriter (and son of Kevin) and former Can drummer.

On paper, a really unusual combination: the guitarist and singer with the veteran drummer who has reduced his style over the years down to a kind of Ur-musical code played with a mixture of elegance and near mechanical precision. Coyne's playing and spare vocal phrases seem to sit more naturally around these mesmeric rhythms than on 2015's *Golden Arc*. The droll Cockney Mystic rides on straightahead beats, but on Soothing Sounds and the title track, Coyne's guitar-picking and Aglaja Camphausen's cello wind deliciously around Liebezeit's simple syncopations, while the 11-minute plus Thank You (I've Got The Idea) is a brilliantly arranged manipulation of space and sound. Liebezeit plays with single-minded concentration and Coyne augments his own vocal lines with subtle bass guitar and electric piano motifs, and gently simmering electronics.

Mike Barnes

Jessica Sligter

★★★★

A Sense Of Growth

HUBRO. CD/DL/LP

High drama from the Netherlands' genre-flouting singer-songwriter.

Jessica Sligter is Dutch-born, Oslo-resident, records for a Norwegian label and is obviously unconcerned with barriers. Her third album under her own name – she previously recorded as Jæ – is her most expansive to date, features strings, analogue synthesizers and was recorded in Seattle. Traits remain though: her voice's sudden shifts from the declamatory into the whisperingly intimate; melodies which could be torch songs or performed in Weimar cabaret. More forthright than ever, the *A Sense Of Growth* Sligter is uncompromised by standard forms of song. Mercilessly Clear adapts the writing of Swedish Nobel Prize-winning poet Harry Martinson and sets it against a fragmented musical bed which latter-day Scott Walker would admire. The title track has a wonky seesaw Kaw-Liga rhythm over which an unfettered Sligter sings of living her dream. Strange and theatrical. Charming and unique too.

Kieron Tyler

Matthew Herbert

★★

A Nude (The Perfect Body)

ACCIDENTAL. CD/DL

The sonic explorer comes up with an album comprising sounds of the human body.

Half an hour into Is Sleeping, an hour-long, rather muffled recording of the shallow breathing of a dormant subject, it is clear that rather than this being a fascinating recontextualising of quotidian sounds, it is entirely lacking in interest. Its tedium cannot even be rescued by the notion of it being conceptual art because it is already such a shopworn idea. Disc two uses recordings of more bodily functions (track titles include Is Eating, Is Coming and Is Shitting) and trying to credit it all as more than corny shock tactics, these corporeal sounds are just occasionally morphed into some remarkable shapes. But again, all this has been done before, by curious schoolboys with recorders, and in more imaginative ways by artists like Matmos, Aube and Pan Sonic. And unfortunately, as a sound source, the human body produces rather dull noises. Which is probably why we invented music.

Mike Barnes

Strange, theatrical, charming and unique Jessica Sligter.

Jenny Berge Myhre, Oddleiv Apneseth

UNDERGROUND

BY ANDREW MALE

ERLEND APNESETH TRIO
DET ANDRE ROMMET
HUBRO

Erlend Apneseth Trio

★★★★

Det Andre Rommet

HUBRO. CD/DL/LP

Norwegian folk trio explore the sonic possibilities of their national instrument.

THE *HARDINGFELE* or hardanger fiddle is a tubby, narrow, eight-stringed violin, historically used in Norwegian folk dances. Although a number of these dances were famously adapted by Edvard Grieg, the instrument's bass-string scrape and keening drone was also considered the devil's music by Norwegian Christians; from the 18th to the 20th century many hardangers were destroyed by the church. Recently, this dark folk aspect has attracted a number of younger musicians, most strikingly 26-year-old music prodigy Apneseth. With drummer Øyvind Hegg-Lunde and Cakewalk guitarist Stephan Meidell, Apneseth takes fragments of silver-lit dance melodies and pushes them into wilder rain-sodden territories, the trio's close, intuitive compositions groaning, roiling and clattering with a raw exploratory life, creating a wild new strain of Norwegian folk tunes that move, appropriately, from sun-dappled utopianism to the bleakest noir netherworld.

ALSO RELEASED

Pita

★★★

Get In

EDITIONS MEGO. CD/DL/LP

Twelve years on from 2004's intense *Get Off*, Editions Mego label-head Peter Rehberg returns with another master-class mood-board of 21st century electronica, moving from deep-bass brooding threat to vicious acid assault squelch and immersive orchestral intensity. A tad less confrontational than previous Pita releases but no less powerful.

Palomica

★★★

Petito

FIKA. CD/DL/LP

With shades of Jad Fair, The Pastels and Maher Shalal Hash Baz, Nicol Parkinson's pop songs are simultaneously optimistic and ruined, a collection of beautiful melodic collages of troubled positivity, rosily assembled impressions of the bleached and broken jetsam of his local Brighton beach.

Michael Tanner

★★★

Suite For Psaltery And Dulcimer

KIT. DL/LP

Inspired by "the shape of the Sussex landscape", '70s new age cassettes and half-remembered TV shows of childhood, Plinth and United Bible Studies alumnus Tanner uses bowed dulcimer and psaltery (plus viola from UBS's Alison Cotton) to craft a deep dilatory dreamscape of our folk-haunted English past.

Goldsmiths

★★★★

Goldsmiths

ANOTHER TIMBRE. CD

Recorded at Goldsmiths college last year, this is hushed, slow-crawl modern improv at its best, violinists Angharad Davies and Lina Lapelyte joined by pianist John Tilbury, double-bassist Michael Duch, Rhodri Davies on electric harp, and percussionist John Lely, conjure strange limpid jewels out of the ghostly creaking night. *AM*

FILTER ALBUMS

Only the strong survive: the return of Biffy Clyro.

The Impossible Gentlemen

★★★★

Let's Get Deluxe

BASHO. CD

Jazz adventurers mix melody and muscle on third album.

A generation ago, a group as creative as this would have schlepped round city halls, supporting Return To Forever, say, or Weather Report. Thanks to the tides of fashion turning against jazz, one bonus for fans is watching technically outstanding musicians in small venues at an arm's length. The material these Gentlemen are now presenting often has Pat Metheny-like melodicism – with the elegant precision of piano hotshot Gwilym Simcock to the fore. His foil, electric guitarist Mike Walker, can play anything from delicate reverie (Miniature) to bluesy Clapton-like heroics (Propane Jane), propelled by the subtle muscle of US drummer Adam Nussbaum. There are other inspirations too. When Simcock switches to electronic keyboards on Terrace Legend, the atmospheric washes and driving pulse recall Weather Report. This is jazz that stretches the ears but never forgets its mission to entertain.

John Bungey

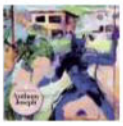
Anthony Joseph

★★★★

Caribbean Roots

STRUT. CD/DL/LP

Tremendous sixth album from the innovative poet, author, lecturer and musician.



London-based Joseph has spent his adult life analysing the Afro-Caribbean diaspora through his poetry, novels, lectures and music, and his sixth album continues this exploration. Raised in Trinidad, he spent his youth listening to his grandparents' Mighty Sparrow records and it's those that stamp an imprint on Neckbone and Slinger. The first-named is an intoxicating calypso about a badjohn featuring Syl Johnson, the second a pan-Caribbean collaboration with David Rudder. The Kora, meanwhile, a repetitive groove built around a Tobago heel-and-toe rhythm that also features weaving brass and carnivalesque steel pans, is an enticing heart of darkness tale, Joseph cast as a fiery Gil Scott-Heron figure. Jimmy, Upon That Bridge, a powerful anti-slavery song set to a quicksilver afro-tropical funk, is another standout.

Lois Wilson

Starless

★★★

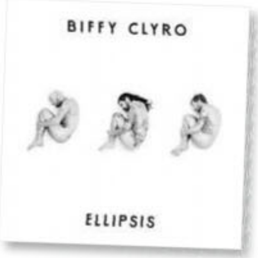
Starless

MARINA. CD/DL/LP

Lushness abounds from Love & Money's Paul McGeechan and some of his influential Scottish chums.

An enticingly dark and somewhat mysterious sleeve design; vast, exotic soundscapes; an impressive array of guest singers, from Blue Nile's Paul Buchanan to Julie Fowlis, Kaela Rowan, Andrew White and Chris Thomson; track titles like Apocalypse, Solitude and The Surge Of The Sea; a smidgeon of trip hop and the Prague Philharmonic Orchestra string section at full tilt. Everything about this ambitious, atmospheric album feels epic. Masterminded by Paul McGeechan of Love & Money, it slides easily between the fragility of the Cocteau Twins and one of Ennio Morricone's grander soundtracks, evoking emotive oceanic imagery with brooding lyrics on themes of parting, loss and the unknown. While occasionally overwrought, beauteous moments abound, especially on the Gaelic tracks and some stirring vocal performances from Marie Claire Lee (Whispered Reason No. 2), Andrew White (Within These Walls) and Buchanan (Starless).

Colin Irwin



Biffy Clyro

★★★★

Ellipsis

WARNER BROS/14TH FLOOR. CD/DL/LP

Hard-won follow-up to their 2013 UK Number 1 long-player *Opposites*.

Prior to *Ellipsis*, Biffy frontman Simon Neil's long-standing battle with panic attacks and insomnia was exacerbated by an acute identity crisis and 18 months of writer's block. When the songs eventually started coming again, they included hit-single-in-waiting Re-arrange, Biffy's poppiest outing to date, and Neil's heartfelt apology to wife Francesca for the period when he'd "suck the energy out of the room." With its children's choirs, its nods to Tears For Fears circa *Songs From The Big Chair*, and its Kanye and Kendrick Lamar-inspired production tics, the rest of *Ellipsis* also brings a fresh twist to Biffy's rampant stop-start riffage. If the cover shot of Neil and bandmates James and Ben Johnston curled naked in the foetal position is a daring show of solidarity in vulnerability, high-octane thrillers such as Howl and Wolves Of Winter evince a band who've come back stronger.

James McNair

Roísín Murphy

★★★★

Take Her Up To Monto

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. CD/DL/LP

A night at the replicant cabaret with highly evolved dancing queen.

The forbidding title of Roísín Murphy's fourth solo album comes from an Irish folk song that her father used to sing her, but there's nothing homely about *Take Her Up To Monto*. It's hard to imagine anyone passing these songs on to their children: installing them direct into their brains on a silver chip, maybe. Since her time in Moloko, Murphy has smartly subverted the dancefloor diva image, and these songs come straight from the uncanny valley, android beauty not quite hiding their off-centre menace. The synthetic lullaby of Whatever or Lip Service's seasick cruise-ship cabaret have a lurid test-tube sparkle, but Murphy's oddly conversational lyrics hint at unspoken dread. "I was functioning then as I'm functioning now," she sings on Mastermind's ominous synth-pop boom, "Way below my potential." That's clearly not the case here, but as Murphy understands so well, reality is only half the story.

Victoria Segal

Mudcrutch

★★★

2

REPRISE. CD/DL/LP

Second time around for Tom Petty's reunited pre-Heartbreakers band.

Tom Petty made one single in five years with Mudcrutch, before his record company persuaded him to scrap the worst name in rock and start the Heartbreakers in 1975. Keyboard player Benmont Tench and guitarist/wing man Mike Campbell went with him. This second album follows 2008's self-titled reunion/debut. The opening song, Trailer, with its beat-pop swagger and the boss's signature whine, could have come off any one of those early Heartbreakers records. Sometimes, it's only when Petty's bandmates' voices cut through you're reminded this isn't another solo outing. Not everything hits the mark. The Other Side Of The Mountain is a carefree Flying Burrito Brothers soundalike, but the throwaway Welcome To Hell suggests a late-period Traveling Wilburys B-side. But there's a lightness of touch and a sense of fun here missing of late, particularly on 2010's *Mojo*. Revisiting the past has done Tom Petty good.

Mark Blake

Sinclair 808

★★★

Phantom Architect

HERE AND NOW. DL

Epic, shimmering synth-laden soundtrack to an imaginary film.

It's surprisingly easy to summon the fictitious movie playing in New York-based electronic composer Jean-Luc Sinclair's head when recording this epic debut. Adding to an arsenal of soundtracks without celluloid nominally pioneered by Barry Adamson's *Moss Side Story*, the occasional Trent Renzor cohort, Berklee professor and sound designer for 2013's harrowing documentary Small Small Thing unashamedly alchemises shimmering synth-drenched '80s sci-fi epics with added crunchy guitars, operatic choirs and tight drum kicks. Generous nods to movie soundtracks such as Vangelis's *Blade Runner*, Wendy Carlos's *Tron* and John Carpenter's *Escape From New York* abound. While a sample of mass suicide preacher Jim Jones sinisterly intoning "Without me life has no meaning" shifts the mood to a much darker place, prime melodic blasts of *Oxygène*-era Jean Michel Jarre and *Computer World* Kraftwerk help speed proceedings to a suitably climactic finish.

Andy Cowan

Caleb Coppola

The Field

★★★★

The Follower

KOMPAKT. CD/DL/LP

Formerly characterised by Krautrock drone, Swedish electronica maven Axel Willner offers hypnotic, moody techno and shimmering ambience. *The Follower* places him alongside Caribou as a master of emotional reverie. *SW*

H.U.M.

★★★

Trinity Way

ROCKET RECORDINGS. CD/DL/LP

Harnessing the monolithic force of Sunn 0)))'s dank, Stygian gloom to Coil's occultish vocal incantations, this Anglo-French trio aim to unsettle, and succeed. Drones, digital hiss and crackle add a futuristic cryogenic chill. *JB*

Kikagaku Moyo

★★★★

House In The Tall Grass

GURUGURU BRAIN. CD/DL/LP

Blend of psych shimmer, space-rock pulse, soft-rock harmonies and elemental folk chaos on Tokyo quintet's second, inspired by Bruce Langhorne's Hired Hand OST and Japan's frozen north. *AM*

Thomas Köner

★★★

Tiento De La Luz

DENOVALI. CD/DL/LP

Compared to the desolation of previous LPs, German composer Köner's latest is relatively tranquil; six slow pieces for piano, electronics and viola da gamba that creak and glisten like sea ice melting in spring sun. *AM*

The Kurws

★★★★

All That Is Solid Melts Into Air

GAFFER. CD/DL/LP

Raw, post-punk sleaze jazz from a Polish quartet of drums, guitar, bass and horns, plus, on this second LP, the necessary "overtuned grand piano, coffee grinder, bicycle, timber logs and plastic cup." *AM*

Laniakea

★★★★

A Pot Of Powdered Nettles

HOUSE OF MYTHOLOGY. CD/DL/LP

Daniel O'Sullivan (Ulver) and Massimo Pupillo (Zu) summon witch choirs in the basilica of a brutalist cathedral, blending early music chants, bass, cello and doom metal riffs into an epic song of mourning. *AM*

Ciaran Lavery

★★★★

Let Bad In

BELIEVE RECORDINGS. CD/DL/LP

Co. Antrim songwriter turns an old VHS of a family holiday into a musical memoir of his 15-year-old self. Melancholic nostalgia pervades while shifts between gauzy and vivid recollections mirror his skilful multi-genre arrangements. *JB*

JOHN McCUSKER
HELLO, GOODBYE

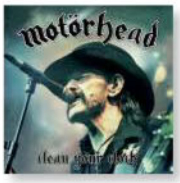
John McCusker

★★★★

Hello, Goodbye

UNDER ONE SKY. CD/DL/LP

This Scots fiddle/whistle virtuoso has graced records by Mark Knopfler and Teenage Fanclub. Recorded beside a bothy built in 1779, his sparkling instrumental latest is a spry, sometimes wistful work with esteemed folk guests. *JM*



Motörhead

★★★

Clean Your Clock

UDR MUSIC. CD/DL/LP

Motörhead's twelfth live album captures the band in Munich six weeks prior to Lemmy's death on December 28, 2015. The 16 tracks reflect just how unrelenting the three-piece remained until the very end. *PA*

Maarja Nuut

★★★★

Une Meeles

MAARJA NUUT. CD/DL/LP

Estonian fiddler/vocalist Nuut turns her homeland's folk songs and fairy tales into dreamlike loops, minimalist drones, dances, creaking spells and hypnotic melodies possessing both bright magic and a more troubling form. *AM*

PAPERNUT
CAMBRIDGE

Papernut Cambridge

★★★★

Love The Things Your Lover Loves

GARE DU NORD. CD/DL/LP

More bespoke glam-psych transports of delight from Ian Button's Sidcup pop dreamers, where lightness and peculiar substance meet. *IH*

RAINDEAR
EMBERS

Raindear

★★★

Embers

VANGUARD MUSIC BLVD. CD/DL/LP

A young Swedish songwriter and powerful singer steeped in jazz, re-routed via proggy, Gabriel-ish synth pop, Rebecca Bergcrantz's debut is all rocketing builds leavened by a harsh digital production, but packed with ideas. *JB*

Sumac

★★★

What One Becomes

THRILL JOCKEY. CD/DL/LP

Second album of sludge-mired deep-space death/doom metal from the gear-grinding trio spawned by Isis/Old Man Gloom necromancer Aaron Turner. The sound a minibus of demons might make stuck in a bank holiday A303 tailback. *AM*

Emily Jane White

★★★★

They Moved In Shadow All Together

TALITRES. CD/DL/LP

Self-accompanied on guitar and piano, her voice reverbed and layered as an out-of-body choir, EJW's sweetly narcotic voice belies her fifth LP's grim themes of lives fractured by trauma. Darkly captivating. *JB*

NOWSTREAMING

Roy Orbison

One Of The Lonely Ones

Now available on all streaming services to mark what would have been the Big O's 80th birthday, *One Of The Lonely Ones* was recorded for MGM in 1969 but remained unreleased until recently. Why it's failed to face its public for 46 years is something of a mystery, for it's an above average Orbison release that boasts quality covers of two Mickey Newbury songs (Leaving Makes The Rain Come Down and Sweet Memories), a healthy rocker in Child Woman, Woman Child, a couple of friendly pops and other diverse fare from the man surely born to provide David Lynch soundtracks. (see www.RoyOrbison.com) *FD*

Dial Me In

Factory Floor

Oscillate wildly! FF's second album for DFA won't disappoint modular synth nerds or just those who like to nod along to minimal, high-tech dance music. (SoundCloud)

I Don't Want To See What's Happening Outside

Morgan Delt

Californian psychedelicist's Sub Pop debut leans heavily on the Spacemen-do-Krautrock button. (YouTube)

Recommended Retailers

Here's the exclusive monthly guide to the country's most mouthwatering independent record emporia. Chosen for their knowledge of both current releases and specialist areas, they're guaranteed to provide the personal touch you won't find elsewhere. And they stock MOJO too. All where you see this sign.

Key to symbols: Second Hand ✋ Vinyl ○

Scotland

Assai ○
241-243 King Street, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, DD5 2AX
Tel: 01382 738406

Barnstorm Records
128 Queensbury Court,
Dumfries DG1 1BU
Tel: 01387 267894
All genres

Coda Music ✋○
12 Bank Street, Edinburgh EH1 2LN
Tel: 0131 622 7246
Email: mail@moundmusic.co.uk
Folk, Scottish, Country, World, Blues

Europa Music
10 Friars Street, Stirling FK8 1HA
Tel: 01786 448623

Love Music ✋○
34 Dundas Street, Glasgow,
Lanarkshire, G1 2AQ
Tel: 0141 332 2099
Email: lovemusicglasgow@gmail.com
Web: www.lovemusicglasgow.com
Indie, Punk, Mid Price, Metal, Rarities

Maidinvinyl
Room 1, 8 High Street, Inverurie,
AB51 3XQ
Tel: 07864 547203
All genres

North West

A&A Records
12High Street Congleton,
CW12 1BC
Tel: 01260 280778
Email: wwwaamusic.co.uk
Web: aamusicmail@aol.com
All formats

Action ✋○
47 Church Sreet, Preston ,
PR1 3DH
Tel: 01772 884 772
Email: sales@action-records.co.uk
Web: www.action-records.co.uk
Indie, Rock, Country, Jazz, Blues, Leftfield Dance

Beatin' Rhythm ○
G19 The Smithfield Building,
42 Tib Street,
Manchester M4 1LA
Tel: 0161 834 7783
Email: music@beatinrhythm.com
Web: www.beatinrhythm.com
Northern Soul, Funk, '60s Girl Groups, Rockabilly, Doo Wop

Jacaranda Records
21-23 Slater Street, Liverpool,
L1 4BW
Tel: 0151 708 2942
Web: www.jacarandarecords.tumblr.com
All genres

Tangled Parrot Hay-On-Wye
5 Market St, Hay-on-Wye,
Hereford, HR3 5AF
Tel: 07817781493
www.tangledparrot.com
Second Hand & New Vinyl/CD's/Books/Merch

X Records
44 Bridge Street, Bolton BL1 2EG
Tel: 01204 384579
Email: xrecords@xrecords.co.uk
All Genres

Vinyl Groove Café
2 Queens Street, Lytham, FY8 5LQ
Tel: 07759423769
Vinyl only, All genres

North East

Crash Records ○
35 The Headrow, Leeds LS1 6PU
Tel: 0113 2436743
All genres

Earworm Records ✋○
Powells Yard, Goodramgate,
York YO1 7LS
Tel: 01904 627488
All genres

45rpm Records ○
7a Front Street, Wingate
Durham, TS28 5AA
Tel: 0711 450045
Vinyl only

Jumbo Records ○
5/6 St Johns Centre,
Leeds LS2 8LQ
Tel: 0113 245 5570
Email: info@jumborecords.co.uk
Web: www.jumborecords.co.uk
Reggae, Indie, Soul, Rock n Roll, Dance

J.G.Windows
1-7 Central Arcade, Newcastle
upon Tyne NE1 5BP
Tel: 0191 232 1356
All Genres

Muse Music
40 Market Street, Hebden
Bridge, West Yorkshire, HX7 6AA
Tel: 01422 843496
Psychedelic, progressive old & new, jazz, classic rock and metal specialists

Record Collector ✋
232 Fullwood Road, Sheffield
S10 3BA
Tel: 0114 266 8493
Rock, Dance, Jazz, World, Reggae

Record Revivals
18 Northway, Scarborough
East Yorks, YO11 1JL
Tel: 01723 351983
Email: info@recordrevivals.co.uk
Stock all genres

Reflex ○
23 Nun Street, Newcastle, NE1 5AG
Tel: 0191 260 3246
Email: info@reflexcd.co.uk
Web: www.reflexcd.co.uk
Rock, Indie, Pop, Dance & Back Cat

Roots2Music ○
67B Westgate Road,
Newcastle NE1 1SG
Tel: 0191 230 2500
Email: info@roots2music.com
Web: www.roots2music.com
Traditional music specialists, world, country and blues. Mail-order & online

Skipton Sound Bar ✋○
15 Swadford Street, Skipton
North Yorkshire
Tel 01756 793543

Vinyl Tap ✋○
42 John William St,
Huddersfield HD1 1ER
Tel: 01484 517720
Web: www.vinyltap.co.uk
Open Mon-Sat 9-6 and Sun 11-4

Northern Ireland

Head
42-44 Ann Street, Belfast BT1 4EG
Tel: 02890 237226
All genres

North Wales

Vod Music ✋○
28 New Street, Mold,
Flintshire CH7 1NZ
Tel: 07904688739
Email: enquiries@vodmusic.co.uk
Web: www.vodmusic.co.uk
New & Used Vinyl , CD's, DVD's, Merchandise & Accessories. RSD and BLACK FRIDAY participator!

Mid/South Wales

Andys
16 Northgate, Aberystwyth
SY23 2JS
Tel: 01970 624581
Email: shop@andys-records.co.uk
All genres

AW Jazz
26 Market Street, Haverfordwest,
Pembrokeshire SA61 1NH
Tel: 01437769618
Jazz, Blues

Dales Records ○
40 High Street, Tenby, SA70 7HD
Tel: 01834 842285

Derricks ○
221 Oxford St, Swansea SA1 3BQ
Tel: 01792 654 226
Web: www.derricksmusic.co.uk
Rock, Pop, Indie, Blues, AOR, Imports

Diverse Music ○
10 Charles St, Newport NP20 1JU
Tel: 01633 259 661
Web: www.diversevinyl.com
Contemp, folk, roots, jazz, rock, vinyl

Head
64 Grand Arcade, St Davids
Dewi Sant, Cardiff, CF10 2EL
Tel: 02920668681
All genres

Retro-Vibe
8 High Street, Cardiff, CF10 IAW
Tel: 0292 0231803
All genres

Spillers ○
31 Morgan Arcade, Cardiff CF10 1AF
Tel: 02920224905
Rock, Blues, Indie, Real Country, 7-inch

Tangled Parrot Carmarthen
Upper Floor, 32 King St,
Carmarthen, SA31 1BS
Second Hand & New Vinyl/CD's/Books/Merch

Terminal Records
Riverside Market, Haverfordwest
SA61 2AN
Tel: 01437 768177
All genres

Terry's
8 Church Street, Pontypridd
CF37 2TH
Tel: 01443 406421
All genres

North/West Midlands

Head ✋○
14 Lower Mall, Royal Priors,
Leamington Spa , CV32 4XU
Tel: 01926 887 870
Chart CDs & DVDs/Jazz/Soul/Rock/Pop/Dance/Books/T-Shirts

Left For Dead ○
14 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, SY1 1XB
Email: left_for_dead@outlook.com
Tel: 01743 247777
Web: www.leftfordeadshop.co.uk
All genres

Music in the green ○
Rutland square, Buxton road
Bakewell, DE45 1BZ
Tel: 07929 282 950
All genres

Music Mania ✋○
4/6 Piccadilly Arcade, Hanley,
Stoke On Trent, ST1 1DL
Tel: 01782 206000
Email: sales@musicmaniauk.com
Web: www.musicmaniauk.com
Facebook.com/musicmaniauk
Twitter: @musicmaniastoke
Vinyl/cd/tickets - all genres stocked used and new product

Neverland Music Company
30 West End Arcade
Nottingham NG1 6JP
Tel: 07708 102625
Rock/Metal

Seismic Records ✋○
Spencer Street, Leamington Spa
CV31 3NF
Tel: 01926 831333
All genres

ST Records ✋○
165 Wolverhampton Street,
Dudley, West Midlands
DY1 3HA
Tel: 01384 230726
Rock – Metal

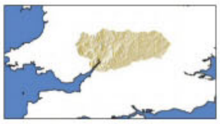
Strand Records
Unit 15, The Strand,
Longton ST3 2JF
Tel: 0759 29208319
All genres

East Midlands

Off The Beaten Tracks ✋○
36 Aswell Street, Louth LN11 9HP
Tel: 01507 607677
Email: info@beatentracks.co.uk
Web: www.offthebeatentracks.org
Rock, Folk, Jazz, Alternative, 60s, 70s, new releases and rare vinyl. Open 10am - 5.30pm (Friday till 6pm) (Closed every Thursday and Sunday)

Rough Trade ✋○
5 Broad Street, Nottingham
NG1 3AL
Tel: 0115869 4012

Tallbird Records
10 Soresby Street,
Chesterfield S40 1JN
Tel: 01246 234548
Email: tallbirdrecords@gmail.com
All genres. Find us on Facebook & Twitter



West

Badlands ✋○
11 St George's Place,
Cheltenham GL50 3LA
Tel: 01242 227 725
Email: badlands@cityscape.co.uk
Two-storey shop, M/O, Brill selection

Rapture ✋○
Unit 12, Woolgate Centre,
Witney OX28 6AP
Tel: 01993 700567
Web: www.rapturewitney.co.uk
60 years of experience under one roof

Rise
C15B, Chapel Walk, Crowngate,
Worcester WR1 3LD
Tel: 01905 611273
Email: worcester@rise-music.co.uk
Web: www.rise-music.co.uk
All genres

Truck Store
101 Cowley Road, Oxford, OX4 1HU
Tel: 01865 793866
Web: www.truckmusicstore.co.uk
All genres

East

Black Barn Records
15 Burleigh Street
Cambridge, CB1 1DG
Tel: 01223 464888

Compact-Music ○
89 North Sreet, Sudbury, CO10 IRF
Tel: 01787 881160
Rock, Pop & Blues, incl. 'Classic Sounds' for Classical, Jazz, instruments and M/O

Fives ○
22 The Broadway,
Leigh On Sea, SS9 1AW
Tel: 01702 711 629
Email: pete@fives-records.freeserve.co.uk
Blues, Jazz, Indie, Country, Rock

Lost in Vinyl
20 Madgelene Street, Cambridge
CB3 0AF
Tel: 01223 464882
All Genres

The Nevermind The Music Store
10 Chur ch Street, Boston
PE21 6NW
Tel: 01205 369419
All genres

Relevant ○
260 Mill Road, Cambridge
CB1 3NF
Tel: 01223 244 684
All genres but vinyl only

Slipped Discs ✋○
21 High St, Billericay, CM12 9AJ
Tel: 01245 350820
Across the board

Vinyl Hunter ○
56 St Johns Street
Bury St Edmunds, IP33 1SN
Tel: 01284 725410
Vinyl only

London

Casbah Records ✋○
The Beehive, 320-322 Creek Rd,
Greenwich SE10 9SW
Tel: 0208 858 1964
Web: www.casbahrecords.co.uk or www.facebook.com/casbahrecordsatthebeehive
Rock n' Roll to Soul, Punk, Psych, new Indie, Old Skool Hip Hop and Reggae

Intoxica Records
11 Cecil Court, Charing Cross
London, WC2N 4EZ
Tel: 44 207 836 6563
Email: intoxica@intoxica.co.uk
Web: www.intoxica.co.uk
'20th Century Vinyl - Originals & Reissues'

Nightfly Records ✋○
52A Windsor Street
Uxbridge, Middlesex, UB8 1AB
Tel: +44 (0)1896 259 369
Mob: +44 (0)7774 449336

Rough Trade ✋○
130 Talbot Road, W11 1JA
Tel: 020 7229 8541
Email: shop@roughtrade.com
Web: www.roughtrade.com
Across the board

Rough Trade East
'Dray Walk' Old Truman Brewery,
91 Brick Lane, London E1 6QL
Web: www.roughtrade.com
Tel: 0207 392 7788
Across the board

Sister Ray ✋○
34-35 Berwick Street, W1V 3RF
Tel: 0207 7343297
Web: www.sisterray.co.uk
Over 24,000 items in our Soho store

Soul Brother ✋○
1 Keswick Road, SW15 2HL
Tel: 020 8875 1018
Email: soulbrother@btinternet.com
Web: www.soulbrother.com
Soul/Jazz, Reissues, Rarities, M/O

Turnstyle Records
227 Streatham High Street
London, SW16 6EW
Tel: 07930 402580

Vinyl Deptford
4 Tanners Hill, Deptford, SE8 4PJ
Tel: 0208 469 1444
Vinyl only, All genres

South

101 Collectors Records
101 West St, Farnham, GU9 7EN
Tel: 01252 734409
Email: andyhib101@hotmail.com
Web: www.101collectorsrecords.co.uk
Rare, second-hand & new vinyl and CDs, inc. major re-issues, across all genres

The Compact Disc
57 London Road, Sevenoaks,
TN14 1AU
Tel: 01732 740 889
Blues, Jazz, World, Rn'B, Back Catalogue

Davids Music
12 Eastcheap,
Letchworth SG6 3DE
Tel: 01462 475 900
Email: andy@davids-music.co.uk
Web: www.davids-music.co.uk
Open 7 days a week. Across the board

Empire Records
21 Heritage Close, St Albans,
AL3 4EB
Tel: 01727 860890
All genres

Gatefield Sounds
70 High Street, Whitstable CT5 1BD
Tel: 01227 263337
Email: mikektba@hotmail.com
All genres

Head
269 The Glades, Bromley BR1 1DN
Tel: 0208 466 6335

Hot Salvation
32 Rendezvous Street,
Folkestone,
Kent, CT20 1EY
Tel: 01303 487657
Email: hotsalvationstore@gmail.com
Vinyl store – All genres

Hundred Records
47 The Hundred, Romsey
Hants S051 8GE
Tel: 01794 518655
All genres

Music's Not Dead
71 Devonshire Road,
Bexhill On Sea TN40 1BD
Tel: 07903 731371
All genres

Pebble Records
The Basement, 14 Gildredge Rd,
Eastbourne BN21 4RL
Tel: 01323 430 304
Web: www.pebblerecords.co.uk
Email: pebblerecords@btconnect.com

Pie & Vinyl
61 Castle Road, Southsea PO5 3AY
Tel: 07837 009587
Only vinyl (plus pies)

The Record Centre
37 Hill Avenue, Amersham, HP6 5BX
Tel: 01494 433311
Email: therecordshop@btconnect.com
All genres

The Record Corner
Pound Lane, Godalming GU7 1BX
Tel: 01483 422 006
Email: sales@therecordcorner.co.uk
Web: www.therecordcorner.co.uk
Broad spectrum of music available in stock and to order. Also stocking sheet music and accessories + mail order.

Resident
28 Kensington Gardens,
Brighton, East Sussex BN1 4AL
Tel: 01273 606312
Across the board, new releases and extensive back catalogue. Friendly, helpful staff.

The Rock Box
15b London Road, Camberley
GU15 3JY
Tel: 01276 26628
Rock

Slipped Discs
57 High Street, Billericay,
Essex, CM12 9AX

Smugglers records
9 king Street, Deal,
Kent, Ct146hx
Tel: 07500114442

The Sound Machine
24 Harris Arcade, Station Road,
Reading RG1 1DN
Tel: 0118 957 5075
All genres

South Records, Southend
Tel: 01702 826166
Email: shop@southrecordshop.com
Web: www.southrecordshop.com
All genres

The Vault
1 Castle Street, Christchurch
Dorset BH23 1DP
Tel: 01202 488002
All genres

Vintage & Vinyl
57 The Old High Street,
Folkestone, Kent CT20 1RN
Tel: 01303 246715
Vinyl only

South West

Blackcat Records
42 East Street, Taunton TA 13 LS
Tel: 01823 327701
Email: music@blackcat-records.co.uk
All genres plus second hand

Ceritech Audio
1 Pavilion Business Park
Speculation Road
Cinderford, G14 2YD
Tel: 01600 716 362
Vinyl only

The Collectors Room
3 Endless Street, Salisbury, SP1 1DL
Tel: 01722 326153
Email: collectorsroom@waitrose.com
Folk/Jazz/World/Blues

The Drift Record Shop
103 High Street, Totnes,
Devon TQ9 6SN
Tel: 01803 866828
Web: www.thedriftrecordshop.co.uk
All Genres

Forest Vinyl
1 Pavilion Business Park
Speculation Road
Cinderford, G14 2YD
Tel: 07751 404393
Vinyl only

Jam
32 High Street, Falmouth TR11 2AD
Tel: 01326 211722
Email: info@jamrecords.co.uk
Web: www.jamrecords.co.uk
Jam is an independent retailer of music, books, DVDs and exceptional coffee

Longwell Records
36 Temple St. Keynsham, BS31 1EH
Tel: 07795 472504
All genres

Phoenix Sounds
Unit 6, Pearl Assurance House,
Queen Street, Newton Abbot,
Devon TQ12 2AQ
Tel: 01626 334942
Email: phoenixsound1@gmail.com
We are able to order any CD or DVD available anywhere in the world.

Raves From The Grave
20 Cheap Street, Frome BA11 1BN
Tel: 01373 464666
Email: raves@btconnect.com
Web: www.ravesfromthegrave.com
vinyl and all types of music

Red House Records
21-23 Faringdon Road, Swindon,
SN1 5AR
Tel: 01793 526393
Email: info@redhouserecords.co.uk
Web: www.redhouserecords.co.uk
Vinyl only - new and second hand

Replayed Records
3 Daisy May Arcade, Swanage,
Dorset, BH19 1
Across the board on two floors

Room 33 Records
2 Market House Arcade, Bodmin,
Cornwall, PL31 2JA
Tel 01208 264754
All genres

Rooster Records
98 Fore Street, Exeter, EX4 3HY
Tel: 01392 272009
Email: jaimie@jaimiefennell.wanadoo.co.uk
Web: www.roosterrecords.co.uk
Huge selection of new & used Vinyl, CDs & DVDs. All genres covered esp. psych, prog, jazz, soul, folk, blues, punk, metal & indie. Ordering service.

Sound Knowledge
22 Hughenden Yard,
Marlborough, SN8 1LT
Tel: 01672 511106
Email: sales@soundknowledge.co.uk
2 floors, all genres, open 7 days

MOJO
M
STORE OF THE MONTH
Room 33 Records

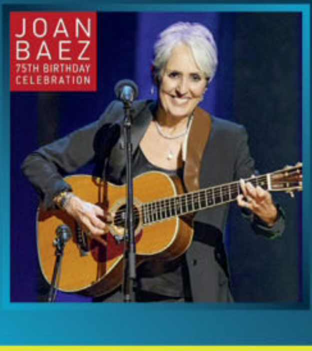
Room 33 Records

2 Market House Arcade, Bodmin,
Cornwall, PL31 2JA
Tel: 01208 264754

Room 33 Records was born out of a love of music and all the rock gods smiling at the same time. We are Cornwall's newest independent record shop, stocking new and used vinyl, CDs, t-shirts, books and other music related items. We cater for all tastes in music from Classical to Heavy Metal which is my personal genre of interest. The shop offers customers the opportunity to play vinyl and CDs and provides a meeting place for the music minded who can browse the thousands of tempting musical treats on offer. Do call in next time you visit Cornwall. A warm welcome is guaranteed.

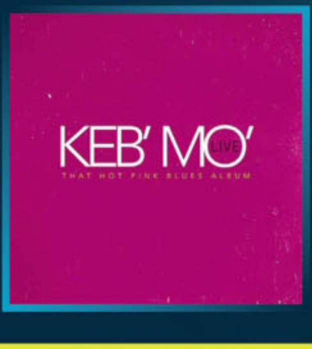
NEW FROM PROPER MUSIC

JOAN BAEZ
75TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION



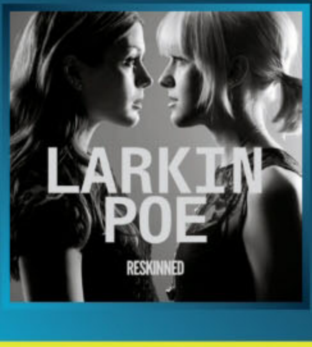
On January 27th, 2016, folk icon Joan Baez celebrated her 75th birthday with a historic performance at the Beacon Theatre in New York City. It celebrated 50-plus years in music in an intimate, career-spanning live performance, which is beautifully presented here. Baez performed alongside fellow artists and friends, including Jackson Browne, David Crosby, Emmylou Harris, Damien Rice, Paul Simon, Mavis Staples, Richard Thompson and many more. RAZOR & TIE

KEB' MO'
LIVE THAT HOT PINK BLUES ALBUM



Over the past two decades, Grammy award-winning singer, songwriter, guitarist and contemporary blues artist, Keb' Mo', has cultivated a reputation as being a modern master of American roots music.
On his newest release, he delivers some of his best material in the most authentic form, through live recordings.
Live at Union Chapel, Islington on 5 July
KIND OF BLUE MUSIC

LARKIN POE
RESKINNED



Fresh from supporting Elvis Costello on his recent tour, Larkin Poe album *Kin* is relaunched with five new tracks conveying the heavier more rock side of these Atlanta Sisters.
The album also has three new mixes of 'Stubborn Love', 'Don't', and 'Crown of Fire'.
RH MUSIC

JACOB COLLIER
IN MY ROOM

JACOB COLLIER
IN MY ROOM

"Jazz's new Messiah" (The Guardian) is recognised as one of music's most inventive and prodigious young talents by luminaries such as Quincy Jones and Herbie Hancock. The London based prodigy adds Soul, Gospel, Latin, Classical, Pop elements and more on his entirely self recorded and produced debut album.
MEMBRAN / QWEST

PROPER
FOR MORE MUSIC NEWS VISIT:
WWW.PROPERDISTRIBUTION.COM

Return to the source

The jewel in neo-psych bedroom king Nick Saloman's crown: this could be the greatest psychedelic rock record you've never heard, says **Andrew Perry**.

The Bevis Frond

★★★★

New River Head

FIRE. CD/DL/LP

THE BEVIS FROND
NEW RIVER HEAD

It took a motorbike accident to turn humble Nick Saloman into The Bevis Frond. The born-and-bred north Londoner had been in numerous Nowheresville bands since his teens in the late '60s, starting with Cream-style combo The Museum, then acoustic duo Nick And Dick, and "Humblebums-esque" Oddsocks. He'd even auditioned for Procol Harum in '71, after Robin Trower departed, without success.

Alerted to punk by his school friend, Stuart Goddard, who'd recently metamorphosed into Adam Ant, he formed the psychedelic-punk Von Trap Family. After fractious negotiations with several labels, the band changed their name to Room 13. He reached a certain nadir, he says, when he caught himself exploring white reggae to try and fit in. Then, circa '82, Saloman came off his bike, smashed up his elbow, and spent three months in hospital.

For Bob Dylan, of course, a similar predicament prompted a shift to more pastoral, philosophical music. Saloman, in contrast, was strapped for cash: he'd been scraping by, selling old vinyl at record fairs, and he and his wife Jan had just bought a house in Walthamstow, but he was due some compensation for the two-wheel collision. When the cheque finally landed in '85, he paid off his debts, went on holiday and, on his return, bought a Tascam 4-track Portastudio.

"When we had our daughter," he says, "Jan ended up being slightly less maternalistic than I am, so she went back to work as a secondary school teacher, and I was mum." Afforded unlimited time at home, he hatched his neo-psych bedroom alias, The Bevis Frond.

Self-releasing his first album, 1987's *Miasma* (recently repressed for Record Store Day), he predicted for it a fate of on-going disinterest, but a mail-order store in Margate took 450 of the initial pressing of 500, and he quickly had to press up more. At the behest of legendary psych zine Freakbeat, he was forced to form a live band and was soon touring Europe, while indulging his highly prolific muse with a barrage of labyrinthine long-players.

For 1990's fourth album, *Any Gas Faster* (also reissued), Saloman graduated to using a proper studio, and duly trimmed off some of his Hendrixy lead-guitar blitzage, in favour of sharper song writing. The following year's *New River Head* at last struck the perfect balance of tunes and wig-outs, and is rated by most Frond loons as his finest hour.

BACK STORY: PSYCH BY NUMBERS

- In 1991, Nick Saloman bid for pop-cultural fame as a contestant in Richard Whiteley's TV game show Countdown, reaching the series final. "I did it for my auntie," he says. "She was dying of cancer, and I used to go round and see her in Wembley, play Scrabble and watch Countdown with her. I was really good at it. One day at a QPR game, I sat next to Mark Nyman, the producer of the programme, and we started chatting. Through half-time he was giving me conundrums to do. Sadly, my auntie died before it was shown, but she knew I'd done well. One time I went for filming I had stubble. They told me to shave it off because it was too messy. They gave me a razor and I shaved it off in a wash basin, but I got into shit because I'd used Carol Vorderman's private wash basin. She was not happy!"

Alamy, Carla Van Der Marel

KEY TRACKS

- He'd Be A Diamond
- Undertaker
- Solar Marmalade

> "HE'D BE A DIAMOND IS RIGHT UP THERE WITH BIG STAR'S SEPTEMBER GURLS AS ONE OF THE BEST SONGS THE BYRDS NEVER WROTE."

Given that Saloman has remained a niche concern among purist psych fiends these past 30 years, it may well be the greatest psychedelic rock record you've never heard.

This kaleidoscopic 24-track magnum opus opens with some rather un-Bevis tracks, proof positive that our hero was really pushing himself: White Sun roars off the blocks with a sax and wah wah instrumental meltdown which wouldn't be out of place on The Stooges' *Fun House*, while Drowned drifts on a shimmery riff, waves lapping, like one of the quieter bits off The Who's *Quadrophenia*, before Saloman's reedy voice mordantly tells of a downer he's on, like an anglicised take on Dylan's Nine Below Zero. "I've been here for hours in my all-weather coat," he sniffs. So English!

Yet, She's Entitled To duly crunches in on the kind of Sabbathian chord sequence then so *de rigueur* in America's Pacific Northwest, which that very year would send Nirvana supernova. It's safe to say that Superfuzz, Big Muff, and numerous other gnarly old pedals then known only to Mudhoney and Dinosaur Jr's J Mascis were used in the making of this album.

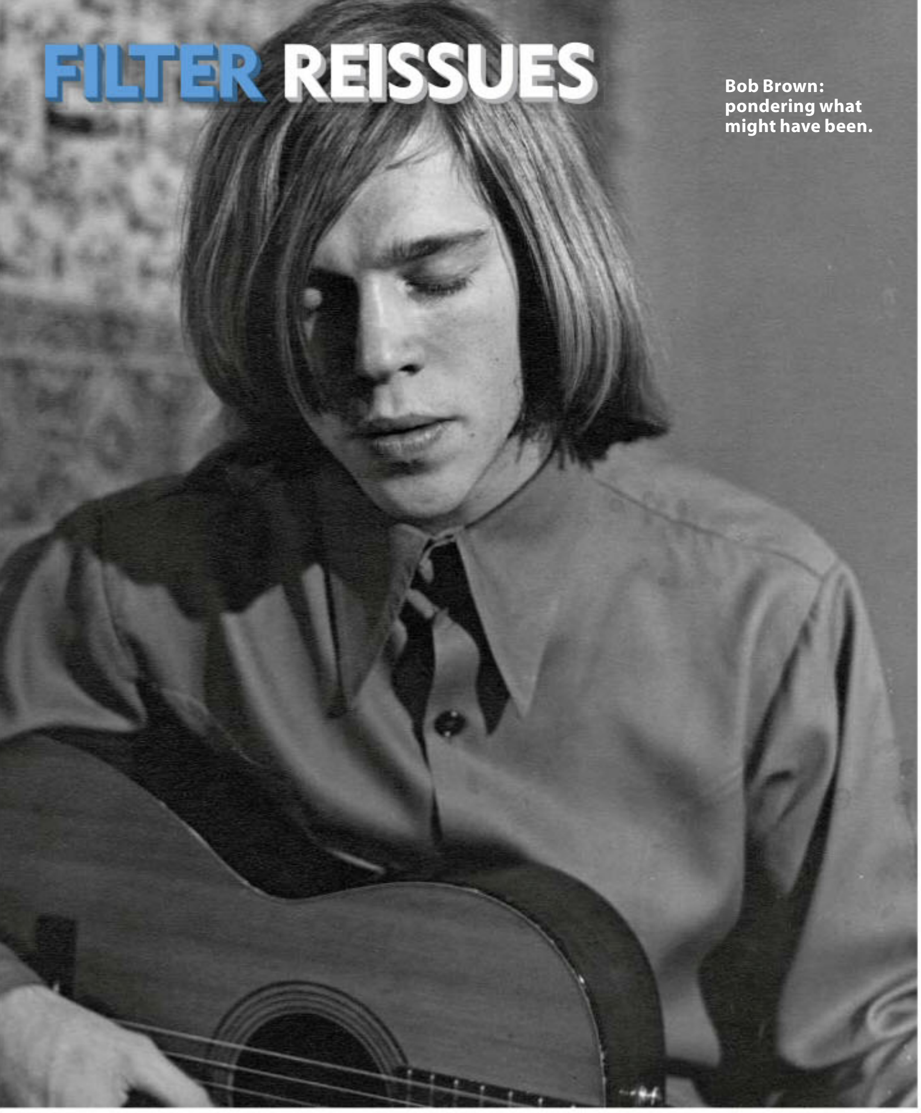
However obliviously, Saloman was making the right noises for his era but slipped between the cracks in rock history for his honesty, for singing in his own natural voice, about the world he knew. Waving, for instance, whimsically commences: "The view from city buses is most wondrous to behold/As the panoply of bridges, domes and alleyways unfolds" – useful for the London Tourist Board, perhaps, but hardly the currency of grunge. Listened to today, however, out of time, so much of *New River Head* is indeed timeless – classic rock of the highest order. He'd Be A Diamond, with its sublimely chiming guitar, is right up there with Big Star's September Gurls as one of the best songs The Byrds never wrote. Equally, Undertaker (chorus: "I've got no point I wish to make/I just wanna be your undertaker!") is a scuzzy, three-minute, two-finger salute worthy of the giants in any age of punk; '66, '76, or beyond.

Elsewhere, there are tinges of exquisite, fiddly folk (Waving), blissful, organ-tinkling Floydian ballads (Snow) and kosmische incantation courtesy of Current 93's David Tibet (The Miskatonic Variations), but the real star of the show is Saloman's guitar-playing, which, throughout, is voraciously exploratory, simply immense.

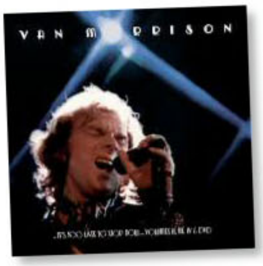
Though he went to the Marquee in Wardour Street three nights a week in his youth, Saloman never actually saw Hendrix play. You could say he never recovered. On Blurred Vision, his blitzing lead threatens to eclipse every line of the vocals, as if the majority of what he has to express is way beyond words. Solar Marmalade, an eight-minute progressive instrumental *à la* Interstellar Overdrive, is conducted entirely in the red, as Saloman busts stormy riffs, gale-force feedback, vertiginous fretboard ascents and wah wah flip-outs. This furious energy lights up every track.

As Saloman notes today, "we were never a waffly hippy band – I've always tried to avoid progging out". He continued to unleash at least an album per year, up to 2004, when he lost his mother, moved to Hastings and took a sabbatical 'til 2011. Alongside a newfound burst of creativity, Fire's reissue programme will salvage his colossal body of work from the dumper. Pretty much all of it's ace. This one, however, really hits the bullseye.

Super furry animal: Nick Saloman, aka The Bevis Frond, discovers diamonds in the rough, 1992.



Bob Brown: pondering what might have been.



Van Morrison

★★★★

It's Too Late To Stop Now...Volumes II, III, IV, & DVD

LEGACY. CD+DVD

A live Van Morrison classic goes deeper into the mystic.

One of the best live albums of the '70s only told a small fraction of its story. In 1974, Van Morrison issued a double LP that sifted songs from a tour the year before which featured a band only heard at those gigs: the Caledonia Soul Orchestra. Fans always wanted more and, now, they've got it. A new release adds 54 never-before issued performances from that storied tour, broken into 3-CDs and one DVD. The 11-piece band, featuring three horns and four string players, elaborates peak Morrison compositions and covers. Captured without overdubs, the band runs briskly through the songs, varying the arrangements greatly from the studio takes. Better, Van's phrasing taps the skill and daring of jazz.

Jim Farber

Eggs Over Easy

★★★★

Good 'N' Cheap: The Eggs Over Easy Story

YEP ROC. CD/DL/LP

Brief: Resurrecting an influential band, lost in time.

They're considered the founders of early '70s pub-rock, though they actually hail from America. They've also been called "the first stepping stone to punk," though they sound far more like The Band than they do The Clash. Eggs Over Easy influenced scores of artists with their DIY attitude and stripped-down sound, but they never found a proper audience. A hopeful corrective arrives via this new box set that collects the foursome's sole official album, 1972's *Good 'N' Cheap* (produced by Link Wray), their barely issued, greatly delayed follow-up, *Fear Of Frying*, as well as London sessions produced in 1971 by their manager, Chas Chandler. The full catalogue showcases the work of three earnest singer/songwriters, who created warmly literate songs brimming with pop and folk rock melodies you'll curse having missed the first time.

Jim Farber

GOOD 'N' CHEAP:
EGGS OVER EASY
STORY

Allen Ginsberg

★★★★

The Last Word On First Blues

OMNIVORE. CD/DL

Ginsberg howls in tune.

From Sappho to Dylan, poets have long sung their work. Already established in the quality lit racket, Allen Ginsberg was not some dilettante (Dylantante?) when he put music to words. A fan of pre-war blueswomen like Ma Rainey, he heard his own influence on Dylan: "A torch had been passed." John Hammond Sr signed Allen to Columbia Records, but the suits found his lyrics "disrespectful," so Hammond self-released *First Blues*. Reissue producer Pat Thomas collected those sessions and others spanning a decade on three discs – helped by Dylan, David Amram, Happy Traum and long-time accompanist Steven Taylor – it's a hoot 'n' howl! Working in blues, folk and rock forms, and with sexual, political and comedic themes, Ginsberg is vocally endearing and delightfully filthy. Nurses Song, co-written with William Blake, is the catchiest collab twixt scribes spanning two centuries.

Michael Simmons

OUMOU
SANGARE
Moussolou

Oumou Sangaré

★★★★

Moussolou

WORLD CIRCUIT. CD/DL/LP

The queen of Wassoulou soul's revolutionary debut.

Just turned 21 in 1989, and a successful wedding singer, Sangaré had no plans to make a record, but when she was finally coaxed into a studio (a car was the carrot), she brought six songs that would light a flame under Malian society that has yet to be extinguished. Perhaps she knew this all along: she eschewed a high-tech production, then in vogue in west Africa, opting for a band using traditional instruments such as the hunter's lyre and the fiddle. Diaraby Nene is a frank acceptance of sensuality, Moussolou tells women to make their own choices, Diya Gneba says no to arranged marriages. In a conservative society that had blithely ignored any strains of progressiveness, this was R-E-S-P-E-C-T selling by the barrowload while blasting out of every cafe, taxi or home window – and it hasn't aged a day.

David Hutcheon

Bob Brown

The Wall I Built Myself

★★★

Willoughby's Lament

★★★

TOMPKINS SQUARE. CD/DL/LP

Lost Richie Havens acolyte revived.

On the surface, Bob Brown's story isn't so unusual. Mentored and produced by Richie Havens, the Washington DC folk veteran released two undersold albums on Haven's Stormy Forest label, with 1970's *The Wall I Built Myself* at least becoming a local hit and earning comparisons to Tims Hardin and Buckley. The songs were there in Quiet Waterfall, Monday Virus and Selina, but his voice held neither the grit nor range of the Tims. *Willoughby's Lament* in 1971 had better songs overall but disappeared almost entirely, a case of what might have been had producer Havens given it more time, and Brown was soon on his way to live in the Chelsea Hotel. Brown has since written a noted handbook on how to get better restaurant tips and still gigs sporadically, a heart-warming change from the usual 'lost' narrative.

Andy Fyfe

Tasavallan Presidentti

★★★★

1973: Pop Liisa Live in Studio 01

SVART. CD/LP

The funky Finnish prog giants in all their live glory.

When Tasavallan Presidentti toured Britain in 1973, it was front-page news in their home country. Along with Wigwam, they were Finland's prime rock export. Seeing them at Ronnie Scott's that December, the Sunday Times' Derek Jewell declared TP "frighteningly accomplished". This super archive release brings a chance to experience the band in full flight at a concert recorded for Finnish national broadcaster YLE on September 12, 1973. Two extended pieces are heard: Dance, from their then-recent *Lambertland* album; and Lennosta Kii, a cover of a 1969 track by Finnish jazzer Eero Koivistoinen. This live TP bears shades of King Crimson yet is fidgety, funky and sinuous, and exhibits jagged organic instrumental interplay bordering on the post-punk. No wonder Jewell was bowled over. *1973* heads up the initial batch of the Svart label's YLE disinterments. The series requires monitoring.

Kieron Tyler

Various

★★★★

Eccentric Soul: Sitting In The Park

NUMERO GROUP. CD DL LP

Not the 1965 Billy Stewart song, but the Chicago WHPK radio show named after it.

"My fighting days are over," The Auditions sing on 1973's Returning Home From Vietnam, a little known plaintive protest by an equally obscure vocal harmony group championed by the late DJ Bob Abrahamian. It's one of 16 rarities collected here to celebrate the soul archivist who from 2002 to 2014, the year he took his life, ran Chicago's Sitting In The Park radio show. Other highpoints include Puzzle People's Reach For The Truth, the male five-piece's 1977 45, which, unsurprisingly for a group named after a Temptations album, sounds like a Norman Whitfield-produced Tempts song. Also: 1968's A Portrait Of God's Love by Cindy & The Playmates, shrill, honeyed girl group harmony with strings and jazz piano.

Lois Wilson

The Tomcats

★★★★

Running At Shadows

RPM. CD

1965 and '66 Spanish EPs, demos and outtakes from the Ealing band that later became July.

After seeing Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies perform at the Ealing Club in 1962, The Tomcats, led by future July singer Tom Newman, started playing tough R&B. London never embraced them, but after line-up changes, they settled in Madrid and from 1965 to '66 produced a series of EPs for the Spanish market. Recorded live in the studio, they comprise exuberant covers of Brit Invasion tunes and local hits. Delivered with a menacing snarl, Lola Flores' A Tu Vera is wild, brash and drowning in fuzz guitar; a cover of The Yardbirds' For Your Love hints at their psychedelic future with spooky echo and reverb. Demos from their earlier incarnation, Second Thoughts, are impressive too, with a blues harp-drenched Seventh Son and boisterous Roadrunner.

Lois Wilson

Kris Kristofferson

★★★★

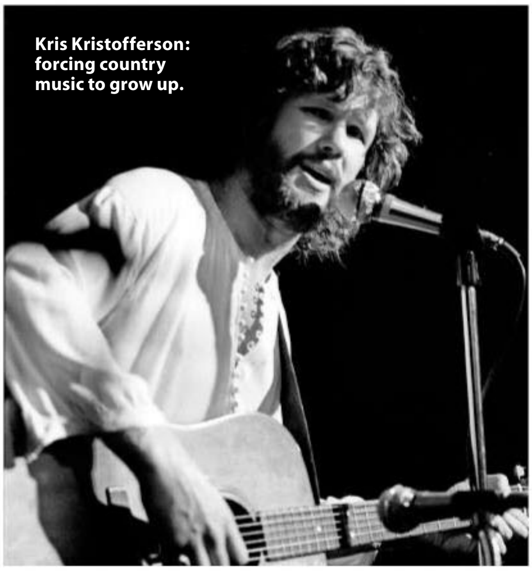
The Complete Monument & Columbia Album Collection

LEGACY. CD/DL

The first decade of recordings by the hippy Hank Williams.

By the early 1970s, the 30-ish Kristofferson had written half-a-dozen of the greatest country songs of all time. His particular gift was for the turn of an elegant phrase within a gritty milieu. Equally influenced by Hank Williams and William Blake, he forced country music to grow up. In songs like Help Me Make It Through The Night, he declined to use euphemisms when describing sex and yet was never crude. This 16-CD set covers the first decade of his recording career, which increasingly lacked the startling ease of his earliest work, but Kris is incapable of writing anything less than smart and powerfully emotional. Extras include live sets, one captured on October 3, 1970, the day before friend and lover Janis Joplin died without telling him that she'd recorded his Me And Bobby McGee.

Michael Simmons



Kris Kristofferson: forcing country music to grow up.

Sandy Speiser/Sony Music Archives

Pete Shelley

★★★★

Cinema Music & Wallpaper Sounds

CAROLINE TRUE. CD/DL/LP

Ever wondered what Steve Reich might've done with a Young Marble Giants rhythm track?

This fascinating historical curiosity would probably have been lost for ever if Jon Savage hadn't unearthed it in a big box of old Jam cassettes. Originally recorded in 1976, these two long tracks – one on each side of the vinyl version – open up a lost world of solo electronic exploration; a place pitched midway between Terry and Teddy Riley, a Bontempi underworld into which the anguished half-spoken vocal of moonlighting Buzzcock Pete Shelley erupts like a volcano you didn't even know was there. That stunning moment – nine minutes in – is just one of numerous revelations on a deeply spooky record which, 40 years on, still defines the 'amputee bossa nova' genre, and will effortlessly trump the experimental credentials of many a would-be 2016 game-changer.

Ben Thompson

Hailu Mergia & Dahlak Band

★★★★

Wede Harer Guzo

AWESOME TAPES FROM AFRICA. CD/DL/LP

A rare 1978 cassette adds to the Ethiopian legend.

There's little more satisfying than seeing a deserved second act coming to a musician who believed his board-treading days were over. Now working as a Washington DC taxi driver, Mergia's career ought to have ended in 1981, when he and other members of the Walias Band played US dates then decided not to return to Ethiopia. Produced with the house band at an Addis Ababa hotel, the third Mergia release by the ATFA label finds him mostly in a mellow mood, using Ethiopian rhythms to create 10 tracks aimed at local nightclubs – the Walias Band usually played for a more upmarket, international crowd – and it is beautifully chilled. But the undisputed highlights are surely Almaz Eyasebkush and Sintayehu, with the former, in particular, finding the rhythm section and horns cutting loose in a Bar-Kays style. Very fine indeed.

David Hutcheon

My Morning Jacket

★★★★

It Still Moves

ATO. CD/DL/LP

The clue's in the title: remixed edition of Kentucky band's luxuriant third.

So gloriously expansive and sprawling is 2003's *It Still Moves* that it seems hard to believe Jim James's retrospective claims that its recording was rushed due to oppressive touring commitments. With this remixed and remastered reissue, James has had a chance to straighten out any studio regrets: for less pedantic listeners, it's a welcome reminder of how deceptively languid these songs are. The drowned carnival sway of Mahgeetah might suggest a woozy step away from reality, but there's an emotional urgency behind the warm reverb haze, a desire to reach out and explain burning through One Big Holiday or Master Plan. There's additional intrigue in the form of 10 of James's original demos – including the staticky intimacy of I Will Sing You Songs – and three previously unreleased tracks, That's Too Bad displaying an atypical briskness, En La Ceremony pinning some flamenco guitar to their cosmic map. Mysterious ways, indeed.

Victoria Segal

REGGAE

BY ANDREW PERRY

Various

★★★★★

Studio One Dub Fire Special: Chapter Three

SOUL JAZZ RECORDS PRESENTS
STUDIO ONE DUB FIRE SPECIAL
FRESH SOUNDS INSIDE!
CHAPTER THREE
18 HEAVYWEIGHT DUB CUTS FROM BRENTFORD ROAD
International Dub

SOUL JAZZ. CD/DL/LP

The "reggae Motown"'s dub crown jewels further enshrined.

IN AN age when all music is available, Studio One's forays into dub remain seldom heard, if desperately sought after. Consequently, while its pioneering versions from the '60s and '70s were duly recycled in the following decade as the bedrock of dancehall, label bossman/producer Clement 'Coxsone' Dodd and his engineers, including the great Sylvan Morris, aren't hailed as radical dubmasters per se. Correctively, Soul Jazz's third volume of classic mixes packs four cuts from *African Rub-A-Dub*, perhaps the most ambitious of Studio One's 12 1970s dub albums: in particular, Dakar is every bit as intergalactically outside-the-box as anything created by Lee Perry. Elsewhere, Virgo Dub whips up Count Ossie percussion and a nimble bassline into an unparalleled earthy swirl, while Darker Black – transposed from an instrumental Norwegian Wood by Jackie Mittoo's (pictured) Soul Vendors – showcases some of the punchiest bass ever to trouble your speakers.

ALSO RELEASED

Bunny Lee & Friends

★★★★

Tape Rolling! On Wax And In The Studio 1971-74

PRESSURE SOUNDS. CD/DL/LP

Pressure Sounds' third trawl through Bunny 'Striker' Lee's uncompiled dub-plates documents a fascinating era, where rocksteady morphed into early reggae, and when ghetto upstarts like Lee challenged the big producers with tough new sounds. Highlights include some ineffable romantic singing (Cornell Campbell, John Holt) and an unheard Cherry Oh Baby from Eric Donaldson. Diggory Kenrick's lurid linernotes bring bonus joy.

The Morwells

★★★★

Crab Race

BURNING SOUNDS. CD/LP

Burning Sounds reopens with one of its first releases, this roots trio set from '77. The Morwells got their moniker from a conflation of founder Maurice Wellington's name, but it was sidekick Bingy Bunny who became best known, as guitarist with the Revolutionaries/Roots Radics. Some fine tunes here, though, including Swing & Dine, and a romp through The Beatles' You Won't See Me.

Lloyd Charmers

★★★

The Best Of…

TROJAN. CD

Lloyd 'Charmers' Tyrell first hit the heights in the rocksteady group The Uniques before turning to production, and striking gold with Ken Boothe. This set gives a CD debut to two early-'70s albums, *The Best Of…* and *In Session*, plus numerous extras. The latter leans towards skinhead-era pop-soul self-productions, while the former compiles singles from BB Seaton, The Messengers, Bob Andy and, once again, his irrepressible self.

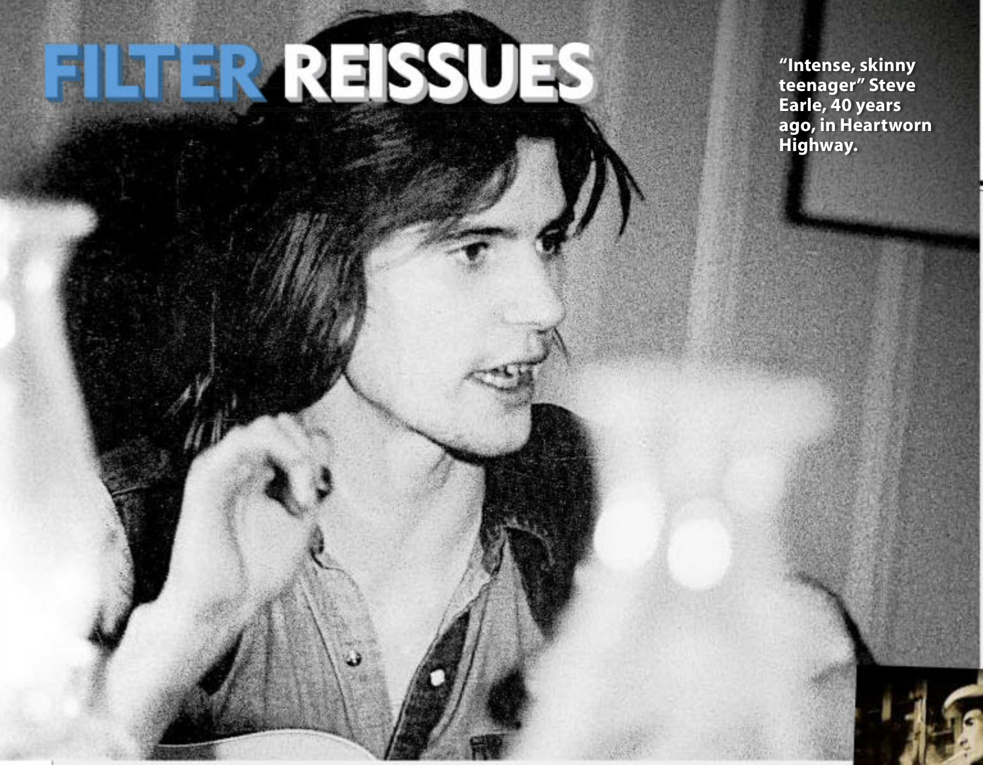
Page One & The Observers

★★★★

Observation Of Life Dub

BURNING SOUNDS. CD/LP

Winston 'Niney' Holness may've lopped off a thumb in a workshop accident, but he soon became one of Kingston's toughest producers. Where, on 1975's *Dubbing With The Observer*, he allowed King Tubby to run riot with his own rhythms, *Observation Of Life Dub* was his own dub debut, based on rhythms from a Heptones album he'd overseen, and characterised by devastating tweaks on the mixing desk. *AP*



"Intense, skinny teenager" Steve Earle, 40 years ago, in Heartworn Highway.

Let him roll

Music from the legendary 1976 Americana documentary featuring the late Guy Clark. By Sylvie Simmons.

Various

★★★★★

Heartworn Highways

LIGHT IN THE ATTIC. CD/DL/LP

"WHAT A waste of money," was Guy Clark's response when Jim Szalapski, a 30-year-old from Minnesota, told him he wanted to make a film about the new batch of young, outlaw singer-songwriters living in Nashville in the early-to-mid 1970s. Clark, 33 then, had moved to Music City in 1971 after landing a publishing deal. His songs bore little resemblance to the soulless, assembly-line country records Nashville had become known for. He was from West Texas, and though he'd lived all over, it was the like-minded musicians he met on the Houston scene who would remain his closest friends, chief among them Townes Van Zandt.

In Christmas '75, when work on the low-budget documentary began, Clark – one album into his recording career – and his wife Susanna were living in a house in Hendersonville, Tennessee. Their kitchen – you'll recognise it if you've seen the movie – became a gathering place for lesser-known musicians to eat, drink, pass the jug and take their turn playing their latest songs. Guests would include Van Zandt, Rodney Crowell, who was just back from touring in Emmylou Harris's Hot Band, and an intense, skinny teenager with a guitar named Steve Earle.

Alvar Stugard's Nagra portable reel-to-reel captured the sound with such fly-on-the-wall intimacy and raw honesty, you feel like you're there in the room. The crew also filmed in Austin, Texas and in an assortment of locations, including a diner full of old-timers, and a prison where David Allan Coe – dressed like you might not want to be dressed around a lot of deprived male inmates – picked and sang. There can be few scenes in any music film more moving than the one shot in a trailer park where Van Zandt plays a haunting, solo Waitin' Around To Die, watched by an old black neighbour and drinking buddy whose face melts in tears at the words.

It's one of two Van Zandt songs (the other is Pancho & Lefty) on this lovingly assembled reissue: 26 tracks, six dialogue snippets and 20 songs brimming with intelligence and craftsmanship. There's one apiece from Larry Jon Wilson and John Hiatt (One For The One); two from Coe, Gamble Rogers, Crowell (Bluebird Wine) and Steve Young (Alabama Highway); three from Steve Earle (Elijah's Church; Mercenary Song; Darlin' Commit Me). Clark, however, gets top billing with five, including three written during his first year in Nashville: Old Time Feeling, LA Freeway, and Desperados Waiting For A Train.

A very fine double album – and with its lengthy linernotes a great companion piece to one of the classic films about music.

Various

★★★★

Bluesin' By The Bayou – I'm Not Jiving

ACE. CD

Vintage South Louisiana swamp blues and zydeco.

The latest in the excellent series shines the spotlight on lesser known (and in 10 cases, unissued) recordings, mostly drawn from two key Louisiana studios – that of JD Miller in Crowley, and Eddie Shuler's Goldband in Lake Charles. Slim Harpo's Wild About My Baby jumps like a juke joint on Saturday night, and let's hear it for Lonesome Sundown with his aptly-titled swinger, I'm A Mojo Man. Alongside prime examples of swamp blues from Lazy Lester, Boogie Jake and Lightnin' Slim are cuts by zydeco masters Boozoo Chavis and Clifton Chenier, plus a fine 1958 single from Chris Kenner, Don't Let Her Pin That Charge On Me, some years prior to his mainstream success. Mix in mystery performers such as Johnny Sonnier and Ramblin' Hi Harris, and you have a thoroughly satisfying cross-section of swampland nightlife.

Max Décharné

Adrian Sherwood

★★★★

Sherwood At The Controls Volume 2: 1985-1990

ON U SOUND. CD/DL/LP

Second 2-CD set of catalytic mixologist's production and remix highlights, including five unreleased gems.

Already established as an innovative, dub-inspired producer for the likes of The Fall, The Slits and reggae legend Prince Far I (as documented on last year's *Volume 1*), in 1984 Londoner Adrian Sherwood met erstwhile Sugarhill Records house band members Doug Wimbish, Skip McDonald and Keith LeBlanc and formed Tackhead, a project whose cut'n'splice beats-and-samples template would, effectively, set out a blueprint for the ensuing EDM genre. Two typically unrelenting Tackhead numbers appear here, alongside various side-projects and fearlessly inventive, fractured remixes for the likes of Mark Stewart and Ministry. One of Sherwood's claims to fame is reviving the artistic fortunes of Lee 'Scratch' Perry, and the Jamaican legend's previously unreleased Music & Science Madness, from 1987, is a curious highlight here, its studio manipulations and bonkers lyrics (about cricket lovers and the Queen of Sheba, among other things) completely justifying its title.

David Sheppard

The Traveling Wilburys

★★★★

The Traveling Wilburys Collection

CONCORD BICYCLE. CD/DL/LP/STREAM

Lavishly packaged, a blast from the past celebrates the blasts of the past.

The whimsical busman's holiday that started as a George Harrison B-side but blossomed into an all-star multi-platinum album and fun-packed follow-up, The Traveling Wilburys celebrated not only the '60s as soundtracked by The Beatles and Bob Dylan but their comfort zone in '50s rock'n'pop, affectionately rebooting a jukebox-load of signature tropes for late-'80s ears. Nine years after their first deluxe repackaging, those albums and bonus bits return, and the passage of years confirms their excellence. Though songs are co-credited to Harrison, Dylan, Jeff Lynne, Tom Petty and, on the first album, Roy Orbison (who died soon after its release) – all contagiously energised by the pleasure of each other's musical company – the highlight, Congratulations, is atypical Wilburys but typical Dylan: bitterly but wittily heartbroken. And wit, even more than whim, distinguishes these 25 delightful tunes.

Mat Snow

The Bangles

★★★★

Ladies And Gentlemen… The Bangles!

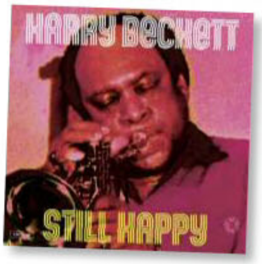
OMNIVORE. CD/DL

Early 45s, EP tracks, demos and live sets, 1981-84.

Pre-fame, The Bangles, née The Bangs, honed their craft on LA's Paisley Underground with a sound indebted to Byrdsian jangle, a Beatles backbeat and Blondie's new wave. It's captured perfectly on their 1981 debut single Getting Out Of Hand plus their 1982 self-titled EP, both collected here for the first time on CD. The single is tough, *Nuggets*-styled pop drenched in girl group harmonies; the EP stretches from the snotty punk of Want You to the Taxman riffing of I'm In Line. An ardent run-through of Love's 7 & 7 Is from Hollywood's The Palace in 1984 and '81 demo recordings of Paul Revere & The Raiders' Steppin' Out and The Turtles' Outside Chance reveal further influences, with the latter providing the perfect platform for their exquisite three-part harmonies.

Lois Wilson

Ladies and Gentlemen...
the BANGLES!



Harry Beckett

★★★★

Still Happy

MY ONLY DESIRE. LP

Lost 1974 studio session from Barbadian linchpin of the UK jazz scene.

Whether it's his '60s session work with Neil Ardley and Mike Westbrook, the forward-thinking free bop lyricism of his 1970 solo LP, *Flare Up*, or his key role in the mid-'80s massed power of The Jazz Warriors, trumpeter Harry Beckett was a vital soulful presence in the world of British jazz. Sadly, Beckett, who died in 2010 at the age of 86, remains underrated, both as a player and a bandleader, but this first-time vinyl release of a 1974 BBC Radio 2 Jazz Club session might rectify that. Recorded in the wake of the March 1974 sessions for his Latin-hip 1975 LP, *Joy Unlimited*, *Still Happy* is just that – warm, crystalline soul grooves – spy-film funk horns, tight percussion and Beckett's wild free squeal, all lit by bright electric bass and piano. Get Happy.

Andrew Male

Ultravox!

★★★★

The Island Years

CAROLINE INTERNATIONAL. CD

Anomie and frostiness with the John Foxx-era Europhiles.

This clamshell box of the entire output of the original, John Foxx-fronted, pre-*Vienna* Ultravox! could be titled 'the wilful years'. Although active from 1976 to early 1979, they were not punk and continental Europe was increasingly an inspiration. Their three albums are collected: the eponymous first (1977), co-produced by the band, Steve Lillywhite and Eno, is Roxy Music-glam-tinged art-rock; the punk-edged second, *Ha! Ha! Ha!* (1977, made with Lillywhite) was claustrophobic while the tremendous third, the majestic *Systems Of Romance* (1978) was produced in Germany by Conny Plank. Overall, Ballardian alienation counterpoints with expositions of the human as machine (before Kraftwerk's *The Man Machine*) while a chilly beauty runs throughout. A fourth disc – confusingly sequenced non-chronologically and lacking full source annotation – collects non-album and BBC recordings. The influence on Gary Numan is accepted, but this Ultravox! was more questing rock band than synth outfit.

Kieron Tyler

Various

★★★★

The Boston Creative Jazz Scene 1970-1983

CULTURES OF SOUL. CD/DL/LP

Spiritual, deep, free and fusion jazz from Boston's underground.

Although many of Boston's jazz players left for New York in the '60s, the avant-garde scene remained productive, aided by the constant influx of musicians studying at Berklee and a DIY attitude to live performance with impromptu gigs held in lofts and churches. This sampler, compiled by musician Mark Harvey, captures that 'anything goes' spirit. His own group prove masters of improvisation on 1972's Tarot: The Moon, as trumpet, sax and percussion come together in a cataclysmic squall. Arni Cheatham's Thing play free in a funk setting on Sketch from the same year, and The Phil Musra Group look to Pharoah Sanders on the spiritual jazz of 1974's The Creator Is So Far Out. The packaging is impressive too. The CD slips inside an 80-page illustrated book; the double vinyl version is housed in a Euro-style glossy jacket and deluxe box.

Lois Wilson

Various

★★★★

Space Echo - The Mystery Behind The Cosmic Sound Of Cabo Verde Finally Revealed

ANALOG AFRICA. CD/DL/LP

Bizarre disco hybrid discovered in the middle of the Atlantic.

Even if you find it impossible to swallow the back-story – a Whisky Galore-like tale that involves a freighter washing up on an African archipelago in 1968, then spilling its cargo of experimental keyboards, which the residents gleefully became maestros on before the first pressing of Wendy Carlos's *Switched-On Bach* had sold out – the music goes some way to justifying the layers of mystique the record label has coated it in. Cape Verde's position as an Atlantic crossroads had given it a unique groove, and by the late 1970s, the school kids who had taken up the salvaged synths were juggling cumbia and chicha with samba, West African guitars and Portuguese poetry, plus the keyboard-driven dance sounds coming from the north and local rhythms like the coladera and the saucy and once-proscribed funaná. Shaggy-dog story or no, it's a terrific find.

David Hutcheon

Cargo cult: *The Cosmic Sound Of Cabo Verde* sends kids karate krazy.

VINYL PACKAGE OF THE MONTH

20,000 Leagues under the sea

Jonny Trunk

20,000 Leagues Under The Sea

FOUR CORNERS BOOKS

Asked by Four Corners Books if he'd contribute to their Four Corners Familiars series (where artists respond to classic novels and short stories), Trunk Records' label owner (and soundtracks collector) Jonny Trunk chose Jules Verne's proto-steampunk classic and set about composing and collaging together two sides of "underwatery" music, 17 boomy, blobby, shimmery, twinkling pieces of subaquatic exotica and eerie undersea waltzes. Packaged in a thick, white gatefold sleeve, with a lovely sailor's bicep-style ink-work cover design by cult tattoo artist Liam Sparkes (including the full unexpurgated version of Verne's book), the LP comes in a lovely aquamarine blue vinyl plus a download code for those who might want to frame the record, or file it away in their library. *AM*

Various

★★★★★

The Knoxville Sessions, 1929-1930: Knox County Stomp

BEAR FAMILY. CD

Flawlessly curated box set of landmark Brunswick/ Vocalion recordings from Knoxville, Tennessee.

KNOXVILLE SESSIONS

The third in a trilogy of Bear Family sets documenting the Appalachian music scene at the end of the 1920s, this 4-CD collection, with a superb hardback book by Ted Olson and Tony Russell, showcases the wide variety of talent captured during two extended sessions at Knoxville's St James Hotel. Hillbilly string band Ridgel's Fountain Citians sang fine barn-shakers like Baby Call Your Dog Off – complete with barking noises – while Leola Manning turned secular blues into a gospel number with He Fans Me. Septuagenarian fiddler Uncle Jimmy Thompson, born before the Civil War, provided a direct link to 19th century styles, while Ballard Cross delivered that classic train song, The Wabash Cannon Ball. Yet there were also accomplished mainstream dance band tunes from Maynard Baird & His Orchestra, and the sanctified sounds of the Kentucky Holiness Singers. Genuinely historic stuff.

Max Décharné

Peter Gabriel

★★★★

So

REAL WORLD. LP

Half-speed-mastered double 12-inch copy of the 1986 album that launched Gabriel as a global solo star.

Those who view having their entire music collection on their phone as one of the 21st century's major achievements will baulk at having to get up and change these discs every 10 minutes. But when the majestic descending chord changes of Red Rain kick in, the sound, befitting the song's widescreen production, is really something. It's vivid, spacious and has great presence. *So* is the pick of this second phase of reissues – also including *Us* and *Up* – as it balances the more considered music that characterises those later releases with some idiosyncratic pizzazz. So you have the mid-paced, syncopated 'world' grooves of For Your Eyes – with Youssou N' Dour – and Gabriel's weathered tones meeting redemption from Kate Bush on Don't Give Up, but there's fun to be had on the more strident songs like Big Time, and Sledgehammer where Gabriel gives his soul influences full vent.

Mike Barnes

Not future-proofed in *every* department: Eddie Kendricks holds on.

FILEUNDER

Stretching out

Motown in the album era.

By Jim Irvin.

Elemental Music is reissuing a clutch of crisply remastered, lesser-known Motown LPs as gatefold replica CDs.

We all know the story: Berry Gordy, once a gifted reader of public taste, was so busy focusing on getting Motown acts, particularly Diana Ross, credibility in the straight world of cabaret, network TV and Hollywood, that he missed the memo about the oncoming 'rock era'. While Atlantic changed lanes to accommodate Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin and co, Motown cruised along as usual. Aside from Marvin and Stevie, Motown didn't really *get* albums.

Well, that's not strictly true. Motown definitely attempted to connect with the freak scene, with some success. In 1969, they launched a label named after Detroit rock act, Rare Earth, whose debut album, *Get Ready* (★★★), featured a side-long cover of that Temptations, Smokey Robinson-penned hit. This monolith of soulful jam-rock was easily as entertaining as Iron Butterfly's inescapable In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida, an edit was a Top 5 single and the album made the US Top 20. The Rare Earth imprint also issued albums by The Pretty Things, Toe Fat and others. But, admittedly, this stuff wasn't Motown's forte and is now largely forgotten.

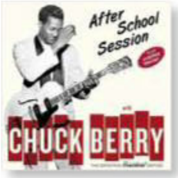
Of course, black artists like Isaac Hayes and Sly Stone were releasing hugely successful albums by the end of the '60s. Motown checked that, naturally. Norman Whitfield, who always operated slightly to the left of Gordy's agenda, saw his protégés The Undisputed Truth as "a perfect cross between Sly and the 5th Dimension". He says so on the cover of their second album of 1971, *Face To Face With The Truth* (★★★★). Lost gem though it is, the material underlines how of-its-moment that recipe was. But it's classic Whitfield, with his trademark spare, lengthy backing tracks, bold dynamic shifts and production tricks, like putting the vocals through a Leslie cabinet on Ungena Za Ulimwengu. You Make Your Own Heaven And Hell Right Here On Earth is lushly orchestrated. A nine-minute cover of What's Going On is more chilled than politically charged, but sounds lovely.

Arguably Motown's finest singer, Eddie Kendricks made a lot of terrific records nobody bought. *People…Hold On* (★★★) was no exception. It has its share of the Sesame Street politics Motown specialised in, like the noble but platitudinous Someday The World Will Be A Better Place, but Frank Wilson's production is terrific, pretty advanced for 1972, especially the extended Girl You Need A Change Of Mind, a disco floor-filler par excellence. Unfortunately, its lyric boils down to "forget women's lib, baby, all you need is a good seeing-to". So, not future-proofed in every department.

Also in this excellent series: Four Tops' *Still Waters Run Deep*, Smokey Robinson's reliable *Smokey* and, away from Motown, Barry White's excellent 1974 blaxploitation soundtrack *Together Brothers*, Ohio Players' *Fire* and Ramsey Lewis raiding *The White Album* for stirring jazz instrumentals on *Mother Nature's Son*.

THE UNDISPUTED TRUTH

> **"EDDIE KENDRICKS MADE A LOT OF TERRIFIC RECORDS NOBODY BOUGHT."**



Chuck Berry

★★★

After School Sessions

HOODOO. CD

1957 debut that sent rock'n'roll shockwaves across America. Decent remastering further highlights Berry's famed blues-style guitar on some of his benchmark recordings. Among 10 bonuses, Oh Baby Doll, and debut single Maybelline. *SW*

Kenny Burrell

★★★★

Blue Lights

POLL WINNERS. CD/DL

Part of an ongoing series of double CD reissues of Down Beat mag's most influential jazz LPs: guitarist Burrell's two 1958 sessions with doomed tenor sax man Tina Brooks, plus their lovely 1959 live set at the Five Spot Café. *AM*

The Impressions

★★★

The Best Of The Curtom Years

VARESE VINTAGE. CD/DL

Single-CD comp of highlights from The Impressions' work for Curtis Mayfield's own label, featuring tracks from before and after their boss's departure, showcasing what was lost in the process. *AM*

Jethro Tull

★★★★

Aqualung

CHRYSALIS. CD+DVD

Tull zealots might smart at an 'adapted' version of 2011's 40th birthday box set: bar alternate mixes, it features the same material at a quarter of the price. No qualms re the music: quintessential hard rockin' bucolic grot. *KC*

The Shirelles

★★★

Give A Twist Party/ Sing To Trumpets And Strings

HOO DOO. CD

New Jersey soulful girl group greats only appear on six tunes on '62's *Twist Party* – sax boss King Curtis takes the rest – while *Trumpets And Strings* impresses just enough. *IH*

Johnny Thunders

★★★★

So Alone

REMARQUABLE. LP

Handsome double-LP upgrade of Thunders' 1978 solo debut, with singles and outtakes burnishing the elegant wasteage. Backed by various Sex Pistols and Only Ones plus Phil Lynott and Chrissie Hynde, this is Johnny at his best. *KC*

Various

★★

Die Neue Deutsche Welle 1977-1985

BEAR FAMILY. CD

Third set of West German new wave features Nena, Trio and Nina Hagen. Also skinny tie guitars, electronics, rock, reggae and a cover of Chris Spedding's Pogo Dancing by Bela B & PVC. Serious Deutsche fans only. *IH*

The White Stripes

★★★★

The Complete John Peel Sessions

THIRD MAN. LP

Nice double-vinyl gatefold reminder of just how raw that Jack'n'Meg sound could be, from July and November 2001 in-the-round sessions at Maida Vale and Peel Acres with JP's own Eeyoreish links. *AM*

Sheila Rock, Getty Images

Duke Ellington & Johnny Hodges

★★★★

Back to Back/Side By Side

POLL WINNERS. **CD/DL**

Essential for fans of Duke's rare small group work, two late-'50s "all blues" conceptual LPs with co-leader Hodges, plus, at their peak, Ben Webster, Roy Eldridge and Billy Strayhorn. *AM*

Emptish

★★★★

657 – The Best Of…

DETOUR. **CD/DL/LP**

As profiled in last month's Buried Treasure, demonic, psychotropic Beatles-in-Hamburg rock'n'roll from stylish '80s Pompey surf crew, banned from performing live – thus poleaxed – for the dancehall riots they inflamed. *PG*

John Foxx & Harold Budd

★★★★

Translucence/Drift Music

METAMATIC. **CD/DL**

Ambient collaborations from 2003 deliver limpid piano and cloudgazing atmospheres for fans of Satie, Eno, etc. Ranges from portentous to mellifluous and almost pop. *DE*

Gov't Mule

★★★

The Tel-Star Sessions

PROVOGUE/MASCOT. **CD/DL/LP**

US jam band's first ever demos, newly mixed and mastered to decent fidelity. Recorded in 1994, this was intended to be the Mule's debut, and sole release. Some 20 albums later… Available in limited edition splatter vinyl. *SW*

The (Hypothetical) Prophets

★★

Around The World With…

INFINÉ. **CD/LP**

Anglo-French duo's synths'n' satire missed in 1982. Now, its dystopian '80s tropes come off too jokey to unsettle. *DE*

Grace Jones

★★★★★

Warm Leatherette

UMC. **LP**

Cut with Sly & Robbie at Compass Point Studios, Jones' game-changing 1980 sci-fi new wave funk landmark, gets faultless remastering on eight sides of vinyl with extra B-sides, instrumentals, club mixes and extended versions. *AM*

Jesse Malin

★★★★

The Fine Art Of Self Destruction

ONE LITTLE INDIAN. **CD/DL/LP**

Ryan Adam's favourite bar-tender's 2002 solo debut, produced by Adams. Malin's gritty vocals are well suited to an acoustic set-up. Second disc has 11 high quality demos, seven previously unreleased. *SW*

The Johnnie Mann Singers

★★★

Night/The 20s/The 30s

ÉL. **CD**

A sleeve featuring a naked lady smoking a fag? It must be the super smooth vocalisers' '56 debut *Night*, where nocturnal songs get space age/E-Z treatment, plus '20s/'30s sets. Pleasantly maddening. *IH*

Pink Floyd

★★★

More

COLUMBIA. **LP**

In the absence of a mono edition of their *Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* debut, the soundtrack to Barbet Schroeder's '69 movie is the LP most worthy of rediscovery in Floyd's first tranche of finely crafted vinyl reissues. *PA*

The San Sebastian Strings

★★★★

The Sea * The Earth * The Sky

EL/CHERRY RED. **CD/DL**

Facsimile of '68 3-LP box (and book): elemental concepts from Rod McKuen (beat poetry) and singer-composer Anita Kerr (music). *AM*

Various

★★★

Norman Jay MBE Presents Skank & Boogie

SUNDAY BEST. **CD/DL/LP**

Agreeable reggae and R&B vibes from the desk of Good Times. Great to hear Delroy Wilson's Better Must Come and the super-heavy disco of Stone City Band's Little Runaway. *DE*

Various

★★★

C87

CHERRY RED. **CD**

Three CD, 74-track follow-up to the NME's C86 cassette has all the right bowlcutted jangling, Smiths fans and names (Vaselines, Wedding Present, House Of Love), plus Peel-endorsed eccentrics (Stump, Bog-Shed, The Shrubs). *IH*

The Yardbirds

★★★★

Roger The Engineer

REPERTOIRE. **CD/LP**

Fiftieth anniversary remaster of The Yardbirds' first 'proper' studio album shows their progressive intent. The two CD version features mono and stereo mixes with a plethora of fine bonus tunes. *PA*

The Zombies

★★★

The BBC Radio Sessions

VARÈSE VINTAGE. **CD**

St Albans' baroque poppers shorn of some *politesse*. A 1964 She's Not There is rough and ready; R&B covers (esp Curtis Mayfield's It's All Right) sizzle; and a '66 Colin Blunstone radio interview is unusually frank. *DE*

FILTERINDEX

Anderson, Marisa 97
Apneseth, Erlend Trio 97
Arthur, Joseph 96
Augustines 91
Avett Brothers, The 92
Bangles, The 106
Bat For Lashes 91
Beck, Jeff 91
Beckett, Harry 107
Bell, William 88
Bevis Frond, The 102
Beyoncé 95
Beyond The Wizard's Sleeve 91
Biffy Clyro 98
Blake, James 92
Blood Orange 90
Boysen, Ben Lukas 92
Brown, Bob 104
Calypso Rose 94
Coyne, Robert & Liebezeit, Jaki 97
Craig, Ian William 90
Death In Vegas 94
DJ Shadow 95
Drake 95
Edward II 93
Eggs Over Easy 104
Fantastic Negrito 92
Felice Brothers, The 93
Gabriel, Peter 107
Ginsberg, Allen 104
Gøggs 97
Herbert, Matthew 97
Impossible Gentlemen, The 98
Invisible, The 90
Jarosz, Sarah 92
Joseph, Anthony 98
Julie Ruin, The 94
Koi Child 96
Kristofferson, Kris 105
Marley, Ziggy 95
Mergia, Hailu 105
Metronomy 90
Monkees, The 96
Morrison, Van 104
Mudcrutch 98
Murphy, Roísín 98
My Jerusalem 96
My Morning Jacket 105
Palmer, Jack & Amanda 94
Phillips, Britta 91
Plaid 96
Power, Brigid Mae 93
Rhodes, Lou 92
Rick Redbeard 96
Rubinos, Xenia 95
Sangaré, Oumou 104
S'Express 95
Shelley, Pete 105
Sherwood, Adrian 106
Sinclair 808 98
Sligter, Jessica 97
Springs, Kandace 92
Starless 98
Steinbrink, Stephen 96
Stodart, Michele 94
Stoneking, CW 93
Tasavallan Presidentti 104
Tomcats, The 105
Traveling Wilburys, The 106
Trunk, Jonny 107
Tyler, William 93
Ultravox! 107
VA: Heartworn Highways 106
VA: Sitting In The Park 104
VA: Bluesin' By The Bayou 2 106
VA: Space Echo 107
VA: Studio One Dub Fire Special 105
VA: The Boston Creative Jazz Scene 107
VA: The Knoxville Sessions 107
White, Tony Joe 93
Young, Neil 90

COMING NEXT MONTH

Simple Minds, The Beat, John Coltrane, Scott Walker, The Ramones, Ryley Walker, De La Soul, and more….

Simple Minds: still having that New Gold Dream.

Jeff Raspe

Signs and wonders

Hidden on rock obscuria's deep sea thermal vent, Mark Mulcahy and Ray Neal's accidental folk-pop triumph rises again.

Miracle Legion

Me And Mr. Ray

ROUGH TRADE, 1989

It was 1988, and things were beginning to look up for New England college rock hopefuls Miracle Legion. A deal with Rough Trade had connected them with an international alt-rock audience and their debut full-length album, *Surprise Surprise Surprise*, was garnering admiring notices. With "Mr." Ray Neal's power-jangle guitars and Mark Mulcahy's resonant words and reckless phrasing, they were beginning to transcend exasperating comparisons with R.E.M. Then, on a long drive from Baltimore to their native New Haven, they lost their rhythm section.

"It was the tour," sighs Mulcahy today. "It was not a thing any human should do. And I got the blame for it all. Jeff [Wiederschall, drums] and Steven [West, bass] told me exactly what they thought of me for two hours and then they quit."

Suddenly shorn of rhythmic *Sturm und Drang*, a new opportunity presented itself: to support The Sugarcubes across the US, as a duo. And with many of their established songs frantically remodelled, Mulcahy and Neal found that, in many cases, less turned out to be more.

"There wasn't a lot to hide behind," says Neal. "But we could be more spontaneous and take advantage of the fact that we kind of know exactly what each other is thinking."

The idea of a stripped-down, two-piece album, using the ugly duckling songs that never quite worked with the four-piece Miracle Legion, came up. Somehow, their manager persuaded Rough Trade to let them record in Minneapolis at Prince's Paisley Park.

"For the first time I realised that it's good to have an *approach* to a record," says Mulcahy. "We set up a rule that we were going to play everything ourselves. We'd strip the rhythm out and turn the songs into whatever they wanted to be."

It was "a struggle", but the results justified the slog, as an extraordinary, minimalist folk-pop emerged. And Then? was rangy and elegiac; Cold Shoulder Balcony, with its single drum and recorder arrangement, was practically a madrigal. And in all this light and space, Mulcahy's vocals sounded even more grippingly emotional, especially on the poignant The Ladies From Town, with its intimations of mysterious recent tragedy.

"When I was about 13 my brother was killed in a car accident," explains Mulcahy, "so the whole song is about finding out about the accident and going to the hospital and coming home. It's all a three-, four-hour period. I'm from a very small town, so when we came back my whole house was full of people cooking food, making coffee, the priest was there… it was right out of a movie."

The band's stepchild songs thrived in Paisley Park, where The Muppets were rehearsing on the main stage and the Scorpions half-inched Neal's 12-pack of Cokes ("I hope they're reading this," he says). Other times, they observed the Purple Proprietor flitting in and out.

By the time they'd finished mixing – at Fort Apache in Cambridge MA with engineer Paul Q Kolderie – it was clear they had something strange and special, and Mulcahy picked a title and sleeve design – with its collaged sets of twins – that defiantly referenced the group's distilled status.

"It was because of the vicious breaking-up of the group," says Mulcahy. "We really developed an 'us against the world' thing. Plus that David Cronenberg movie, Dead Ringers, had just come out, with those twisted twins played by Jeremy Irons. I really liked that movie."

Me And Mr. Ray was ahead of its time ("two years later everyone was doing the Unplugged thing," says Neal) but it wasn't long before Miracle Legion were four again, adding drummer Scott Boutier and bassist Dave McCaffrey. "We didn't want to be a folk band," says Mulcahy.

Twosome, we had a problem: Mark Mulcahy (left) and "Mr" Ray Neal at the Knitting Factory, NYC, August 12, 1989; (below) in a Polaroid at Paisley Park, 1988.

"IT'S BEEN A DIFFICULT RELATIONSHIP… LIKE GETTING DIVORCED THEN HANGING AROUND WITH YOUR EX."

CREDITS

Tracks: The Ladies From Town / And Then? / Old & New / Sailors And Animals / If She Could Cry / Pull The Wagon / You're The One Lee / Even Better / Cold Shoulder Balcony / Gigantic Transatlantic Trunk Call

Recorded: Paisley Park Studios, Minneapolis MN, September 1988; additional recording and mixing at Fort Apache, Cambridge MA.

Recorded by: Jim Rondinelli; mixing and additional recording by Paul Q Kolderie

Personnel: Mark Mulcahy (vocals, percussion, piano); "Mr." Ray Neal (guitars)

Available: second-hand

Signing to Morgan Creek – a Hollywood production company fresh from success with Robin Hood: Prince Of Thieves – looked like a smart move, but the label seemed less than keen to release Miracle Legion albums, while keeping them tied to their contract.

The group's stagnation begat estrangement – such that the title of 1996's posthumous *Portrait Of A Damaged Family*, said it all. Mulcahy went solo, Neal moved to Edinburgh – but their legend grew, and in 2009 a benefit LP (*Ciao My Shining Star: The Songs Of Mark Mulcahy* – initiated when the sudden death of his spouse Melissa made him sole carer of twin three-year-old daughters) attracted contributions from Thom Yorke and Michael Stipe.

And now, Mulcahy and Neal are Miracle Legion once more, with duo shows in the UK in June and a transatlantic tour – reunited with Boutier and McCaffrey – in July and August. An amusing promo clip of Neal and Mulcahy in boxing gloves, beating the crap out of one another, is online.

"It's been a difficult relationship," says Neal. "Even now, it's kind of like getting divorced then hanging around with your ex. But when it comes down to it, Mark's my best friend."

When they play songs from *Me And Mr. Ray*, they'll remember when their ingenuity was at a peak. But they'll also appreciate that it couldn't, maybe shouldn't have lasted.

"Morgan Creek was our downfall," says Mulcahy. "But I'm sort of happy in a way that it turned out the way that it did. And I'm happy that we're going to do it again. Feels like *something*."

Danny Eccleston

PAISLEY 1988 STUDIO B
MC
MR

Miracle Legion play the Green Man Festival, Glanusk Park, on August 19.

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END...

BLACK
SABBATH

THE END

THE FINAL TOUR BY THE GREATEST METAL BAND OF ALL TIME

OZZY OSBOURNE   TONY IOMMI   GEEZER BUTLER

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

RIVAL SONS

JANUARY 2017		
SUN	22	MANCHESTER ARENA
TUE	24	GLASGOW THE SSE HYDRO
THU	26	LEEDS FIRST DIRECT ARENA
SUN	29	LONDON THE O2
TUE	31	LONDON THE O2

FEBRUARY 2017		
THU	2	BIRMINGHAM GENTING ARENA
SAT	4	BIRMINGHAM GENTING ARENA

LIVENATION.CO.UK • TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

VIP PACKAGES INCLUDING MEET & GREET AVAILABLE
FROM VIPNATION.EU/BLACKSABBATH

A LIVE NATION PRESENTATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH ITB

/BLACKSABBATH   BLACKSABBATH.COM   @BLACKSABBATH

It's great when you're strait-jacketed… yeah!: John Cale in an out-take from the cover art session for 1975's *Helen Of Troy* with unidentified friend; (right) the '90s model.

VALLEYFORTH

John Cale

Musician for a new society.

By Martin Aston.

Drones. Dissonance. Avant-rock. Systems music. Singer-songwriting. Classical fusion. Orchestral romanticism. Gristly rock. Proto-punk. Existential ballads. Quasi-AOR. Symphonies. Soundtracks. Electronica. Multiple live reinventions and collaborations. "Finding new ways to do things," is John Cale's explanation of what keeps him going. "It's a quest that keeps you hungry."

If David Bowie was the great chameleon of modern times, what of popular music's greatest living Welshman? Cale has amassed one of music's most far-reaching bodies of work; he's rock's greatest academic ("If you believe in *Gestalt* enough, it'll work," he once said) but equally one of its great melodic dreamers and dramatists. He's blessed, too, with a rich, resonant voice. Famously, his contribution to The Velvet Underground and production of debut albums by The Stooges, Modern Lovers and Patti Smith provided foundation stones for rock scholars, but his solo albums also contain priceless lessons, and he's kept abreast of the digital age without looking, or sounding, opportunist or desperate. And he must be the only 74-year-old who looks cool with pink highlights.

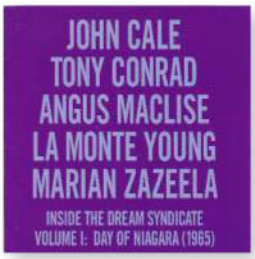
Only his mid-'80s-to-mid-'90s period isn't infused with fearlessness, but again like Bowie, Cale retreated from the edge after battling cocaine addiction and becoming a father. Even then, he recorded a choral symphony, Words For The Dying, using a template of Dylan Thomas poems, including, appositely, Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night. As Cale sang on 2011 EP Extra Playful, "Say hello to the future/And goodbye to the past/Hurry up through the present."

One problem with Cale's forward motion is his disregard for back catalogue, with some crucial documents long out of print. At least *Music For A New Society* – unavailable for 20 years until this year – is back, and bundled with a visceral electronic update. But if this quest can cost you, it's worth investing in this exceptional musical polymath.

> "FINDING NEW WAYS TO DO THINGS… KEEPS YOU HUNGRY."

CAST YOUR VOTES!

This month you chose your Top 10 John Cale albums. Next month we want your P.J. Harvey Top 10 LP. Send your selections to www.mojo4music.com or e-mail your Top 10 to mojo@bauermedia.co.uk with the subject 'How To Buy P.J. Harvey' and we will print the best comments.



JOHN CALE
TONY CONRAD
ANGUS MACLISE
LA MONTE YOUNG
MARIAN ZAZEELA
INSIDE THE DREAM SYNDICATE
VOLUME I: DAY OF NIAGARA (1965)

10 John Cale/ The Theatre Of Eternal Music

Inside The Dream Syndicate Volume I Day Of Niagara

TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS 2000 £33.87

You say: "Precursors to work with the Velvets and after." Derek Coleman, via e-mail

Cale's classical training fast-tracked him to New York's Tanglewood Institute, but he quickly turned against it – to wit, his Scream At A Potted Plant Until It Dies performance – and decamped to La Monte Young's Fluxus-tainted school of drone. From 1965, this first of three belated semi-bootlegs (Young refused to release them) is the best place to sample the discordant beauty of Cale's viola and Tony Conrad's violin, and of sustaining single notes, sometimes for a whole evening, though Day Of Niagara only lasts 30 minutes. The roots of the Velvets' Venus In Furs are here.

JOHN CALE
SLOW DAZZLE

4 John Cale

Slow Dazzle

ISLAND 1975, REISSUED IN *THE ISLAND YEARS* BOX £6.99

You Say: "The cover of Heartbreak Hotel clinches it for me." William Cork, via e-mail

The reason Cale exited The Velvet Underground was his insistence they should keep experimenting, and so it is ironic that large swathes of his solo career are rooted in songs. Take, for example, Cale's second great album for Island, opening with Mr Wilson, his tribute to The Beach Boys' Brian, and then unwinding through gritty rock'n'roll – Chris Spedding on sterling guitar assist – and the superior ballad I'm Not The Loving Kind. But Cale was contrary at heart, and "the bugger in the short sleeves fucked my wife" (from Guts) is one of the great opening lines. Eerie spoken word The Jeweller equally queered the pitch, and Cale's wracked cover of Heartbreak Hotel is astonishing.

Getty Images, Photoshot

9 John Cale & Terry Riley
Church Of Anthrax

COLUMBIA 1970, ESOTERIC REISSUE 2014 £7.98 DOWNLOAD £10.19

You Say: "This was his rewardingly strange rock and classical stop-off." Michael O'Neill, via e-mail

After Lou Reed pushed him out of the Velvets, Columbia's classical division paired Cale with fellow Eternal Music disciple Terry 'In C' Riley. Cale enriched and amplified Riley's minimalist urgency: given the title track's throbbing futurism and The Protégé's near-Velvets groove, it's understandable why Riley felt sidelined, but Cale claims he was trying to unlock Riley's "hidden funk", and he largely succeeds. The softcore ballad The Soul Of Patrick Lee jars in this company, but points to the songwriting masterclass of Cale's solo debut *Vintage Violence* – which Columbia released first, allowing *Church Of Anthrax* to slip out unnoticed, where it remains.

8 John Cale
Shifty Adventures In Nookie Wood

DOUBLE SIX 2012 £8.11 DOWNLOAD £10.19

You Say: "Proof of his continuing health." Gary Lloyd, via e-mail

2003's *HoboSapiens* initiated a new wave of Cale the digital adventurist, absorbing hip hop – the new avant-garde – and parallel advances, from Dr Dre to Dirty Projectors. 2005's *blackAcetate* upped the ante but his most recent set of originals has the best songs and technique, building from the grooves, loops and glitches, yet underlining Cale's unwavering relationship with melody. The sound mirrors Cale's description of the fictitious Nookie Wood as a "dark swamp" in which an unlikely cast of characters – The Flying Dutchman, Hemingway, Rupert Murdoch, Scotland Yard – swirl, though Mary is his most brooding ballad in years.

JOHN CALE
SABOTAGE/LIVE

7 John Cale
Sabotage/Live

SPY 1977, DIESEL MOTOR REISSUE 1999 £30.71

You Say: "An album too feral to be recorded in a studio." Paul Fenn, via e-mail

After producing Patti Smith, Cale sped off on a messy, druggy journey into New York City's punk netherworld, including this manic live splurge at CBGB. The eight originals and a ragged cover of Rufus Thomas's Walking The Dog are unavailable in studio form. Apparent is his need for confrontation, to wit Mercenaries (Ready For War), more lumbering rock than punk, but then Cale wasn't interested in two chords. Captain Hook lasts an enthralling and meandering 11 minutes, while Françoise Hardy sound-alike backing vocalist Deerfrance sings Only Time Will Tell. The latest reissue includes the same era's Animal Justice EP and B-side Rosegarden Funeral Of Sores.

JOHN CALE
CIRCUS
LIVE

6 John Cale
Circus Live

EMI 2006 DOWNLOAD £12.99

You Say: "This is an excellent way to sample Cale's full range." George Cheng, via e-mail

Parallel to his explorations into the world of electronica, Cale hitched himself to a sinewy and hungry young trio – his best band since the mid '70s – to run through 18 of his esteemed back pages (plus four from a 2004 tour with a different band). From Velvet Underground classics Venus In Furs and Femme Fatale through to his noughties reinvention, *Circus/Live* the most serviceable Cale one-stop shop available. He's an artist infamous for reinventing songs on-stage but these versions remain faithful, and a 13-minute Gun and a 12-minute splicing of Jonathan Richman's Pablo Picasso are thrilling examples of Cale's love of dynamic traditional rock.

5 Lou Reed/John Cale
Songs For Drella

SIRE 1990 £5.62 DOWNLOAD £7.99

You Say: "*Songs For Drella* is AMAZING... Style It Takes is such a sophisticated slice." Jackie Fate, MOJO Facebook

Reed and Cale (with Nico) reunited on a Paris stage in 1972 but it took the death of benefactor Andy 'Drella' Warhol to reunite the old foils/foes in the studio. Like Riley with *Church Of Anthrax*, Cale felt marginalised by Reed's control freakery, but their musical bond remained instinctive and inspired. Handling everything themselves created a different atmosphere to their Velvets era – it's more impressionistic and ruminative, but one that could still be cut with a knife. Still, Warhol's presence reinvigorated Reed's long-buried sense of camp, and it is an altogether more satisfying reunion than The Velvet Underground shows that followed.

JOHN CALE PARIS 1919

3 John Cale
Paris 1919

REPRISE 1973, WARNER BROS REISSUE £5.99 DOWNLOAD £6.99

You Say: "Beautiful, sumptuous production and chock-full of classic songs." Chris Knight, via e-mail

After 10 years in the United States, Cale was feeling extremely nostalgic about home. But rather than zero in on Wales, *Paris 1919* looked to Europe, and early 20th century life at that (the title referred to the Treaty Of Versailles), creating a dazzling lyrical jigsaw ("Ten murdered oranges", anyone?) bedded in a lushly haunting and peerless soft-rock baroque. Smitten with Procol Harum's orchestrations, Cale employed their producer, Chris Thomas; Little Feat guitarist Lowell George and drummer Richie Hayward, neatly underplaying, slotted in seamlessly alongside the UCLA Symphony Orchestra. The original only lasts for 31 minutes, but the reissue adds precious demos and alternative takes.

JOHN CALE
MUSIC FOR A NEW SOCIETY

2 John Cale
Music For A New Society

ZE 1982, REISSUED WITH *M:FANS* DOMINO 2016 £11.99

You Say: "Stark, minimal, agonised... magnificent." Phil Castiglione, via e-mail

By 1980, Cale was washed out, coked up, and clueless as to how he could sell records, or where he should head next. His record label suggested he replicate his recent solo shows (in part to conserve costs), but ever the risk-taker, Cale imposed a 10-day limit, and only to improvise. The result is enough of a masterpiece to suggest he had been plotting the album for months, but the emotions are nerve-shreddingly real and raw on these stark, exquisitely unhinged and anguished piano ballads. File alongside Big Star's *Third* and Skip Spence's *Oar*. *M:FANS*, the reissue's bonus album of updates, is compelling too, but nothing like the original.

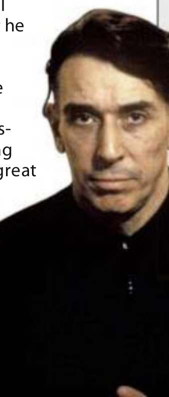
JOHN CALE
FEAR

1 John Cale
Fear

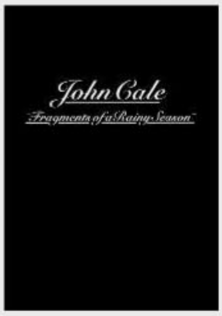
ISLAND 1974, REISSUED IN *THE ISLAND YEARS* BOX £6.99

You Say: "Punk far ahead of its time... plus gorgeous ballads." Aaron McConkey, MOJO Facebook

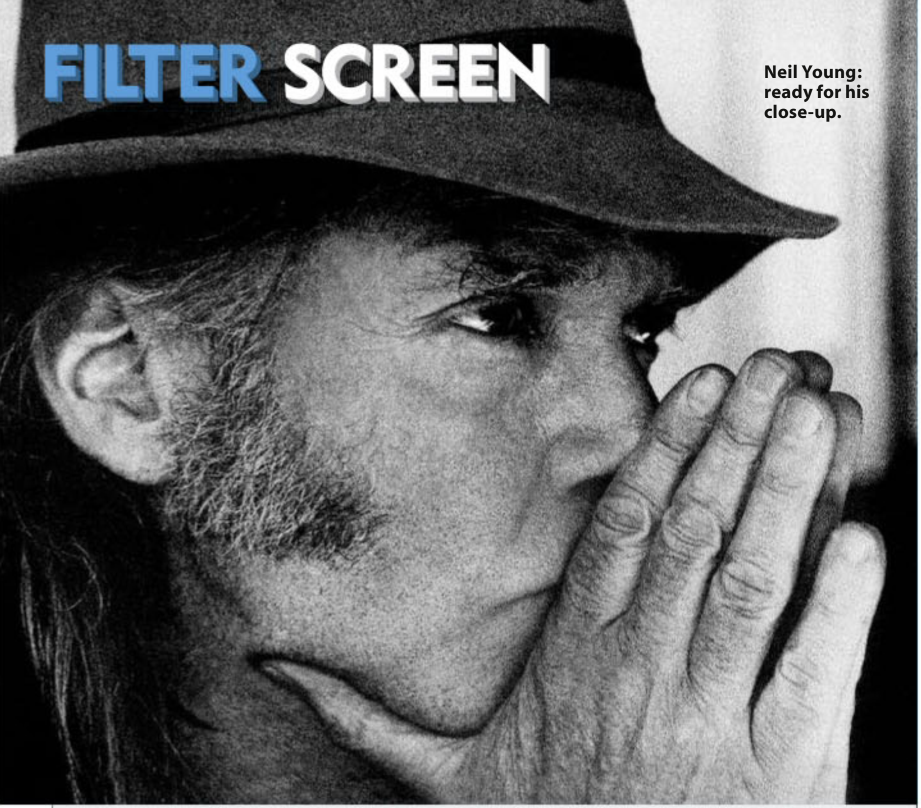
After the songcraft and orchestrations of his initial post-Velvets flush, Cale decided to attend to what he considered unfinished business with the Velvets' clashing aesthetic. *Fear* launched Cale the unpredictable rocker, adopting a "cold black style" as he heard it; it edges out *Music For A New Society* because it's the best place to comprehend his mastery of shifting moods and fulminations, beginning with Fear Is A Man's Best Friend's psychodrama – great screaming – and the elegant Wild West of Buffalo Ballet. The presence of fellow maverick Eno, shunned by Bryan Ferry as Cale was by Reed, added creative fuel, such as the tweaked guitar violence of Gun.



NOW DIG THIS



Cale on DVD is represented by Fragments Of A Rainy Season, a set of typically intense solo piano/guitar performances from 1992, and Live At Rockpalast (one solo show, 1983, one band show, 1984). Both are available as audio CDs. Cale's 1999 autobiography What's Welsh For Zen, as told to (Lou Reed biographer) Victor Bockris, is admirably open about his combative relationship to creativity, and his anxieties and failures (including three marriages), but lacks objective perspective. Tim Mitchell's Sedition And Alchemy: A Biography of John Cale (2003) provides this, but Cale's protracted saga needs more than 225 pages.



Neil Young: ready for his close-up.

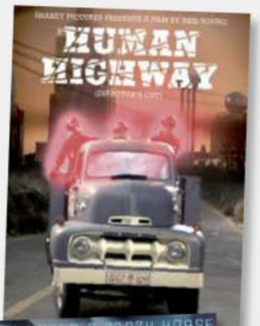
Shakey cam

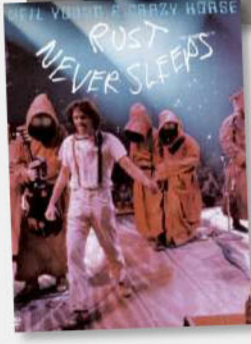
Two key works by cult film-maker Bernard Shakey finally reach Blu-Ray. By Stevie Chick.

Neil Young

Human Highway / Rust Never Sleeps

WARNER. BL+DVD





"IT'S ALL one long song," Neil Young once said of his life's output, though that one song is wildly varied, and certainly rarely dull. Whether cutting Crosby, Stills & Nash loose whenever the itch gets him, or following his greatest commercial success *Harvest* with his bleak, damaged Ditch Trilogy, or his 1980s work, which saw Geffen Records infamously sue him for material "unrepresentative" of himself, Young has always been restless, unpredictable, mercurial.

For some, that's the key to his appeal, and they glean as much joy from his weirder turns as his iconic masterpieces. 1983's little-seen Human Highway (★★) is for them, a puzzling comedy co-starring and co-directed by Young (as Bernard Shakey) and Hollywood iconoclast Dean Stockwell. Set in a post-apocalyptic America and pitched somewhere between Roger Corman B-movie and David Lynch surrealism, Human Highway is intriguing to look at, but a grind to watch. Co-star Dennis Hopper is gonzo and thoroughly tiresome throughout. Devo, however, are great as nuclear waste-disposal men, and a dream sequence where they jam with Young on a feral Hey Hey, My My almost redeems the movie's self-indulgent monkeyshines. Almost.

Filmed during his 1978 tour supporting the album of the same name that dragged him out of his "ditch", Rust Never Sleeps (★★★★★) plays things straighter, though only just. This Bernard Shakey joint plays sly games with the concert movie format: Young's crew are dressed like Jawas from Star Wars and dubbed Road-Eyes, and the movie's first eight minutes are given over to their lugging oversized microphones, speakers and tuning forks about the stage.

An opening acoustic set revisiting early gems like Sugar Mountain and I Am A Child plays like Baby Boomer comfort food, with announcements from Woodstock warning that the brown acid is "not specifically too good" played between songs. When Crazy Horse arrive on-stage, though, Young's done with nostalgia; his latest album had name-checked Johnny Rotten, and the likes of Welfare Mothers and Sedan Delivery are possessed by a raw, white-hot punk energy, not the work of some hippy relic but a man whose career is always characterised by a commitment to 'the moment'.

Hair hacked short, wild-eyed and gleefully awkward, dwarfed by his Brechtian stage gear, the Young of Rust Never Sleeps is no less odd and artful a deconstruction of the rock frontman than the big-suited David Byrne of Stop Making Sense several years later. But if Rust Never Sleeps' audacious twists – not least an unexpected post-credits encore of Tonight's The Night – still impress, that's because the performances are among the greatest Young ever committed to celluloid. For committed fans and neophytes alike, Rust Never Sleeps remains the definitive Young live document.

A Poem Is A Naked Person

★★★★

CONTEMPORARY FILMS. DVD

Objections apparently quelled, this portrait of Leon Russell in the early '70s finally debuts in UK.

Noted film-maker Les Blank – famed for his naturalistic cinéma vérité style – spent two years following Leon Russell around between 1972 and 1974, editing miles of footage down to what became this absorbing 90-minute documentary. The Oklahoma singer/songwriter purportedly disliked it and for many years the film remained unseen, bound up in a protracted legal tussle. Now that's been resolved, the movie makes its belated UK cinema debut this month. Blank combines footage of the singer captured informally at home with on-stage and studio performances (George Jones and Willie Nelson also feature), but what really makes the film unique is Blank's insertion of seemingly arbitrary scenes reflecting everyday Oklahoma life and culture. What results is a vivid and free-flowing impressionistic tableau that is as much a monument to Americana as it is to Leon Russell's genius.

Charles Waring

Where You're Meant To Be

★★★

Dir: Paul Fegan

BETTER DAYS. DVD

Ex-Arab Strap singer Aidan Moffat meets his match on highland folk odyssey.

Thankfully for its documentarians, Aidan Moffat's mission to explore Scotland's past by rewriting its oldest folk songs is not without incident. While Moffat considers these songs ripe for modernisation, ladling on lashings of extra sex and drugs, an early encounter with septuagenarian balladeer Shelia Stewart strikes a warning chord. First depicted gutting a rabbit while cheerfully trilling wife battery ode Blue Bleezing Blind Drunk, Stewart is fiercely protective of her repertoire and witheringly considers Moffat's efforts wanton defilements of sacred texts. It's a view seemingly shared by disaffected punters on a light-hearted road trip around Scotland's remotest parts that takes in warring Loch Ness monster pursuers and Viking re-enactments. Beautifully shot, it reaches an undeniably moving denouement at Glasgow's Barrowland Ballroom.

Andy Cowan

DVD
DUAL FORMAT EDITION
BFI
Mad about BEAT living for KICKS!
BEAT GIRL

Beat Girl

★★★

Dir Edmond T Greville

BFI. DVD/BR

1950s Brit teen exploitation flick of rich historical note.

Banned in Italy, Israel, South Africa, Turkey, Malaya and parts of Warwickshire, at the dawn of the '60s the light jazz tunes of Beat Girl were just wild enough to be seen as signs of civilisation's imminent fall. Few would recoil now at the sight of plaid-clad Beatniks jiving to The John Barry Seven, but this failed attempt at a Brit Rebel Without A Cause, with an unformed Adam Faith in the James Dean role, delights on numerous levels. Shirley Anne Field and a young, java-wired Oliver Reed mesmerise in skimpy roles, and the music is a joy, but best of all is future yé-yé girl Gillian Hills, who, as bored Beat Girl Jennifer, pouts, sighs and rolls her eyes with existential disdain, reserving particular contempt for her architect dad's plans to build a concrete Orwellian dystopia called City 2000.

Andrew Male

Born To Be Blue

★★★

UNIVERSAL. C

Credible reimagining of Chet Baker's comeback.

Trumpeter Chet Baker was jazz's Montgomery Clift, a good-looking, moody enigma, who got his face smashed in. He sang in subdued manner that critics sneered at but which many found enchanting. Ethan Hawke, who plays Baker in director Robert Budreau's reimagining of episodes in the bebop balladeer's life, may not have the looks of the younger Chet but captures every nuance of his character, ensuring the film delivers more than the usual tale of a life tainted by addiction. Budreau's various devices, providing a film within a film and switching the colour to monochrome at various points work well enough. Carmen Ejogo impresses as a composite figure in Chet's love life, while the music – Hawke's own vocals; Toronto-based Kevin Turcotte playing trumpet – trims the ears persuasively.

Fred Dellar

Pegi Young

Words Of Our Mouth, Meditations Of Our Heart: Pioneering Musicians Of Ska, Rocksteady, Reggae, & Dancehall

★★★★

Ken Bilby

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS. £22

Enthralling oral testimony from the key figures of Jamaican popular music.

Ethnomusicologist Ken Bilby made his name with explorations of Jamaica's Maroon culture, and co-wrote the ground-breaking Caribbean Currents. Bilby now turns his attention to reggae's evolution, via brief interview extracts and evocative colour portraits. Much of the material is priceless: Prince Buster suggests that ska was a reaction to rhythm and blues, rather than an adaptation, and Owen Gray says uncredited session players were the true originators of ska and rocksteady. Later, Donald Manning of The Abyssinians points to kumina's influence on Rastafari drumming, Derrick Morgan emphasises mento's centrality, and, naturally, Lee 'Scratch' Perry equates the music with magic. Bilby is particularly good at emphasising the traditional elements at the root of this great music, and the testimony of musicians familiar and unknown provides a new way of thinking about reggae's progression.

David Katz

Young Soul Rebels: A Personal History Of Northern Soul

★★★★

Stuart Cosgrove

POLYGON. £14.99

A fascinating personal and social chronicle by former Echoes and NME writer.

"Lost in the music, caught in a trance… soul is more than a music, it is a spiritual calling," the author writes in this enjoyable account of the Northern soul scene that stole his heart as a student at Hull University in the early '70s. It's not just first-hand memories here, we also get a detailed history from the scene's roots in the coffee bar culture of Soho's 2i's and Manchester's Left Wing Coffee Bar plus the Bus Palladium, a beatnik all-nighter in Paris, to the present day where new technologies help spread the word. Also fascinating is Cosgrove's plotting of the scene's rise against the decimation of the industrial north, the Yorkshire Ripper murders and Greater Manchester chief constable James Anderton's aggressive assault on the youth's freedoms which places the scene, arguably for the first time, in its proper political context.

Lois Wilson

Flyboy 2: The Greg Tate Reader

★★★★

DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS. £17.99

Worthy follow-up to a classic original collection of American music writing.

FLYBOY 2
THE GREG TATE READER
GREG TATE

Like its classic 1992 predecessor (and Jon Savage's Time Travel, and Lester Bangs' Psychotic Reactions…) this second collection from the swashbucklingly astute African-American critic Greg Tate makes a potent case for the rock book's highest embodiment being not the grand over-arching historical narrative but the sumptuous cross-career smorgasbord. When Tate writes that the emergence of Sean 'Puffy' Combs ("a major talent scout but no talent") "signified that Black Mediocrity was now as commercially viable in hip hop as Black Genius, the same fate that had already befallen jazz and soul in the '80s", the three-punch combination leaves the competition firmly on the canvas. And his writing on Chuck Berry, Jimi Hendrix ("Jimi's voice was not the infinite resource that his guitar was, but…") Bob Dylan and the Wu-Tang Clan is as nuanced and informative as any I've ever read on those well-covered subjects.

Ben Thompson

The Sun & The Moon & The Rolling Stones

★★

Rich Cohen

HEADLINE. £20

A disjointed bio flings dirt, attempts insight but sheds little new detail.

Rich Cohen proves the adage that it's sometimes best not to meet your heroes. A Rolling Stones fanatic from childhood, he became a reporter assigned to travel with the band on a '90s tour. Accepted into their inner circle, somewhere along the way he seems to lose all love for them – except affable Keith, and Charlie. Jagger is seen as soulless, spitting out people when they're no longer of use; even Marianne Faithfull is savaged ("an urchin, a freak… a dilapidated house.") Much of the book is a biographical rehash of a band that became "complacent", and "deteriorated." Told in a breezy, mostly engaging manner, there are few new insights. Curiously, the past three decades go largely ignored, even the period when Cohen was a temporary insider.

Jeff Tamarkin

Fair trader

Compelling and entertaining account of a most curious musical career. By Mike Barnes.

An Accidental Musician: The Autobiography Of Judy Dyble

★★★★

By Judy Dyble with Dave Thompson

SOUNDCHECK. £16.99

An Accidental Musician
The Autobiography Of Judy Dyble
Judy Dyble with Dave Thompson

ONE THING An Accidental Musician does particularly well is to dispel the notion of musicians being careerist and mapping out success. As Dyble says, she has had the knack of "being in the right place at the right time and saying 'yes' to everything," but then these promising situations were often frustratingly curtailed.

Dyble brilliantly captures the excitement of discovering music in the 1960s and particularly the wonders of being a teenager in London in 1967. Importantly, she was part of that scene and as singer and autoharpist with the nascent Fairport Convention played psychedelic clubs like the UFO venues, which, she says, looked considerably less appealing in broad daylight.

After that heady summer, 1968 was a return to cold reality, and after Fairport had recorded their first album, the 19-year-old was told that she was out of the group, ostensibly due to her tuning problems singing with louder PAs. Although clearly still unhappy about the way she was treated, she describes it all with relative equanimity, recognising that she was more keen to experiment musically than to go down the traditional route the group were soon to explore. But her confidence was dented and memories of her ousting caused her to also leave the prototype King Crimson (with Ian McDonald, Michael and Peter Giles, and Robert Fripp) in case she was again shown the door.

She seemed to have found her métier in Trader Horne with guitarist Jackie McAuley, but despite an acclaimed 1970 studio album and live performances, schlepping all over the UK on exhausting and badly arranged concert schedules ultimately caused her to "run away".

Another episode left unrealised was an intriguing teaming up with saxophonist Lol Coxhill, and Phil and Steve Miller from Delivery, as DC & The MBs, but they split before recording.

After marrying journalist Simon Stable, she quit the music business in 1973. But her reputation was growing and she did occasional slots with Fairport Convention at Cropredy and her self-confidence began to return. Stable died in 1994, and in 2004 Dyble started recording again, making three striking electronic loop-based albums with Marc Swordfish of Astralasia, with her light, clear voice an impressive instrument. She has since released two excellent baroque folk albums, *Talking With Strangers* and *Flow And Change*, including contributions by No Man's Tim Bowness, violinist Simon House, Robert Fripp and Fairport stalwart Simon Nicol.

But although that leaves us with three decades' worth of 'what ifs', it feels like all the eclectic, unfinished business has finally been realised, and her talent has ultimately flourished after "time to think and experience life". And now is clearly her time. "There has been no perceived journey, no intentional progression," she writes. "The only thing in common is me. The only similarities are differences."

Judy Dyble marries DJ/journalist Simon Stable in 1970.

Alvin Lee

Enigma Variations

Elgar meets Stockhausen in an Emulator, as Wirral synth-poppers refit *Dazzle Ships*, in full. Danny Eccleston is piped aboard.

Waving, not drowning: OMD play *Dazzle Ships* in full (though not necessarily in the right order). Andy McCluskey strikes a pose (main pic); with first mate Paul Humphreys (centre); drummer Stuart Kershaw helps semaphore ABC Auto-Industry (centre left); the RAH reaches peak synth (bottom row); (below) McCluskey, sustained.

OMD

Royal Albert Hall, London

Vindication – does anything taste sweeter? Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark released their *Dazzle Ships* album in 1983. Arriving in the wake of 1982's *Architecture & Morality* and its trio of Top 10 singles – Souvenir, Maid Of Orleans and Joan Of Arc – it sold a tenth of the copies. Inspired by *musique concrète* and facilitated by proto-sampler the Emulator, obsessed by the Cold War's brutalising stalemate and the romance of Futurism's technological utopias, it stands as one of the synth era's most durable achievements, but at the time the phrase "career suicide" seemed coined especially for it.

Which accounts, perhaps, for the heightened mania that vibrates the Royal Albert Hall's vaulted dome tonight. Even at Peak Synth, OMD were never cool like New Order, or obvious pop stars like Depeche Mode, and just when their stock was highest there came *Dazzle Ships*. OMD's believers have been tested, and like St Joan, they proffer their stigmata – noisily. As the collaged sonar and fog horns of Dazzle Ships (Parts II, III & VII) merge into Radio Prague's wistful fanfare, then ABC Auto-Industry, the four men of OMD in 2016 line up, black clad, with semaphore flags encoding the "A, B, C… 1, 2, 3" intoned by the taped vocals. It ends and bassist/vocalist Andy McCluskey yelps in triumph, but that's nothing next to the roar that floods back over him.

Dazzle Ships makes up the first half of this show, *Architecture & Morality* the second. Controversially, both tracklists have been rejigged to pander to the dynamics of a gig. It is not the only compromise – Stuart Kershaw's arena-sized drums offer heft but sometimes detract from OMD's brittler ice sculptures – but the upside is a gig's traditional 'what's next?' aura of anticipation. For instance, here's the chattering typewriter intro of Genetic Engineering ("Only you lot could possibly want to hear this," joshes McCluskey) but not before the extraordinary International leaps out of sequence, poignantly referencing the tortured and disappeared of Somoza's Nicaragua while McCluskey's Buddy-Holly-goes-opera pipes soar. "The Cold War's coming back," he notes, the implication clear: in 2016, OMD are in tune with the times.

There's a lot on McCluskey's shoulders tonight – production design is minimal (ie, there's none) and co-songwriter Paul Humphreys, not to mention bandmates Kershaw and Martin Cooper, are not big personalities. Luckily, the singer is no shrinking violet. His voice is in career-best shape and his dancing, routinely compared, back in the day, to a geography teacher trying to impress at the sixth form disco, appears to have become more, not less rococo. If this seems somehow to undermine *Dazzle Ships*' foundation of stately gravitas – ghostly mellotron choirs, echoes of Elgar and Stockhausen – it was ever thus.

After a smattering of non-*Dazzle Ships* numbers – including languid, knowingly-titled B-side 4-Neu and exquisite 1980 single Messages – plus an interval, OMD return to deliver the entirety of *Architecture & Morality*. They have been playing this, their most complete and widely treasured album, since 2007 (in 2013 it cost original drummer Malcolm Holmes dear, when he suffered a cardiac arrest on-stage in Toronto – he has since retired from live work) and their command of it is complete, so confident that the reversed chronology conjures an alternate reality, one where smash followed flop and not vice versa, and the loss of bottle, post-*Dazzle Ships*, that produced lightweight chart-bait such as Locomotion (1984), La Femme Accident (1985) and If You Leave (1986) is wiped out in an twinkling. Tonight, as the towering Maid Of Orleans' electro-bagpipe skirl and snare tattoo underline how weird hit songs could be in 1982, you're left wondering not how *Dazzle Ships* sank, but how OMD's serious-faced, avant-garde, geek-dancing pop vision ever found mainstream traction in the first place.

"MAID OF ORLEANS' ELECTRO-BAGPIPE SKIRL UNDERLINES HOW WEIRD HITS COULD BE IN 1982."

"The future that you anticipated has been cancelled," a disembodied, female-robot voice announces at one point, a sample from the revived OMD's most recent album, 2013's creditable *English Electric*. It cuts to the heart of the group at their best – the point where idealism and disillusionment coexist in a melancholy moment. The show's last encore rightly returns us to *Dazzle Ships* – in the form of The Romance Of The Telescope. If you were asked to invent a parody OMD song title, it would be this, a reminder that everything was new technology once, even the bicycle.

"Someone promised there'd be answers/If we stayed around," croons McCluskey, flailing limbs momentarily becalmed. "Over decades now this romance/Has sustained us all."

It's sustaining them still.

Simon Fernandez (7)

SETLIST

Dazzle Ships (Parts II, III & VII) / Radio Prague / ABC Auto-Industry / International / Silent Running / This Is Helena / Genetic Engineering / Telegraph / Radio Waves / Time Zones / Of All The Things We've Made / 4-Neu / Julia's Song / Almost / Messages / Architecture & Morality / Sealand / The New Stone Age / Georgia / She's Leaving / Souvenir / Joan Of Arc / Maid Of Orleans / The Beginning And The End / Electricity / Enola Gay / History Of Modern (Part 1) / The Romance Of The Telescope

Texas tornado

David Fricke witnesses a genuine blues guitar phenomenon.

Bright spark: guitar fireworks in New York with Guy Clark Jr.

Gary Clark Jr.

Webster Hall, New York City

It was a commanding entrance, as if Jimi Hendrix had walked out in 1969, right into the long climb and flames of Hear My Train A Comin'. Gary Clark Jr. – the 32-year-old Texan who has been called the future of electric blues guitar since Eric Clapton and Questlove of The Roots started dropping his name at the turn of the decade – opened with his signature storm, the heavy, title shuffle from the 2011 EP, Bright Lights. Singing slightly behind the beat and riffing through the verses with measured cool, Clark wasted no time warming up in his solo, strafing the air with crusty shrieks, climaxing in a sustained paroxysm of staccato strum and fretboard slalom.

There was also no mistaking Clark's diffidence to limelight. He allowed his second guitarist, King Zapata, take the first break and performed Bright Lights entirely in silhouette, his beanstalk frame and flat-brimmed fedora backlit in harsh, white rays. The effect was visually striking but confounding, certainly to fellow guitarists; it was impossible to see Clark's hands at their work, to digest the manual detail in his attack and finesse.

Clark's balancing act – a genuine, riveting phenomenon in his field, suspicious of the conservatism implicit in the mantle of saviour – was a running zigzag in this two-hour show. Clark and his no-frills band – Zapata, bassist Johnny Bradley and drummer Johnny Radelat – followed Bright Lights with more power-blues prowess, the railroad boogie Travis County and the Chess-in-the-'50s stomp Next Door Neighbor Blues.

The set then veered into more nuanced shades of blue from Clark's latest album, *The Story Of Sonny Boy Slim*: the hip hop-inflected ballad Our Love and the bleak fatback of Cold Blooded.

On guitar, he speared both songs in searing phrases loaded with worried shiver and the familiar Texas spine of Freddie King and Stevie Ray Vaughan. But Clark carried the vocal weight upstairs, in a gently strident Curtis Mayfield-style falsetto with rapper's timing. An effective contrast, it was historically accurate duality, descended from the vintage jukebox commerce of T-Bone Walker and Johnny 'Guitar' Watson (his 1955 hit Those Lonely, Lonely Nights was Clark's intro music) but forged in a modern, dirty South.

The undeniable high, for pure guitar fireworks, was the quarter-hour turbulence of When My Train Pulls In. Clark soloed in chokes and sobs, rhythmically flicking his volume control; flew up and down the neck through choppy wah wah; and finished in a geyser of wrenching Neil Young-like feedback.

But his broader pursuit of blues as a feeling peaked in the encore. Down To Ride was another hip hop ladies' choice, sung in that falsetto across a firm swagger with a touch of Led Zeppelin's When The Levee Breaks and iced with a guitar break in the pinched-fuzz tone of an electric sitar. It was a classicism with flair and on-going investigation, the sound of Clark's train a comin' – in his own good time.

> "HE SOLOS IN CHOKES AND SOBS, FINISHING IN A GEYSER OF WRENCHING FEEDBACK."

SETLIST

Bright Lights / Travis County / Next Door Neighbor Blues / Our Love / Cold Blooded / BYOB / Ain't Messin Round / When My Train Pulls In / Don't Owe You A Thang / Please Come Home / You Saved Me / Shake

Encores: Things Are Changin' (solo) / Church/ Down To Ride / Grinder

Guy Eppel (3)

ROD STEWART

FROM Gasoline Alley TO Another Country

HITS 2016

BY OVERWHELMING DEMAND, MORE SHOWS ADDED

12 NOV	SOLD OUT	**LIVERPOOL ARENA**
22 NOV	SOLD OUT	**LONDON THE O2**
25 NOV	SOLD OUT	**LONDON THE O2**
26 NOV	JUST ADDED	**LONDON THE O2**
29 NOVEMBER		**SHEFFIELD ARENA**
02 DEC	SOLD OUT	**BIRMINGHAM BARCLAYCARD ARENA**
03 DECEMBER		**BIRMINGHAM BARCLAYCARD ARENA**
06 DEC	SOLD OUT	**LEEDS FIRST DIRECT ARENA**
08 DECEMBER		**MANCHESTER ARENA**
10 DEC	JUST ADDED	**NOTTINGHAM MOTORPOINT ARENA**
13 DEC	SOLD OUT	**GLASGOW THE SSE HYDRO**
16 DECEMBER		**GLASGOW THE SSE HYDRO**

ROD STEWART
ANOTHER COUNTRY

AEGLIVE.CO.UK | AXS.CO.UK | TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

RODSTEWART.COM f/RODSTEWART @RODSTEWART

SMASH HIT ALBUM **ANOTHER COUNTRY** OUT NOW

ARNOLD STIEFEL ENTERTAINMENT

MADHEADS UNITE

SJM Concerts by arrangement with WME & Anglo Hannah Management present

MADNESS

CAN'T TOUCH US NOW

6'6"
6'0"
5'6"
5'0"
4'6"
4'0"
3'6"
3'0"
WHAT!
HELP!
MIGHTY FINE LIPS
CLEAN
FRAMED
27 YEARS

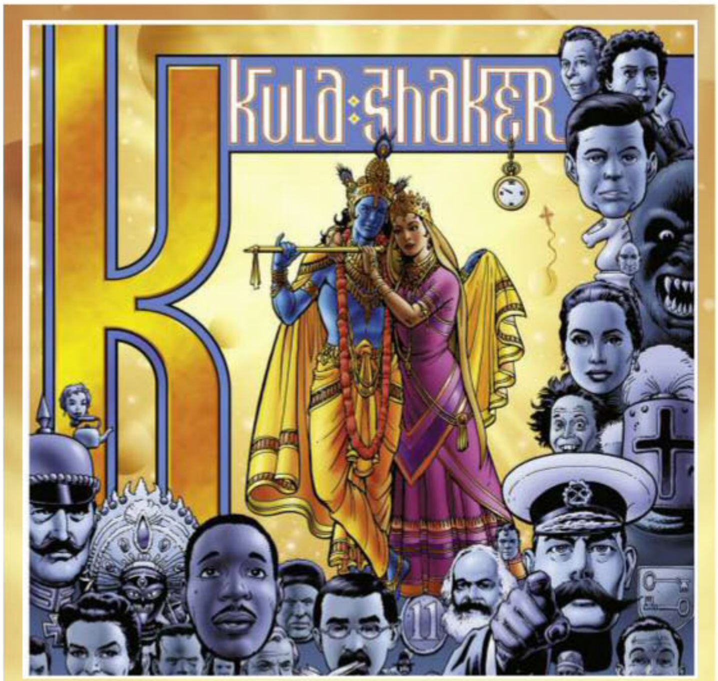
November

18 - 21		**MINEHEAD** House Of Fun Weekender

December

Thu	01	**BOURNEMOUTH** International Centre
Fri	02	**CARDIFF** Motorpoint Arena
Sat	03	**BRIGHTON** Brighton Centre
Thu	08	**NEWCASTLE** Metro Radio Arena
Fri	09	**SHEFFIELD** Arena
Sat	10	**LONDON** The O2
Mon	12	**NOTTINGHAM** Motorpoint Arena
Tue	13	**BRIDLINGTON** The Spa
Thu	15	**GLASGOW** The SSE Hydro
Fri	16	**MANCHESTER** Arena
Sat	17	**BIRMINGHAM** Barclaycard Arena

MADNESS.CO.UK
GIGSANDTOURS.COM
TICKETMASTER.CO.UK



CELEBRATING 20 YEARS OF K

PERFORMING K IN ITS ENTIRETY FOR THE FIRST TIME

DECEMBER

THU	01	OXFORD O2 ACADEMY
FRI	02	BOURNEMOUTH O2 ACADEMY
SAT	03	NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
MON	05	NORWICH THE NICK RAYNS LCR, UEA
TUE	06	GUILDFORD G LIVE
THU	08	LONDON O2 FORUM KENTISH TOWN
SAT	10	MANCHESTER ALBERT HALL
MON	12	BIRMINGHAM O2 INSTITUTE
TUES	13	BRISTOL O2 ACADEMY
WED	14	LIVERPOOL O2 ACADEMY
FRI	16	NEWCASTLE O2 ACADEMY
SAT	17	LEEDS O2 ACADEMY
SUN	18	GLASGOW O2 ABC

THE ALBUM K2.0 IS OUT NOW

K2.0

GIGSANDTOURS.COM | TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

An SJM Concerts presentation by arrangement with ITB

SJM CONCERTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ITB PRESENTS

RA

ASHCROFT

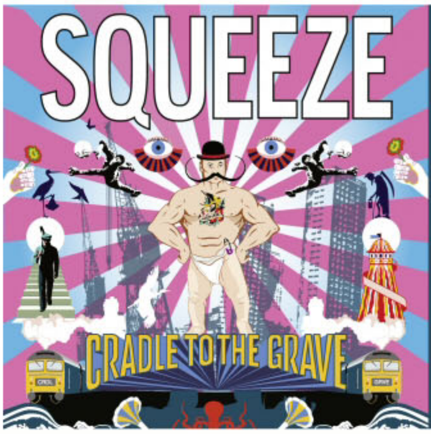
WED 07 DECEMBER
LIVERPOOL ECHO ARENA

FRI 09 DECEMBER
LONDON THE O2

A CELEBRATION OF HIS FINEST SONGS WITH AN ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY WILL MALONE

GIGSANDTOURS.COM TICKETMASTER.CO.UK
RICHARDASHCROFT.COM

NEW ALBUM **'THESE PEOPLE'** OUT NOW
INCLUDES THE SINGLES **'HOLD ON'** & **'THIS IS HOW IT FEELS'**



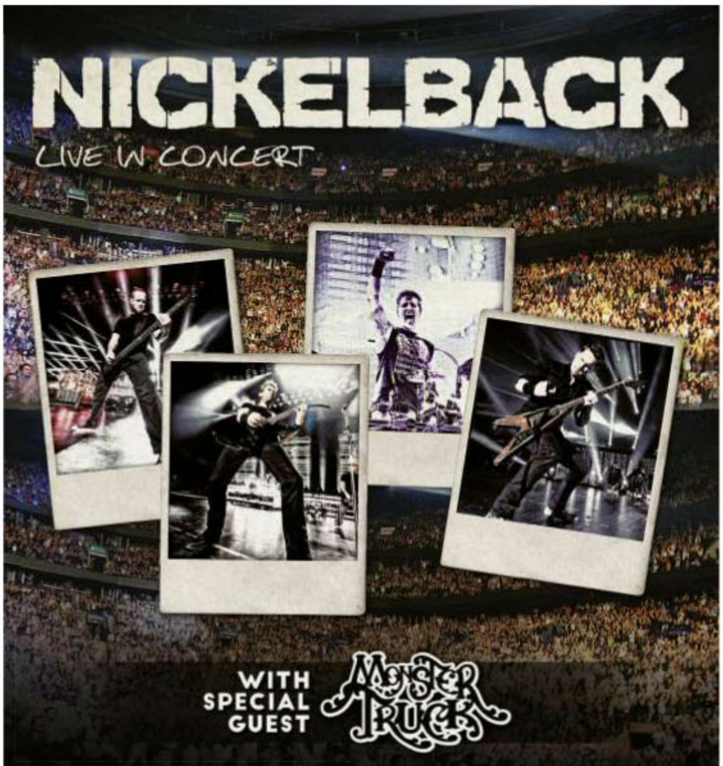
TUE 06 SEP
WARRINGTON PARR HALL

WED 07 SEP
NORTHAMPTON DERNGATE

THU 08 SEP
HULL CITY HALL

GIGSANDTOURS.COM
TICKETMASTER.CO.UK
SQUEEZEOFFICIAL.COM

An S.J.M. Concerts presentation by arrangement with United Talent Agency



OCTOBER 2016

WED 12 NOTTINGHAM MOTORPOINT ARENA
FRI 14 BIRMINGHAM GENTING ARENA
SAT 15 SHEFFIELD ARENA
MON 17 LONDON THE SSE ARENA WEMBLEY
WED 19 MANCHESTER ARENA
THU 20 LONDON THE O2
SAT 22 LIVERPOOL ECHO ARENA
MON 24 GLASGOW THE SSE HYDRO
TUE 25 NEWCASTLE METRO RADIO ARENA

LIVENATION.CO.UK - TICKETMASTER.CO.UK
A LIVE NATION PRESENTATION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH UNITED TALENT AGENCY

VIP EARLY ENTRY + HOT TICKET PACKAGES AVAILABLE FROM
VIPNATION.EU/NICKELBACK

NICKELBACK.COM

SWAN SONG
U.K. TOUR 2016
BAD COMPANY
PAUL RODGERS MICK RALPHS SIMON KIRKE

SPECIAL GUESTS
RSO:
Richie Sambora + Orianthi
& STEVE on JASMINE RODGERS

OCTOBER 2016
SAT 15
LEEDS
FIRST DIRECT ARENA
MON 17
CARDIFF
MOTORPOINT ARENA
WED 19
NOTTINGHAM
MOTORPOINT ARENA
FRI 21
BIRMINGHAM
GENTING ARENA
MON 24
MANCHESTER ARENA
TUE 25
GLASGOW
THE SSE HYDRO
THU 27
NEWCASTLE
METRO RADIO ARENA
SAT 29
LONDON
THE O2

LIVENATION.CO.UK
TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

VIP PACKAGES INCLUDING MEET & GREET
AVAILABLE FROM VIPNATION.EU/BADCOMPANY

A LIVE NATION PRESENTATION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH PARADISE ARTISTS

BADCOMPANY.COM @OFFICIALBADCO

CALLING ALL MUSIC FANS
DOWNLOAD THE LIVE NATION APP
Available on the App Store
ANDROID APP ON Google play

Cut Chemist

DJ FORMAT DJ SNUFF
Friday 01 July
London, Electric Ballroom

THE BUDOS BAND
+ SPECIAL GUESTS

THU 14 JULY
LONDON
KOKO

EASY STAR ALL-STARS
"RADIODREAD" 10th Anniversary
FRIDAY 15 JULY
LONDON
ELECTRIC BALLROOM

Nazareth

SUNDAY 17 JULY, LONDON
under the bridge

Ed Motta

Monday 04 July
London, Union Chapel

SUPERSUCKERS

BRISTOL, THE FLEECE, WED 20 JULY
MANCHESTER, CLUB ACADEMY, THU 21 JULY
LEEDS, BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB, FRI 22 JULY

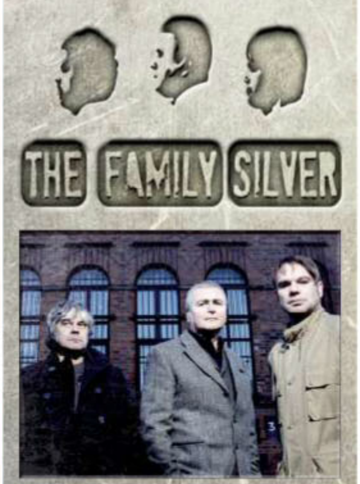
THE ELEVENTH HOUSE
REUNION CONCERT
LARRY CORYELL
GUITAR
ALPHONSE MOUZON
DRUMS
RANDY BRECKER
TRUMPET
JOHN LEE
BASS
JULIAN CORYELL
KEYBOARDS
WED 27 JULY LONDON, JAZZ CAFÉ

THE SMYTHS
"The Queen Is Dead" 30th Anniversary Concert

Fri 29 & Sat 30 July
London, 100 Club

ATOMIC Rooster & SNAFU

WEDNESDAY 03 AUGUST
LONDON, 100 CLUB



THE FAMILY SILVER
THU 08 SEP, BRISTOL
THE FLEECE
FRI 09 SEP, LEEDS
THE WARDROBE
SAT 10 SEP, LONDON
UNDER THE BRIDGE

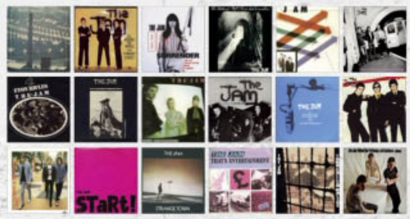
SECRET AFFAIR

"BUSINESS AS USUAL" TOUR
SAT 17 SEP, SALTBURN BY THE SEA, SPA HOTEL
SAT 24 SEP, CAMBRIDGE, JUNCTION
FRI 07 OCT, BILSTON, ROBIN 2
FRI 04 NOV, WAKEFIELD, WAREHOUSE 23
SAT 05 NOV, MARGATE, WESTCOAST
SAT 19 NOV, GLASGOW, CLASSIC GRAND
SAT 26 NOV, NOTTINGHAM, RESCUE ROOMS
FRI 02 DEC, LONDON, 229
SAT 03 DEC, BRIGHTON, HAUNT
SAT 10 DEC, SHEFFIELD, LEADMILL
SAT 17 DEC, BELFAST, MANDELA HALL

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
UK TOUR 2016!

+ VICE SQUAD
(LONDON ONLY)
SATURDAY 08 OCTOBER
LONDON, 229
FRIDAY 21 OCTOBER
MANCHESTER, ACADEMY 3

FROM THE JAM
The A&B Sides Tour



Birmingham, O_2 Institute2, Fri 30 Sep 2016
Oxford, O_2 Academy, Sat 08 Oct 2016
Cambridge Junction, Fri 14 Oct 2016
Nottingham, Rock City, Sat 15 Oct 2016
Salisbury, City Hall, Fri 28 Oct 2016
Sheffield, O_2 Academy2, Sat 29 Oct 2016
Chatham, Britannia Theatre, Fri 04 Nov 2016
Norwich, The Waterfront, Sat 05 Nov 2016
Northampton, Roadmenders, Fri 11 Nov 2016
Leeds, Brudenell Social Club, Sat 12 Nov 2016
London, Clapham Grand, Fri 25 Nov 2016
Warwick, The Copper Rooms, Fri 20 Jan 2017

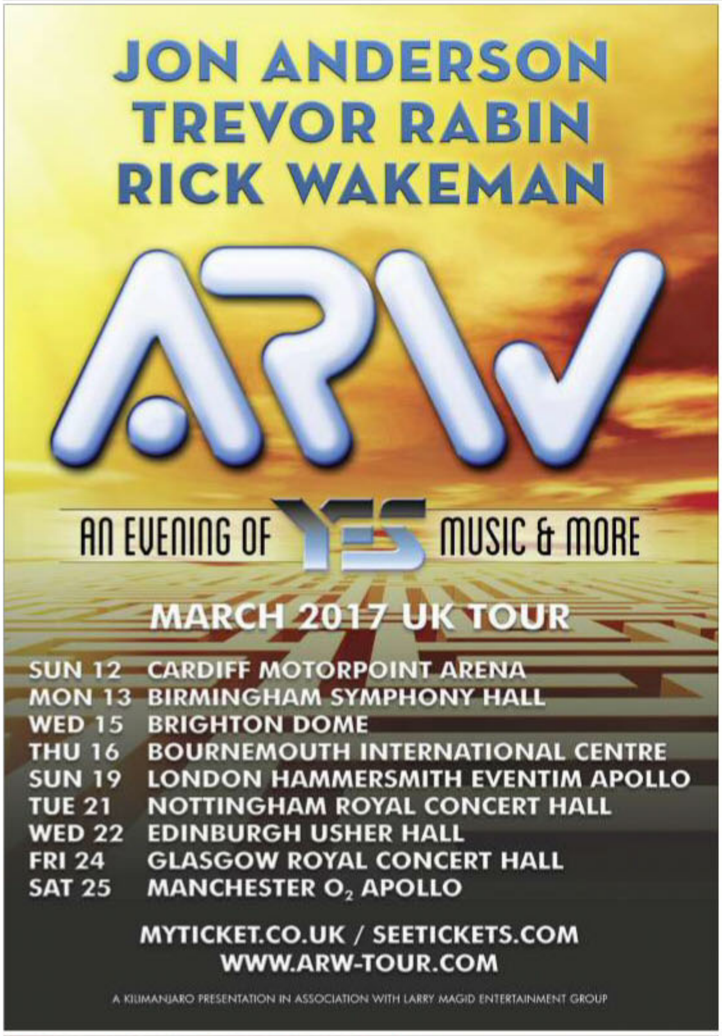
ROYAL SOUTHERN BROTHERHOOD

MONDAY 14 NOVEMBER,
MANCHESTER, CLUB ACADEMY
TUESDAY 15 NOVEMBER,
LONDON, JAZZ CAFE

NOW BOOKING: STANLEY CLARKE **TUNDE - THE VOICE OF THE LIGHTHOUSE FAMILY** U-ROY + BY THE RIVERS **JANET KAY & CARROLL THOMPSON** WILLIAM BELL + STONE FOUNDATION **HIROMI - THE TRIO PROJECT** SIAN EVANS **UNITED VIBRATIONS** BROOKLYN FUNK ESSENTIALS **AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE** TOM HINGLEY & THE KAR-PETS **FRED WESLEY & THE JB'S** CHAMELEONS VOX **MOKOOMBA** PENETRATION **KENNEY JONES** DEXYS BOOTLEG RUNNERS **ALBERT HAMMOND** CYMANDE **STEVE IGNORANT** THE TUBES **STEVE HOWE** SONGBOOK COLLECTIVE **NINE BELOW ZERO** LINDISFARNE **THE SOUTH** BIG COUNTRY **BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST** DREADZONE **DR. FEELGOOD** SLY & ROBBIE **BONZO DOG DOO DAH BAND** IAN SIEGAL **THE BEAT** THE WEDDING PRESENT **ROACHFORD** MARTIN STEPHENSON & THE DAINTEES **BAD MANNERS**

AGMP AGMP.co.uk

Buy Online at EVENTIM.co.uk
Ticket Hotline • 0203 239 2732 • 0844 249 1000



JON ANDERSON
TREVOR RABIN
RICK WAKEMAN

ARW

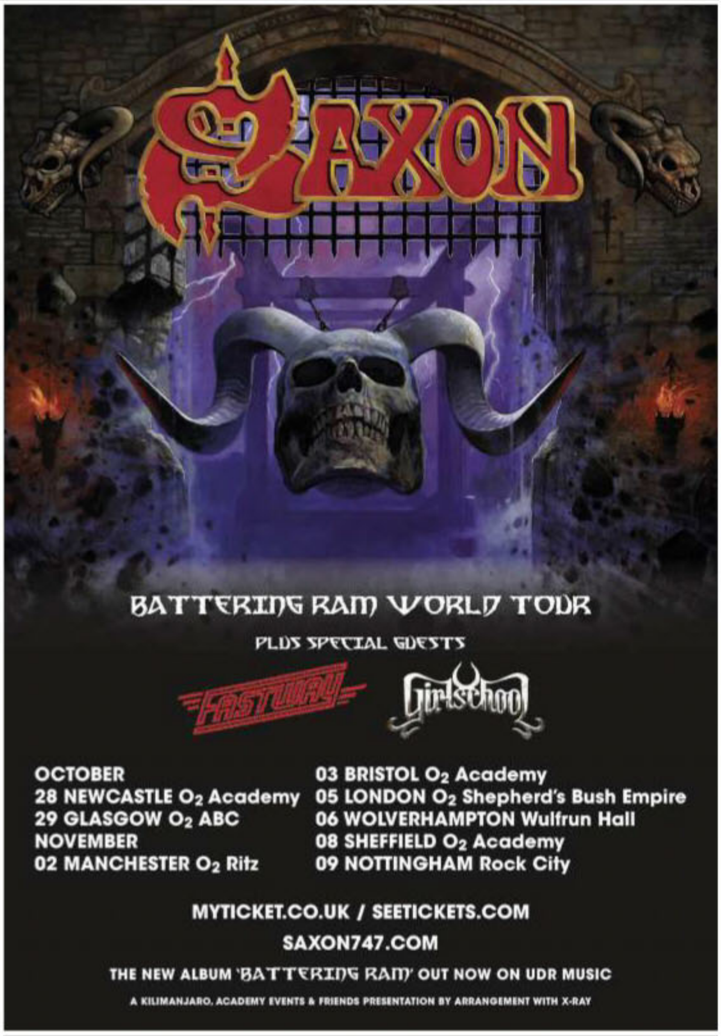
AN EVENING OF YES MUSIC & MORE

MARCH 2017 UK TOUR

SUN 12 CARDIFF MOTORPOINT ARENA
MON 13 BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY HALL
WED 15 BRIGHTON DOME
THU 16 BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE
SUN 19 LONDON HAMMERSMITH EVENTIM APOLLO
TUE 21 NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CONCERT HALL
WED 22 EDINBURGH USHER HALL
FRI 24 GLASGOW ROYAL CONCERT HALL
SAT 25 MANCHESTER O_2 APOLLO

MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM
WWW.ARW-TOUR.COM

A KILIMANJARO PRESENTATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH LARRY MAGID ENTERTAINMENT GROUP



SAXON

BATTERING RAM WORLD TOUR

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

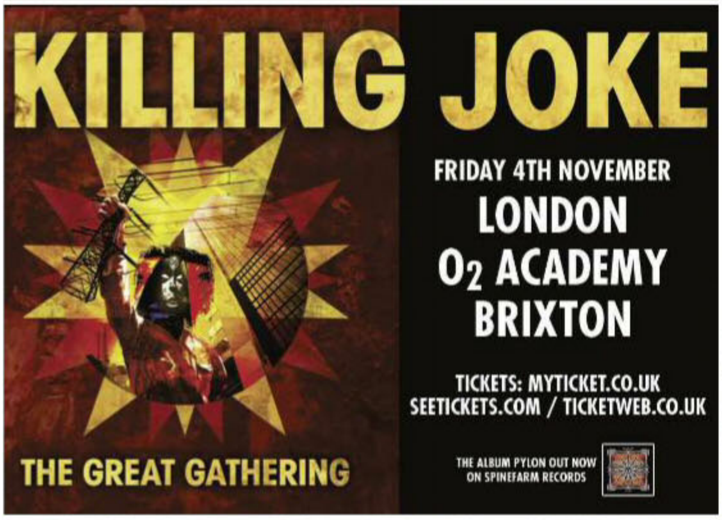
FASTWAY
Girlschool

OCTOBER
28 NEWCASTLE O_2 Academy
29 GLASGOW O_2 ABC
NOVEMBER
02 MANCHESTER O_2 Ritz
03 BRISTOL O_2 Academy
05 LONDON O_2 Shepherd's Bush Empire
06 WOLVERHAMPTON Wulfrun Hall
08 SHEFFIELD O_2 Academy
09 NOTTINGHAM Rock City

MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM
SAXON747.COM

THE NEW ALBUM 'BATTERING RAM' OUT NOW ON UDR MUSIC

A KILIMANJARO, ACADEMY EVENTS & FRIENDS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH X-RAY



KILLING JOKE

FRIDAY 4TH NOVEMBER
LONDON
O_2 ACADEMY
BRIXTON

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK
SEETICKETS.COM / TICKETWEB.CO.UK

THE GREAT GATHERING

THE ALBUM PYLON OUT NOW
ON SPINEFARM RECORDS

NAHKO AND MEDICINE FOR THE PEOPLE

WED 10 AUGUST
LONDON KOKO
THUR 11 AUGUST
FROME CHEESE & GRAIN

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM

/NAHKOANDMEDICINEFORTHEPEOPLE NAHKO.COM /NAHKOBEAR

A KILIMANJARO PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DMF MUSIC

AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM

OCTOBER
26 BURY ST EDMUNDS The Apex
27 NORWICH Open
28 BRISTOL Colston Hall
29 OXFORD O_2 Academy2
30 LONDON Barbican
NOVEMBER
01 MANCHESTER RNCM
02 NEWCASTLE Riverside
03 EDINBURGH Queens Hall
04 SHREWSBURY Walker Theatre
05 SHEFFIELD Leadmill
07 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
08 COLCHESTER Arts Centre
09 YEOVIL Octagon
10 PORTSMOUTH Wedgewood Rooms
11 BUXTON Opera House
12 EXETER Phoenix
13 BRIGHTON Concorde 2

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM

ECC 100

New album THE SOURCE out now

Featuring: Simon Emmerson, N'Faly Kouyate, Johnny Kalsi, Griogair and many more

afroceltsoundsystem.org.uk /officialafroceltsoundsystem

A Kilimanjaro and friends presentation by arrangement with DMF Music

the Oh Hellos

Debut UK shows.

August
12 EDINBURGH Electric Circus
13 GLASGOW CCA
14 NEWCASTLE The Cluny
15 LEEDS Brudenell Social Club
16 MANCHESTER Deaf Institute
17 LONDON Bush Hall

myticket.co.uk / seetickets.com

theohhellos.com /theohhellos /theohhellos

A Kilimanjaro & Friends presentation by arrangement with DMF Music

Butlin's LIVE MUSIC WEEKENDS PRESENTS

HOUSE OF FUN
WEEKENDER
2016

18~21 NOVEMBER
BUTLIN'S MINEHEAD ARENA

MADNESS

LIGHTNING SEEDS
THE CUBAN BROTHERS
RODIGAN'S RAM JAM FOUNDATION SESSION
CRAIG CHARLES FUNK AND SOUL CLUB
WIGAN CASINO DJs
FUN FRIVOLITY MERRIMENT & MIRTH
PLUS MUCH MORE

3 nights from only £195pp
See bigweekends.com for full break line-up

SHIIINE ON WEEKENDER

11-14 NOVEMBER 2016, BUTLIN'S MINEHEAD ARENA

FRIDAY
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN / THE WONDER STUFF / THE HOUSE OF LOVE
THE HIGH / THE RAILWAY CHILDREN / THE ELECTRIC SOFT PARADE
THE SEX PISSED DOLLS / S*M*A*S*H / LOVE & THE FAMILY TREE
HAPPY MONDAYS (DJ SET) / THE CLONE ROSES / THE SMYTHS

SATURDAY
SHED SEVEN / THE BLUETONES / ECHOBELLY / MARION /JAMES ATKIN
BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE / THE FREESTYLERS / CUT LA ROC
WILL WHITE (PROPELLERHEADS) / THOUSAND YARD STARE / CUD
THE FRANK & WALTERS / GOLDIE LOOKIN CHAIN POOL PARTY / OASIS UK

SUNDAY
CAST / BLACK GRAPE / ASH / THE FARM / PAUL HARTNOLL (ORBITAL)
UTAH SAINTS / JESUS JONES / SPACE MONKEYS / DODGY / THE TRAIN SET
CREDIT TO THE NATION / SYMPHONICA FEATURING MR SWITCH

PLUS MUCH MORE ACROSS ALL THREE DAYS

3 nights from only £185pp
See bigweekends.com for full break line-up

BUTLINS PROUDLY PRESENTS
FRI 07 OCTOBER
MON 10 OCTOBER
THE GREAT BRITISH ALTERNATIVE MUSIC FESTIVAL
2016 SKEGNESS RESORT
WITH LIVE PERFORMANCES FROM

the stranglers
BLACK GRAPE
The Tubes
SHAM 69
BIG COUNTRY
BLOCKHEAD
PLUS MUCH MORE

3 nights from only £99pp
See bigweekends.com for full break line-up

The Way Of Music presents
RB Rockaway Beach
A Boutique Indoor Music Festival
Butlin's Bognor Regis 7-9 October 2016

Suede
Saint Etienne
Killing Joke
Lee Scratch Perry / Luna
Jah Wobble's Invaders of The Heart
Damo Suzuki's Network ft. St Deluxe
Don Letts (DJ set) / Bill Ryder-Jones
Black Honey / Jane Weaver / Kagoule
Plus many more to be announced

3 nights from only £99pp
see rockawaybeach.co.uk for full break line-up

Visit **BIGWEEKENDS.COM** and enter code **MOJO** or call **0330 102 5267**

3 seaside locations | Legendary artists performing live | Over 18s only | 3-nights accommodation | Deposits from only £15pp

Prices shown are per person per break based on four adults sharing a Silver self catering apartment and include all discounts and £s off. Prices are correct as of 8/06/16 but are subject to availability. Act line ups are correct at time of print but are subject to change. From £15 per person deposit is only valid when using the Auto Pay feature and applies to new bookings only when booking more than 84 days before break start date. Deposits are non refundable and your final payment will be debited 12 weeks before you arrive. All offers are subject to promotional availability, may be withdrawn at any time and cannot be combined with any other offer or internet code except the 5% Premier Club loyalty discount. For full terms and conditions please visit butlins.com/terms. Butlin's Skyline Limited, 1 Park Lane, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, HP2 4YL. Registered in England No. 04011665.

VMS LIVE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH CODA PRESENT

GARY NUMAN

REPLICAS | THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE | TELEKON

UK TOUR SEPTEMBER 2016

THURSDAY 15TH SEPT	**SHEFFIELD,** FOUNDRY
FRIDAY 16TH SEPT	**LIVERPOOL,** OLYMPIA
SATURDAY 17TH SEPT	**COVENTRY,** COPPER ROOMS
SUNDAY 18TH SEPT	**NEWCASTLE,** O2 ACADEMY
TUESDAY 20TH SEPT	**GLASGOW,** O2 ABC
WEDNESDAY 21ST SEPT	**NOTTINGHAM,** ROCK CITY
THURSDAY 22ND SEPT	**OXFORD,** O2 ACADEMY
FRIDAY 23RD SEPT	**NORWICH,** UEA
SATURDAY 24TH SEPT	**PORTSMOUTH,** PYRAMIDS
SUNDAY 25TH SEPT	**BRISTOL,** MOTION
MONDAY 26TH SEPT	**BEXHIL,** DE LE WAR PAVILLION

WWW.GARYNUMAN.COM | WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK | 08444 77 1000

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

WEDNESDAY 7TH SEPTEMBER
- NORWICH UEA -
UEATICKETSBOOKINGS.CO.UK

SATURDAY 10TH SEPTEMBER
- MANCHESTER ACADEMY -
MANCHESTERACADEMY.NET

VMS LIVE PRESENT

SOUL II SOUL

WITH FULL BAND

FEAT JAZZIE B & CARON WHEELER

PLUS VERY SPECIAL GUESTS

FRIDAY 25TH NOVEMBER 2016
FOUNDRY: SHEFFIELD STUDENTS UNION

SATURDAY 26TH NOVEMBER 2016
MOUNTFORD HALL, LIVERPOOL GUILD OF STUDENTS

ADV TICKETS £23, BOOK NOW:
08444 77 1000 | WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK

DMP & FRIENDS PRESENT

SUMMER TOUR 2016

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

28 AUG	**THE BIG FEASTIVAL**	thebigfeastival.com
29 AUG	**LONDON HOUSE OF COMMON**	madness.co.uk/houseofcommon
31 AUG	**BRISTOL MOTION**	motionbristol.com
01 SEP	**CARDIFF TRAMSHED**	tramshedcardiff.com
02 SEP	**BRIGHTON DOME**	brightondome.org
06 SEP	**CANTERBURY MARLOWE THEATRE**	marlowetheatre.com
07 SEP	**UEA NORWICH**	ueaticketbookings.co.uk
08 SEP	**NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY**	rock-city.co.uk
09 SEP	**NEWCASTLE THE BOILER SHOP**	seetickets.com
10 SEP	**MANCHESTER ACADEMY**	manchesteracademy.net

SERIOUS presents

THE ANALOGUES

PERFORM THE BEATLES

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

THE ENTIRE ALBUM
FROM START TO FINISH
AND MUCH MORE!

WEDNESDAY 13 JULY
LONDON BARBICAN

'THE SHEER JOY OF THE MUSIC STIRRED MEMORIES AND SPREAD JOY AS THE SOUL SOARED.'
(EASTERN DAILY PRESS)

Book at **serious.org.uk/analogues**

ASK FRED

SOILMUSIC

WHAT HAPPENED TO MANFRED'S EARTH MOVE?

Fear that reality is a stage set ripe for dismantling? Quick! To Dellar's for Randy, Wendy and footie news…

On the cover of the album *The Good Earth* by Manfred Mann's Earth Band released in 1974 it reads, "The owner of this album is entitled to rights over one square foot of the earth situated at Llanerchyrfa in the County of Brecon, Wales in Great Britain, subject to registration on or before 31st December 1975". Apparently thousands of people did this and received a certificate. Is that land still owned by those people or has it been sold?

John Trickett, via e-mail

Fred says: It wasn't so long ago that The Guardian printed an update on the land, which is basically a 10-acre unfenced field in a remote and desolate spot, several miles from the nearest buildings at Abergwesyn, near Llanwrtyd Wells. It appears that what was generally perceived to be a gimmick was a genuine bid to keep a part of the country as a place where wild animals and plants could survive unmolested. How much did it cost? Manfred Mann answered this one a few years ago, claiming: "I do recall that we only paid a few hundred pounds for it… we wanted to give people a bit of land that was going to be untouched and it looks as though we found the right piece of land."

WAS RANDY WRONG SONGWISE?

Do you know if Randy Newman ever recorded I've Been Wrong Before? He must have written it by 1965 because Dusty Springfield and Cilla Black both sang it that year, but I'm pretty sure his first release wasn't until 1968.

Phil Bird, via e-mail

Fred says: I can't trace a recording of I've Been Wrong Before by Newman. He wrote many songs purely for others between 1962-1970. According to a listing released by Metric Music/January Music, Cilla Black and Jerry Butler were the first to release recordings of the notoriously difficult I've Been Wrong Before, in 1965. Personally, I find Cilla's version too strident for someone suffering from a lost love. Dusty Springfield's rendition, which is listed as being a 1966 release, reveals certain vulnerability and is far more believable. Others who covered the same song during that period include Julius La Rosa (MGM, 1966) H.P. Lovecraft (Philips, 1967), New Breed (Mercury, 1967) and Fran Jeffries (Monument, 1968). Incidentally, Newman was recording his own creations as early as 1961, when he released Gridiron Golden Boy (mislabelled Golden Gridiron Boy), a Pat Boone-produced single for Dot Records.

IN A PAKT PROGRAMME

I wondered what became of an album entitled *Needle Time*, released in the late '70s by the new wave band known as Warsaw Pakt?

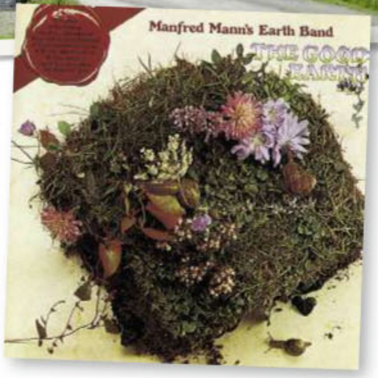
David Jackson, Dumfries

Fred says: The album initially made a media impact in 1977 after being recorded, pressed and available for sale within 24 hours. The band was led by guitarist Andy Colquhoun (later of Tanz Der Youth, Pink Fairies etc), while drummer Lucas Fox had been in Motörhead, while Mick Farren co-wrote Fast Eddie, Nose Bleed and Safe And Warm. *Needle Time* was deleted by Island Records within a week of release after selling a reported 5,000 copies, but it's now reissued on the Gonzo label.

DOES WENDY LOVE LAWRENCE?

The Wendy James/Transvision Vamp Hello Goodbye piece in MOJO 272 reminded me of something I've wanted to know for years – has Wendy heard the heartfelt eponymous tribute to her penned by Felt/Denim's Lawrence, in his Go-Kart Mozart guise? It's such a great song.

Paul Lacey, via e-mail



The Mann Who Sold (10 acres of) The World: (clockwise from top) Manfred Mann's Earth Band; beautiful Llanerchyrfa; that album; Lawrence 'n' Wendy James; Randy Newman; Ol' Blue Eyes.

Fred says: We asked, and Wendy states, "Fuck yes I've heard it and I fucking love it! I watched a YouTube clip of him performing it and going, 'this one's about Wendy James, she's not bad'. I just think that's so great and I love the lyrics, it's such a clever song. Good for Lawrence!"

Sounds like she approves!

DID SINATRA PLAY ROCKY?

I've heard Frank Sinatra made a private eye TV series titled Rocky Fortune. Are any of the programmes available on DVD?

J.J. Stone, via e-mail

Fred says: Rocky Fortune was an NBC radio series not a TV presentation, broadcast in the era just prior to Sinatra's appearance in From Here To Eternity. It cast Sinatra as a tough cookie, named Rocky Fortunato, who undertook various jobs – a museum tour guide, a process server, a truck driver, etc – solving mysteries and various problems which often involved women of dubious intent. One running gag in the series, which was basically radio's equivalent of a B-movie, involved the use of the phrase "from here to eternity" in some scripts. All 25 episodes can be heard via the Old Time Radio Research location, online at tinyurl.com/gkwlc9l.

HELP FRED…

The sad and untimely death of Phife Dawg from A Tribe Called Quest brought to mind an interview I read with him years ago. I seem to remember that he said that his father was a footballer/soccer player. However, I can't find any reference to this. Did I just dream it? Are there any other musicians with footballing parents? I know that Gil Scott-Heron's father played for Glasgow Celtic.

John Wilding, Hull

Fred says: Being a QPR supporter I know little about soccer. So can I hand this one over to followers of Leicester and suchlike?

CONTACTFRED

Write to: Ask Fred, MOJO, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2H 8JG.

OR e-mail Fred Dellar direct at fred.dellar@bauermedia.co.uk

➡ ***www.mojo4music.com***
for daily Ask Fred discussion

Roger Kidd, Tom Sheehan, Rex, Allstar, Photofest, Mirrorpix

THE TELE' OF THE BEAST

Be the envy of your friends! By winning a £1,389 American Elite Telecaster!

Packed with innovations, the American Elite Telecaster is the original solid body electric guitar re-imagined for extra-fine performance and timeless style, for playing live, tearing it up in the studio or just everyday practice with an extra level of satisfying correctitude.

Featured on all American Elite instruments, the new fourth generation Noiseless pickups are only available in this series, and represent a quantum leap in pickup design. Combining authentic, vintage-style sound with effectively noise-free performance, these are the pinnacle of Fender's noiseless pickup designs, and are ideal for tones sparkling and clean, not to mention fat and overdriven. Engineered for fast playing and effortless position changes, the compound profile neck with a 9.5 inch-14 inch compound radius fingerboard is ideal for all playing styles. A modern "C"-shape at the nut, the profile morphs along the length of the neck to a modern "D"-shaped profile at the updated neck heel, providing plenty of comfortable support for fret-hand antics. Visually stunning, from its ergonomic rear contour to its large pearloid fret markers, it comes with a sturdy Elite Molded Case with TSA locks.

Want one? 'Course ya do! So get 'Fess Dellar's crossword all sewed up and send the completed version to The Tele' Of The Beast, MOJO, 3rd Floor, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 8JG. Please include your email address and phone number with your entry. **The closing date is August 2.** For the rules of the quiz, see www.mojo4music.com.

For more info head to: http://www.fender.com

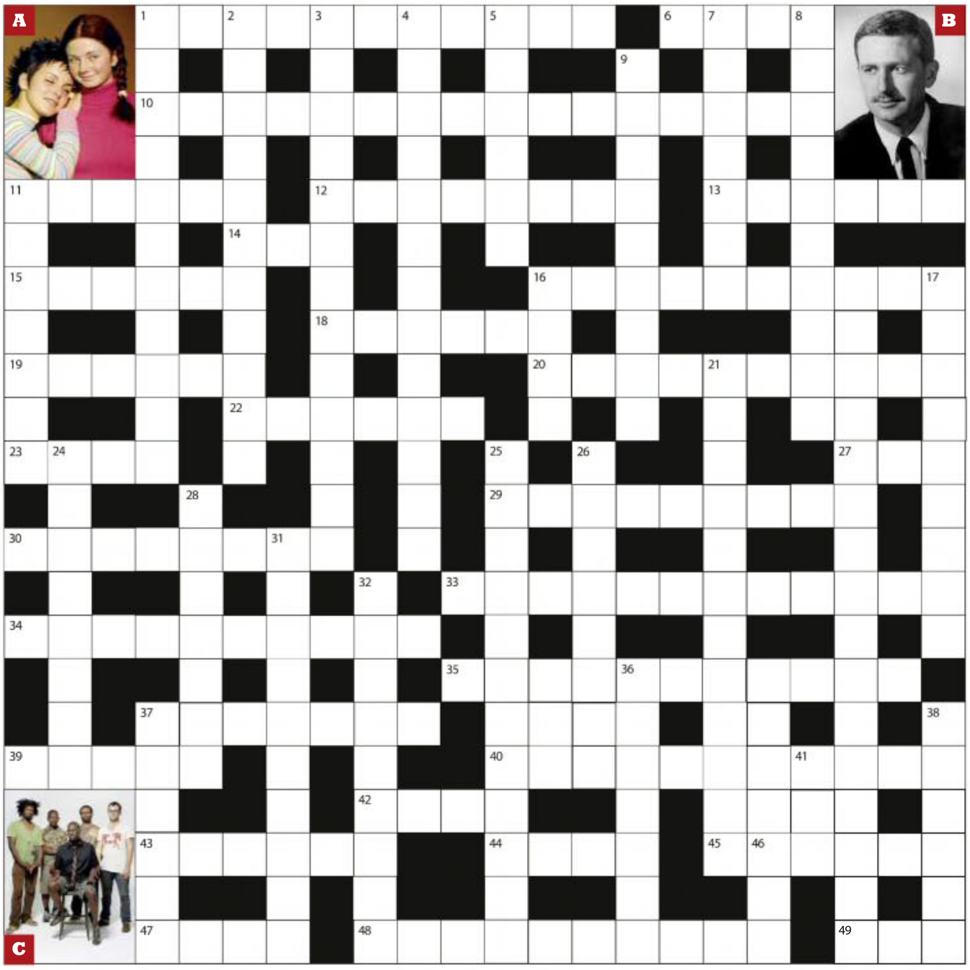
ANSWERS

MOJO 271

Across: 1 Neil Young, 6/5 Marvin Gaye, 9 Ali, 10 Bo Diddley, 11 Eagle Eye, 13 *Abraxas*, 15 *Older*, 18 The Bad Seeds, 20 Krokus, 21 Upchurch, 22 Magic Bus, 24 Ennio Morricone, 28 Irish, 30 ELO, 32 Eve, 33 Stoner, 34 *Double Fantasy*, 38 On Purpose, 40 *Common Ground*, 42 Lea, 43 Left Banke, 44 Teen, 45 Mother Earth, 46/41 Aynsley Dunbar, 48 Raga, 49 Amp, 50 Ashanti, 52 *Amor*, 53 Every, 56 Alice, 57 Dru Hill, 58 *Essar*, 59 Egypt.

Down: 1 *Nebraska*, 2 Indian Summer, 3 Yoda, 4 *Ugly Beautiful*, 6 *Mingus*, 7 *Regeneration*, 8 Nigel, 12 Yoshimi, 14 Barrington Levy, 16 Dumb, 17 Roy's Keen, 18 T.L.C, 19 A.B.C., 23 Reef, 25 Ian Curtis, 26 Red, 27 Oil, 29 Hey Jude, 31 *La Folie*, 35 Elmore James, 36 Tightrope, 37 Johnny Nash, 39 *Elemental*, 40 Carthy, 44 Three, 47 Laser, 49 Area, 51 Ill, 52 Ace, 54 Vee, 55 Yep.

Winner: Phil Evans of **Bristol** wins a Fender American Elite Stratocaster HSS Shawbucker.



Getty Images, Rex

ACROSS

1 His posthumous records include *Crash Landing* and *Valleys Of Neptune* (4,7)
6 Peter, once of the J. Geils Band (4)
10 "Just a castaway, an island lost at sea" (The Police) (7,2,1,6)
11 Record label launched in 1974 by Clive Davis (6)
12 It was the first Can album to feature Kenji 'Damo' Suzuki (4,4)
13 Paisley Paolo who soulfully went *Sunny Side Up* (6)
14 Creme probably, though it could be Coxhill (3)
15 Land that inspired a 1980 Siouxsie & The Banshees single (6)
16 The Beach Boys statement regarding mobility? (1,3,6)
18 Thin Lizzy's was on the loose (6)
19 David whose *American Gothic* album was produced by Bernie Taupin (6)
20 What Snap's Mary had in 1990 (1,6,3)
22 Flavoured like Edwyn Collins' Juice (6)
23 The kind of man David Bowie undoubtedly was (4)
27 Simon And Garfunkel for instance (3)
29 Waterboy Karl (9)
30 In 2010 he made an album which shared its name with this very magazine (3,5)
33 Did This Steeleye Span album reach the lower half of the table? (5,3,4)
34 Julian Cope's anti-car culture long-player (10)
35 U2's memorable 24 hours (3,5,3)
37 US band fronted by Lou Barlow (7)
39 They were linked with Heroes for a Fairport Convention album (5)
40 *Off The* -------- (Paul McCartney album) (6)
41 See photoclue A (4)
42 This Billy provided a Rebel Yell (4)
43 Well spotted! It's a record label (6)
44 ----- *Country* (Paul Heaton album) (4)
45 Yello song famously featured in Ferris Bueller's Day Off (2,4)
47 ---- *Town* (Killers album) (4)
48 The Shirelles' 'military' hit (7,3)
49 You Ain't Seen Nothin' --- (Bachman-Turner Overdrive) (3)

DOWN

1 You've Got A Friend, he assured us in 1971 (5,6)
2 See photoclue B (4,7)
3 Spandau Ballet's final album – did it just tick over? (5,4,1,3)
4 Aka the drummer in Tailgunner (4,9)
5 Those *Tougher Than Leather* rappers (3,1.1.1)
7 Where Red Hot Chili Peppers were to be found in 1994? (3,2,1.1.)
8 Bella Union/Sub Pop band who suffered from The Helplessness Blues (5,5)
9 Björk album that spawned Bachelorette (9)
11 Distressed Sam Nail provides a Pink Floyd album (7)
16 Flock Of Seagulls' hit covered by Bowling For Soup (1,3)
17 Arid place that features in Bon Jovi's longest-ever song (3,6)
21 See photoclue C (1.1.2,3,5)
24 George Michael single that had more than it's required groove? (3,5)
25 Shirley Collins' first album – or a song by Jim Moray (5,7)
26 Like Sarah Jane Morris's Rain or 10cc's Tourists (6)
27 Nick Laird-Clowes, Kate St John, and keyboardist Gilbert Gabriel – remember? (5,7)
28 Their UK chart career began with a Disaster (3,4)
31 Venice Beach folk-blues busker who was deported from the UK in 1990 (3,7)
32 Duran Duran album that shared its name with a Hitchcock movie (9)
36 Country named in a Sash! hit (7)
37 Glasses required for a JJ Cale album (6)
38 Advice from Garbage – and Salt'n'Pepa – on how to make the beats go harder (4,2)
46 Colin, once of Men At Work (3)

★★★★★ THE GUARDIAN

GREEN MAN

—2016—

18-21 AUG

★★★★ THE TIMES

★★★★★ THE INDEPENDENT

BELLE & SEBASTIAN • JAMES BLAKE • LAURA MARLING • WILD BEASTS

WARPAINT • EDWARD SHARPE & THE MAGNETIC ZEROS • GRANDADDY
LUSH • TINDERSTICKS • JULIA HOLTER • WHITE DENIM
JASON ISBELL • BATTLES • FLOATING POINTS (LIVE)
UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA • EZRA FURMAN • FAT WHITE FAMILY
SONGHOY BLUES • MICHAEL ROTHER • THE UNTHANKS
KAMASI WASHINGTON • CONNAN MOCKASIN • CATE LE BON
JAGWAR MA • SLOW CLUB • DUNGEN • KING GIZZARD & THE LIZARD WIZARD

THE BESNARD LAKES • BEAK> • MIRACLE LEGION • SUUNS • GENGAHR • KEVIN MORBY
CHARLOTTE CHURCH'S LATE NIGHT POP DUNGEON • WHITNEY • MOTHERS • JULIANNA BARWICK
BLANCK MASS • VESSELS • CAVERN OF ANTI-MATTER • CIGARETTES AFTER SEX • MEILYR JONES
YORKSTON THORNE KHAN • TRADER HORNE • PHIL COOK AND THE GUITARHEELS • KIRAN LEONARD
PICTISH TRAIL • RYLEY WALKER • JOAN SHELLEY • THE OH HELLOS • THE WEATHER STATION
MALCOLM MIDDLETON • THE MOONLANDINGZ • FORMATION • AWESOME TAPES FROM AFRICA
DANIEL NORGREN • SAM LEE & FRIENDS • CLARE MAGUIRE • BC CAMPLIGHT • GUN OUTFIT
THE MAGNETIC NORTH • ALL THEM WITCHES • THE MEMBRANES • AMBER ARCADES • TREVOR SENSOR
EMMA POLLOCK • FEWS • OLIVER COATES • PETE PAPHIDES (DJ) • WESLEY GONZALEZ • BLACK PEACHES
STEVEN JAMES ADAMS • COWBOIS RHOS BOTWNNOG • KELLY LEE OWENS • PALACE WINTER
EXPLODED VIEW • FLAMINGODS • HAIKU SALUT • BILL BAIRD • MARGARET GLASPY
DEEP THROAT CHOIR • ARDYN • SEA PINKS • SEE RIVERS • MATT MALTESE • MEILIR TOMOS
LASTIGBAND • BABA NAGA • EARTH RECORDS (DJ)

TUMBLE THROUGH TEN WILD LANDS OF LITERATURE,
LAUGHS, ART, SCIENCE, MISCHIEF AND MUSIC

TICKETS SELLING FAST! GREENMAN.NET BRECON BEACONS, WALES

MOJO The QUIETUS Cyngor Celfyddydau Cymru Arts Council of Wales Noddir gan Lywodraeth Cymru Sponsored by Welsh Government Supported by The National Lottery through the Arts Council of Wales Cefnogwyd gan Y Loteri Genedlaethol trwy Gyngor Celfyddydau Cymru

FLATLINE LEATHER

Beautiful handmade leather guitar straps from Flatline Leather

"Best guitar strap ever! Top-notch quality product. Seller was professional all the way. Would buy from him again in a heartbeat."

"His customer service was superb and he kept in contact the entire process. Martin was courteous and professional and made this experience absolutely remarkable. I would 100% recommend working with Martin. I can't give him a higher than 5 stars or else I seriously would."

Buy now from www.etsy.com/shop/FlatlineLeather

ROCKABILIA.COM

YOUR MUSIC MERCHANDISE SOURCE

OVER 250,000 ITEMS FROM YOUR FAVORITE BANDS

T-SHIRTS • SLIM FIT TEES • HOODIES • LONG SLEEVES • TANK TOPS
CREWNECK SWEATERS • JACKETS • JERSEYS • VESTS • PANTS
SHORTS • WOMEN'S FASHION • BABYWEAR • HATS • BEANIES
SHOES • JEWELRY • BACKPACKS • BAGS • POSTERS • TOYS
FLAGS • PATCHES • PINS • BUTTONS • STICKERS • WALLETS
KEY CHAINS • DVDs • LIMITED EDITION COLLECTIBLES AND MORE

For a free 120 page catalog, visit rockabilia.com, call 001-952-556-1121 or write:
PO Box 39 Dept 129 • Chanhassen MN, 55317 • USA

THE SOUND MACHINE

DO YOU HAVE A VINYL RECORD COLLECTION TO SELL?

We are interested in viewing ALL quality collections of vinyl records ANYWHERE in mainland UK. We will travel to you at any time that is convenient for you.

Contact Neal or Steve, all enquiries will be promptly answered.

✉ info@thesoundmachine.uk.com
☎ 0118 957 5075 📱 07786 078 361

thesoundmachine.uk.com

Follow us on:

The Acoustic music company

Handmade American Guitars
Over 50 in stock

All my new guitars are from individual luthiers

Linda Manzer
Ervin Somogyi
Michi Matsuda
Jeff Traugott
Julius Borges
Circa
Grit Laskin
Mike Baranik
Simon Fay
David Wren
Bill Tippin
Ed Claxton
Ray Kraut
Tom Doerr
Steve Kinnaird
Laurent Brondel
Isaac Jang
Hiroshi Ogino
Stephen Strahm

"I have never met anyone like Trevor, his passion and dedication to North American guitars is unique in the world." Grit Laskin

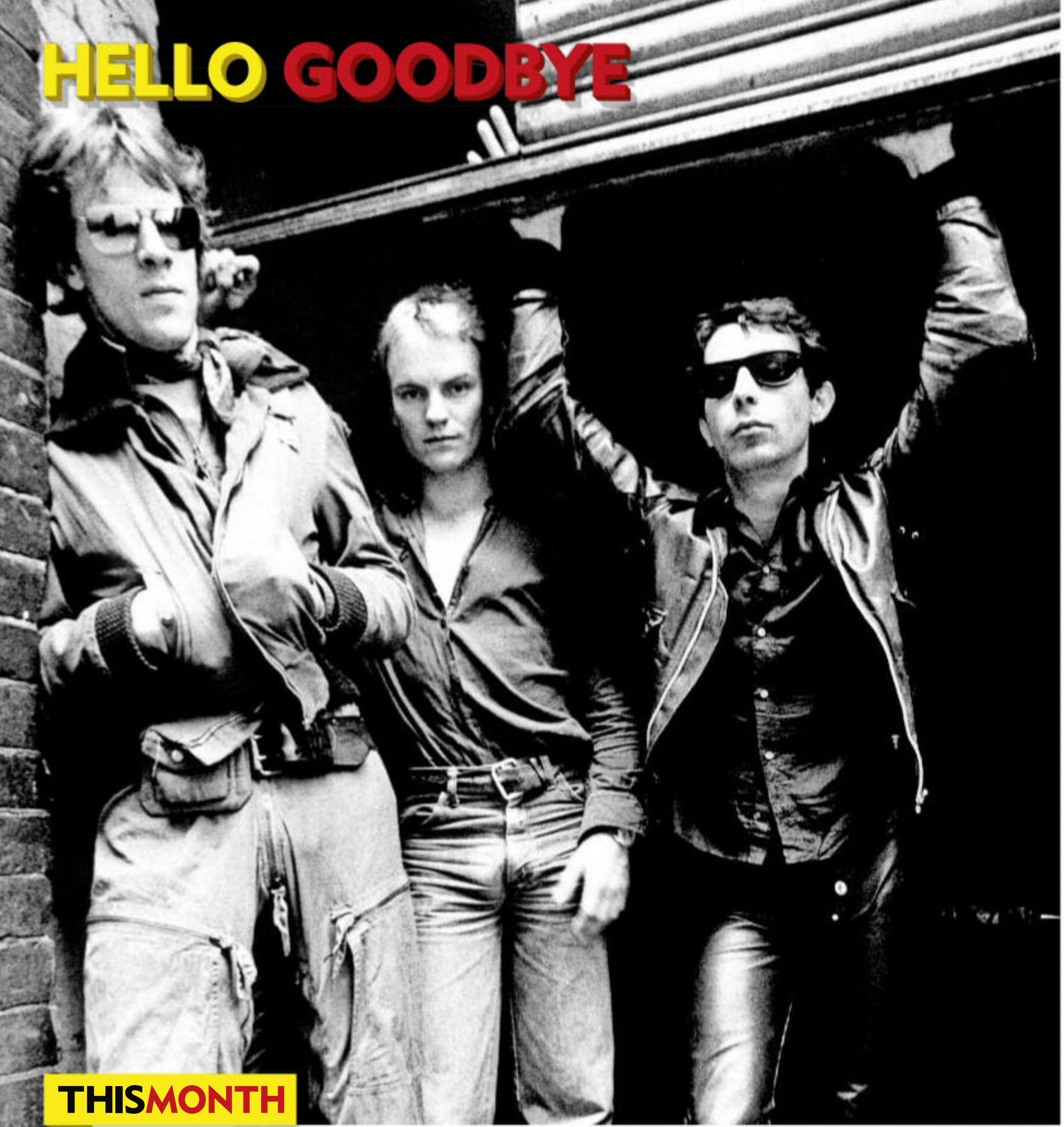
"TAMCO has one of the best collections of handmade acoustic guitars on the planet."
Ervin Somogyi

"Its like attending your own acoustic guitar festival. Trevor offers the world's best guitars."
Linda Manzer

The Acoustic Music Co
01273 671841
theacousticmusicco.co.uk
39 St James's St Brighton BN2 1RG.
11.00 - 6.00 Tues to Sat

MOJO SPECIALIST TO ADVERTISE TEL: PHIL NESSFIELD 01733 366370

HELLO GOODBYE



THISMONTH

HENRY PADOVANI AND THE POLICE

It started with punk, nappies and jazz-rock: love songs and professionalism showed the exit door.

HELLO JANUARY 1977

I was born in Corsica and didn't speak much English but I was really into rock'n'roll so I came to London in December 1976. One of the first people I met was Stewart Copeland, who was playing drums in the progressive band Curved Air, who were splitting up. I was asked to join a band called London and phoned Stewart to tell him. He said, "What? Don't you want to join my new band?" I said, "You haven't asked me." He said, "I'm asking you now."

Sting had moved to London from Newcastle, and we invited him to try out on bass at Stewart's squat in Mayfair. He turned up with his baby in a cot and was wearing dungarees; we were looking mean in leathers and shades. We started to play and everything was cool – and then the baby woke up. I offered to feed him, and after that Sting and I became instant friends.

Cop a load of this: (above) the three-man Police (from left) Stewart Copeland, Sting, Henry Padovani; (bottom right) Padovani with Andy Summers (left); (below) Henry today.

"ANDY AND I... HAD A TERRIBLE ROW."

We weren't punks, but Stewart realised there was something going on and we had to jump on it. He wrote a 'punk' song called Fall Out, which we spent three weeks learning before recording it at Pathways studios in February. Sting didn't have a say in it, really, he was into jazz-rock. The single cost us £180, which we borrowed from my friend Paul Mulligan, but it got really bad reviews. Mick Jagger said in the NME it was a terrible song.

Sting's wife, Frances Tomelty, was putting pressure on him; they were living with the baby in one room in Kensington. So when there was an opportunity for Sting and Stewart to play gigs with Mike Howlett in Strontium 90, it meant we had some money for The Police. The guitarist in the group was Andy Summers, who was about 10 years older than us, and a bit boring, but a very good musician with lots of contacts, so he started playing with us.

GOODBYE AUGUST 1977

Sting saw no future in punk and was going to leave to play on a cruise ship with his old jazz-rock band Last Exit, but when Andy joined things changed. Sting would play us songs like Don't Give Up Your Daytime Job, and Stewart would be like, "Jesus Christ, you should be writing something more like, 'Kill the fucking boss!'" Sting had Roxanne and Stewart would go, "Jesus, another love song!" But Andy really liked them, so though that changed the power balance in the band, Stewart managed to keep Andy and Sting.

Andy and I were very different – I was out every night, I knew everyone on the punk scene, City Limits voted me 'Ligger of the Year'! I ended up having a huge altercation with him in France at the [second] Mont de Marsan festival [on August 5, 1977]. While he was practising his scales in the dressing room, I was looking around for an amplifier to play, I was a bit more street level than him. I managed to get a Marshall and he couldn't find anything so we had a terrible row.

A week later we did a session with John Cale producing. He really liked me but he didn't like Andy and there was another big argument over who should play the guitar solo. Cale said, "Look, Henry, leave this band, they're a bunch of idiots." We had a meeting to discuss our future and Andy brought to the table some gigs in Germany, which he'd only do if I didn't go. I knew Sting's problems and I cared about him, so I said, "Look, go without me." I went back to Corsica and then on my return immediately joined Wayne County & The Electric Chairs, which was great fun, and the start of a long musical career for me, with The Flying Padovanis and others.

When The Police did make it big [in 1979], I was just really happy for them. To this day, Sting and Stewart are like my brothers. They both played on my last album, *A Croire Que C'Etait Pour La Vie*, which kind of started off the Police's 2007 reunion, so it is really good that the circle was completed.

Pat Gilbert

Henry Padovani's new album, I Love Today, is out via Repertoire on July 1.

Rex Features, Ian Dickson

Cambridge Folk Festival

FEATURING

* * Christy Moore * * * Gogol Bordello * * Imelda May * *
Glen Hansard * * Baaba Maal * * Mary Chapin Carpenter
* * * * KT Tunstall * * * * Afro Celt Sound System * * * *
Charles Bradley & His Extraordinaires * * * * Kate Rusby
* * Eliza Carthy & The Wayward Band * * Jon Boden * *
Songs of Separation * * Chris Wood * * Sam Lee & Friends
* * Michael McGoldrick Band * * John McCusker Band * *
* * * Blazin' Fiddles * * * Solas * * * Le Vent du Nord * * *
Duncan Chisholm * Edward II * Hot 8 Brass Band * Kîla
* * Breabach * * Nancy Kerr & The Sweet Visitor Band * *
Applewood Road * * * * This Is The Kit * * * * Sam Outlaw
* * Cash Box Kings * Stick In The Wheel * Della Mae * * *
O'Hooley & Tidow * Leyla McCalla * Seafret * Darlingside
* The Mike + Ruthy Band * * * Jerron "Blind Boy" Paxton *
Will Varley * Lisa O'Neill * Världens Band * Brian McNeill
Megson * Sam Kelly & The Lost Boys * Lady Maisery * Ímar
The Dovetail Trio * Flats & Sharps * Georgia Shackleton Trio

CEILIDHS

* * * Glorystrokes * Steamchicken * Silent Ceilidh * * *

CHILDREN'S CONCERTS

* * * Funbox * * * * The BarrowBand * * *

CLUB TENT SHOWCASES INCLUDING

The Rheingans Sisters * * Hattie Briggs * * Kelly Oliver

THE DEN INCLUDING

* * Anna & Elizabeth * * * Ceilidh Liberation Front * *
Wildwood Kin * * Charlie Cunningham * * Dori Freeman

CHERRY HINTON HALL | 2016
28th–31st JULY

Saturday Tickets SOLD OUT!

www.cambridgefolkfestival.co.uk

camfolkfest cambridgefolkfest cambridgefolkfestival

Promoted by Cambridge Live CAMBRIDGE LIVE Supported by Cambridge City Council

Freetown Sound
BLOOD ORANGE
THE NEW ALBUM
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT
Domino
dominorecordco.com